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Through Kansas

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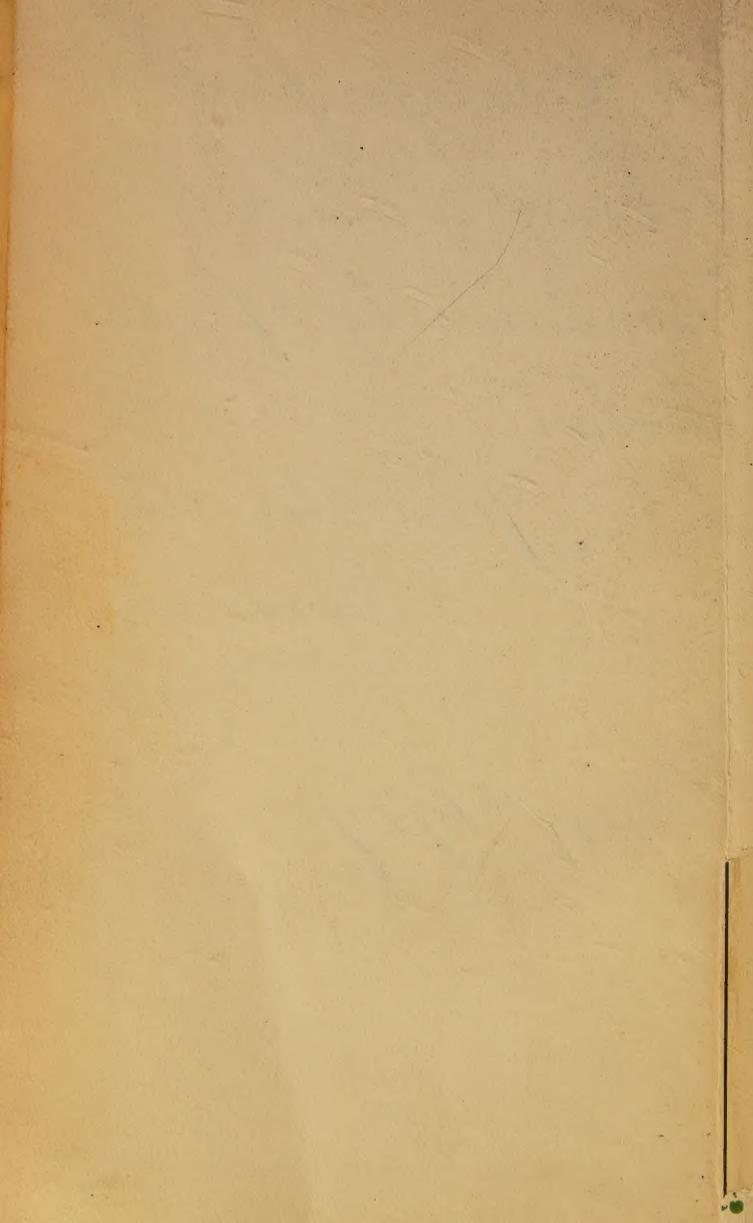
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John Stowell.

Seneca.

Kansas

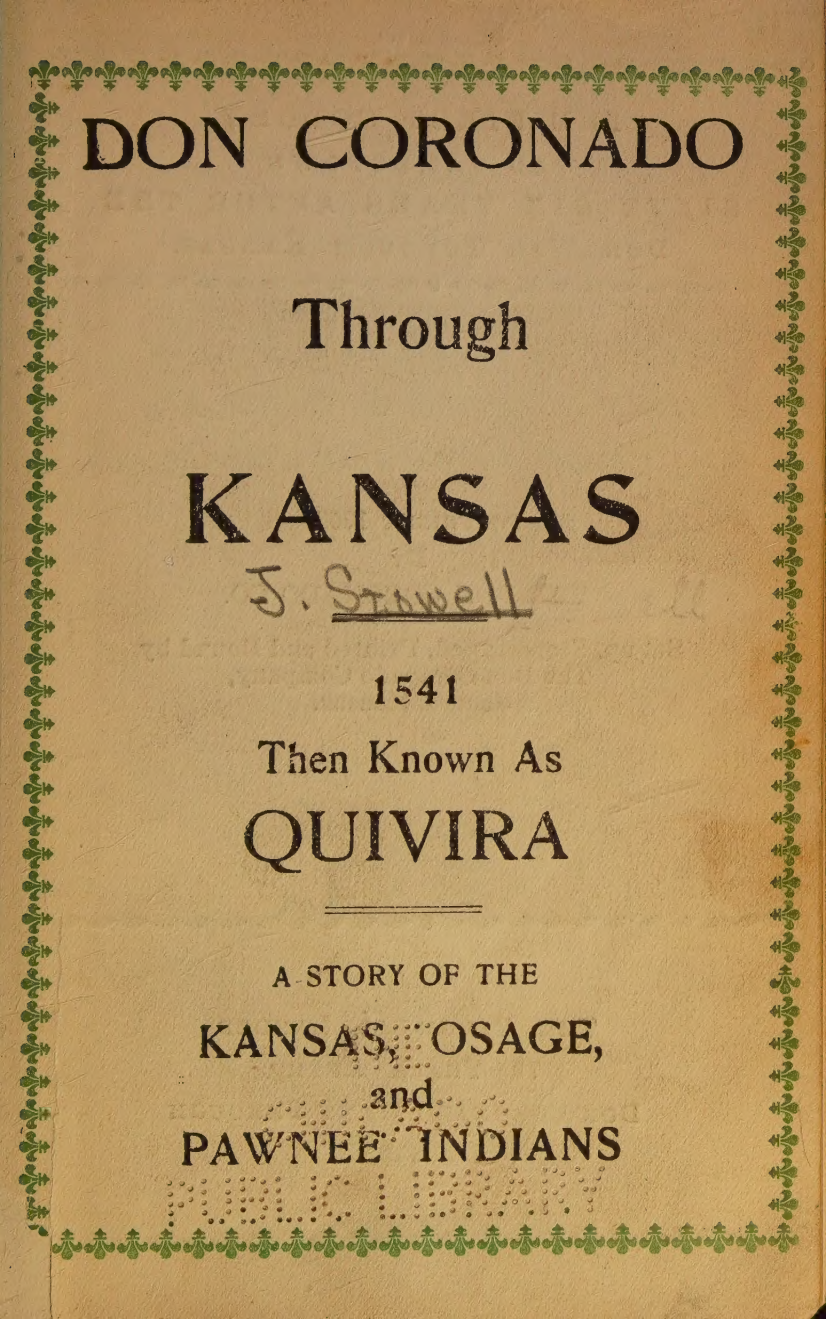
Nov 17th 1909.



Kansas Chief
WAH-SHUN-GAH.

By permission of George B. Cornish, Arkansas
City, Kansas, this is published. Taken in 1908.





DON CORONADO

Through

KANSAS

J. Stowell

1541

Then Known As

QUIVIRA

A STORY OF THE

KANSAS, OSAGE,

and

PAWNEE INDIANS

Cop. 2

THE FIRST COLONY
WAS JAMESTOWN
SIXTY SIX YEARS AFTER THE
DON WAS THROUGH KANSAS.

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By
THE DON CORONADO CO.

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The Don Coronado Company,
Seneca, Kansas.

283408

DEC 1 1909

The Author

THE PILGRIMS LANDED
79 YEARS AFTER
DON CORONADO WENT THROUGH
KANSAS.

YASSEL CLUB



DEDICATION.

In behalf of the millions of *Foreign Born*
Citizens, this work is dedicated to our

DEAR OLD UNCLE SAM

Who gave us *Homes, Liberty and Prosperity*,
and for whom we will lay down our *Lives*.

And to our Beloved

STATE OF KANSAS,

God Bless Her, and keep Her the most
Progressive State in these

UNITED STATES
OF
AMERICA.

COMPARISONS.

OF THE 46 STATES IN THE UNITED STATES

THE ELEVEN LARGEST ARE

	STATES	SQUARE MILES
1	TEXAS.	265,780
2	CALIFORNIA.	158,360
3	MONTANA.	146,080
4	NEVADA.	110,700
5	COLORADO.	103,925
6	WYOMING.	97,890

OREGON, UTAH, IDAHO and MINNESOTA, next, then

11 KANSAS - - - 82,080

ENGLAND, IRELAND,	}	122,262
SCOTLAND and WALES,		

THEREFORE

KANSAS AND A HALF

Would be a little larger than

GREAT BRITAIN.

IN THE HEART OF KANSAS.

IN 1541, WHEN CORONADO PASSED THROUGH KANSAS, HE TRAVERSED NEAR THE SPOT WHERE FORT RILEY IS LOCATED. THEREFORE, TO ASSERT THAT HE WAS IN THE HEART OF OUR GREAT REPUBLIC IS VERY APPROPRIATE SINCE

FORT RILEY, KANSAS,

IS THE

GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE Don Coronado Exploring Expedition first entered Kansas at the place where Barber County is now located, and passed through Kingman, Reno, Harvey, McPherson, Marion, Dickinson, Geary, Riley, Pottawatomie, and Nemaha Counties. He visited at the "City of the Twenty-Four," which in 1541 was located on Independence Creek, a little north of Atchison, Kansas.

A PROPHET.

On October 20, 1541, Don Coronado wrote the King of Spain the following, which now after 367 years demonstrates his foresight. It must have been Kansas he describes, for he said:

"When I reached it (Quivira), it is in the fortieth degree, (The 40th degree is the north line of Kansas, and if this line is followed east it will be found to run through Spain, in Europe), the country itself is the best I ever 'seen' for producing all the products of Spain, for besides the land itself being very fat and black and being very well watered by riverlets and springs and rivers I found everything they have in Spain."

JUST A FEW WORDS.

The aim of this book is to endeavor to make interesting a few historical events, so as to extend knowledge. The dates, names and locations are with few exceptions authoritative.

No attempt has been made to imitate others in the use of supposed Indian vernacular, for the reason that at the period of the story, 1497-1541, it is not possible to do so with any regard to truth.

The Kansas, Osage, and Pawnee Indians of the State of Kansas ought to be introduced to this and future generations, and if this work throws light on their customs, traits and location of villages, one of the aims will have been accomplished.

But the burning desire and most earnest wish is to have you exclaim, who is

THE AUTHOR?

Seneca, Kansas, U. S. A., 1908.

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DON CORONADO THROUGH KANSAS.

FIRST.

The Pinta Nina and Santa Maria
Sailed out of Palos one day,
Navigated by the Pinzons and HE
Who discovered the land of the free.



THE INDIANS of New York and a few other states have been made famous by James Fenimore Cooper. His "Deerslayer," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," and the "Last of the Mohicans" have become universal literature: for not only in the United States and Canada are they read, but they have been translated into many languages, and in all probability centuries hence they will be perused by students of American history to obtain an insight into the peculiar characteristics of the "Red Men" of North America, a type of humanity nowhere to be found in any other quarter of the globe. Not only are they of an original make physically, but particularly mentally, for those who know the Indians declare "the way of the Indian is mysterious." He has the characteristics of the hyena, which, when viewed in the zoological gardens and

traveling menageries, demonstrates its restlessness and untamableness; and so it is with the Indian: for with few exceptions, although they have come in contact with European civilization for four hundred years, they are still far from being up to the standard of the average American. Compare him with the Negro. The Negroes were first brought from the wilds of Africa in 1620, and were taught to labor; but the average Indian would rather die than become a slave. The Spaniards had a proverb that has gone into history, "that one Negro was worth four Indians." Those who are acquainted at this writing with the Indians who now make their homes on reservations fully realize that four hundred and seven years since they were called Indians by Columbus, they only potter around at farming and stock raising, with some exceptions among the five nations in the Indian territory.

The Indians were by God created to roam, hunt, fish and come in contact with nature, which they love with a passion inbred by many generations of progenitors. The Indians of today must not be compared with those who peopled the country in 1539, the date of this story, for there is no similarity. The "fire water" of the white man was unknown to the early aborigines. It did more to demoralize and degrade them than anything else. Within thirty miles of the place where this is written there are the Pottawatomie and Kickapoo reservations. These two tribes have been living on their reservations for a great number of years, and from observation at this time they are killing themselves off by the excessive use

of "fire water." The following incident demonstrates the appetite which the Indian has for whisky: Several of them were partaking from a bottle when one averred, "he wished his throat was a mile long so he could taste it while running down."

The world's history is a marvelous thing. Let us view events from an American standpoint. The Spaniards discovered North and South America; conquered and colonized a large part of it, and to this day the original names given various regions still retain them. E. g., Vol. I, page 400, 14th Annual Reports of the Bureau of Ethnology, by the Smithsonian Institution of the United States, contains a map published in Spain in the year 1597; and this is how California is spelled: "CALI-FORNIA." Florida, the land of flowers, was so designated by Ponce de Leon in 1521. Colorado received its name in 1540 by the explorer Coronado. He named the river thus because of its reddish tinge. Montana was a province of Peru when Pizarro conquered that country. Argentine, or La Plata, so christened in 1516 by De Solis because the natives had such an abundance of silver ornaments. Venezuela was discovered by Columbus in 1498. A strange village was found built over a lake upon piles, and the country was so named, meaning little Venice.

It is a conservative estimate to state that one-fourth of the American Continent will retain its Spanish names to the end of time; and when it comes to the Oceans, the Pacific being the largest and the river Mississippi the longest, and the thousands of provinces and cities which abound in geography, to

4 ADMIRALS DEWEY, SAMPSON AND SCHLEY.

say the least is without precedent in the world's history, covering an immense territory; and now the King of Spain does not overlord an acre of this vast expanse, but a New Nation only 132 years old not only controls a large part of the Don's "New Spain," Mexico, "Galecia," California, Cibola and Quivira, but had the audacity to undertake in the year of our Lord 1898 to correct her for conduct unbecoming a Christian nation, defeating her armies in Cuba and the Philippines; and to think that a young upstart nation should presume to match her Admirals Dewey, Schley and Sampson against that nation which produced the most renowned seamen known to history! The battles of Manila Bay and Santiago will go resounding down in history so long as the art of printing prevails, and when the United States of America, like Rome, is only remembered by what is recorded in histories, yet nations unborn will read the story of these naval battles with the same interest as the student of history now does the conflict which occurred September 2, 31 B. C., at Actium, wherein Mark Antony and Cleopatra were on the one side and the Roman Admiral Agrippa was on the other.

But notwithstanding the defeat of the Spanish armies and navies by the United States in 1898, and although the sovereign of the country which gave birth to Cervantes in 1547 (whose name will forever be illustrious because of his Don Quixote) has lost Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, yet it must ever be remembered by all intelligent and fair-minded people that from the discovery of America by Columbus, October 12, 1492, until she lost Venezuela

in 1813, Argentine in 1816, Columbia in 1819, and Mexico in 1824, culminating in her final dispossession of her last colonies in 1898 by the United States, a glance at the map of South America will demonstrate that about one-half of that immense country was for over 300 years under the dominion of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, and that two other nations Cuba and the Phillippines, were under her control for nearly 400 years. Again let it be remembered by all good Christian people, that the teaching of the lowly Nazarene was by her missionaries taught to these pagans, who were turned from the worship of false gods, to the Cross as the emblem of the Son of God as well as the God of Gods. So we must not detract from the merit due the country now confined to its original territory, Spain, for her name must go down in history as having been one of the great nations of the world. "In hoc signo vinces" (by this sign shalt thou conquer) will everlastingly perpetuate her memory, because of the following signs:

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

for is not the "almighty dollar" the God of the Americans? (and all other nations if it comes to that,) and is not the very word a synonym for the astute Yankee? And from whence came the term, but from the Spanish term dollar; so there is no possibility of forgetting the former greatness of that country which 2,000 years ago was known to the Greeks and Romans as Iberia.

There was quite a commotion in the little town of Palos, Spain, on the early morning of August 3, 1492, owing to three vessels being ready to sail with

120 men for the purpose of finding a new route to the East Indies, who were going to risk their lives in the attempt to find a new water path, so as to be able to compete with Venice, Milan, Florence and Genoa, who monopolized the trade with Syria, Egypt and India. These mariners had agreed to go with Captain Columbus, and on that fine August morning adieus and affectionate last farewells were common. Wives embraced their husbands, mothers wept over their sons, fathers admonished their boys to be brave, and the priests blessed them all, fervently praying for the Almighty to protect and bring them safely back to sunny Spain. Hundreds of conversations were being carried on by the 2,000 inhabitants of the little seaport town, located about 120 miles northwest of the Straits of Gibraltar. Hark to this dialogue:

Mr. Shipbuilder; "Did you ever see such fools, to be flying in the face of Providence? That man Colon (Spanish for Columbus) is crazy. Has he not put in years trying to induce merchants to fit him out with a vessel, and now the Queen has given him \$67,000 to sink to the bottom of the ocean, and worse still, we will lose some of our best sailors. I would not give a piaster (dollar) toward such an enterprise.

"Oh, have you seen that Nina, one of the boats? It is only fifty feet long, and the Pinta but little longer, and neither have upper decks. I tell you those Pinzon boys do not realize what they are doing. Ah, Colon is cunning enough. He takes the Santa Maria, which is ninety feet long and has a deck. He may return, but the others. God help them!"

Mr. Banker: "Well, we let the brothers have a

little money to buy their outfits, but if they do not return we shall hold their lands; and then there is Rodrig de Triana, who is not worth a peso, but we have his fathers I. O. U. for the amount, and no doubt he will have to pay it!"

And now a mother offers up a prayer for her son. "Holy Mother, you can protect my boy and bring him back to me. You know how much I love him. You were a mother yourself, and know how dear the child is to her who bore it. Amen."

The only encouragement came from boys of twelve to eighteen, who had not arrived at the age of balance, but who long for adventure, being full of courage and energy, and nothing to lose in the way of funds. But the Captain of the 120 men was in heaven upon earth; his ambition was unbounded, having a superabundance of faith in the enterprise; all of which was very requisite to counteract the chilly encouragement usually received by him.

At last all hands are on board. The Pinta, being the fastest sailer, took the lead, and amid the prayers tears and sobs of those on the little island of Saltes the boats sailed down the river Tinto and out into the Atlantic.

Although the Captain had studied Aristotle's account and map of the West, compiled 300 B.C., who then declared the world to be round, as well as Seneca the Spaniard who affirmed that India could be reached from the west, and had conversed with the noted Americus, now known as America, and the great geographer of Palos, whose name is lost but who was a friend of Father Perez of La Rabida

Monastery, and much interested in all matters relating to explorations and discovery of new lands, and had also corresponded with the famous Italian mathematician, Troscanelle, who gave him every encouragement, and lastly but more important, notwithstanding he had for many years attended the great Naval College and Observatory at Lisbon, and the compass had been in use for 600 years, it had never been intimated that the magnetic needle would NOT infallibly point to the north star; and notwithstanding he had had many talks with his wife's father, Bartholomew Perestrello, who was a navigator, his very soul was tried when after forty-three days on the great ocean he found that the needle did not point to the north star as usual. Realizing the superstition of his crew, he endeavored to keep them in ignorance, but there were men of middle age who had led nautical careers all their life and could not be fooled, and then began the Captain's trouble. He was compelled to deceive his officers and sailors, for he well knew their superstition and was cognizant that if they realized all that their commander did, they would mutiny; so he resorted to deception, giving them the theory that the polar star revolved around a given point, and owing to the distance traveled the star did not appear in the same spot as nearer home, and to support his explanation, he convinced his crews by showing that the farther west they went, the greater the variation. But the great navigator was compelled to falsify the distance traveled, for when they were 2,200 miles from the Canary Islands, he told them they had come only 1,560 miles, thus

deceiving them over one third. Of course had he failed to make good his assertion of being able to reach the Indies by sailing west, instead of east, then posterity would have condemned him as being a fraud, in fact in all probability he would never have been heard of, as many another who do not succeed. Would not Aguinaldo have been the Father of his Country, had he succeeded in forming a government? Columbus was justified, for even in this enlightened age sailors who went with the Nares expedition to explore for the pole had the idea that if they did not have a child's caul with them they surely would be drowned. So is there any wonder that the uneducated seamen were doubtful, if not actually scared? and so Columbus must be excused for worrying, for all the professors of navigation who taught in the Royal College at Lisbon had no conception of such variation of the needle. But now it is known how the earth's electrical currents vary in different parts of the globe.

The map shows the Canary Islands to be in latitude 27 north and the seaman Triana called "Land ho! Land ho!" in latitude about 25, only two degrees south of that of the Canaries, or about 140 miles; so the Ocean Pathfinder must have been imbued with the old adage, "Go West and grow up with the country."

It is a peculiar coincidence that the capital of the World (Washington) should be exactly due north of the Island of San Salvador, being only about ten miles from the nearest point of the Island. While on the subject of coincidents, and to demonstrate that

the unlucky day has been maligned, (for, was it not a piece of luck that our Western World was discovered on Friday? How superstitious some people are!) let us look at this record:

Friday, August 3rd, left Palos.

Friday, October 12th, landed at San Salvador.

Friday, ———, left New World for home.

Friday, February 15th, first saw land on return.

Friday, March 15th, arrived at Palos.

But Columbus and his men must be transplanted in our minds from the supposed Indies to the little port of Palos, where they arrived with the Pinta and the Nina with eighty-one of the one hundred and twenty souls, having been gone seven months and twelve days, traveling over the trackless ocean about 2,900 leagues, or 8,000 miles in round numbers.

The Santa Maria had been lost, and owing to the lack of means to transport, or perhaps to hold the country while the discoverers returned to Europe, thirty-nine men were left at Port au Paix, Hayti, all of whom were killed by the natives.

It has been heretofore stated that the two vessels arrived with eighty-one people, but we must add a little history. "Columbus tried to induce some of the natives (of San Salvador) to go with him and show where the land of gold was to be found. But this they refused to do; so on the next day, Sunday the 14th, taking by force seven natives that he might instruct them in Spanish and make interpreters of

them, he set sail to discover if possible where gold was to be had." Also before sailing from Cuba, he lured on board six men, seven women and three children. So he arrived home with thirteen men, seven women and three children; total, twenty-three Indians.

Palos is about 550 miles as the crow flies to Barcelona, and yet "he journeyed to Court, his procession was a most imposing one as it thronged the streets, his Indians leading the line with birds of brilliant plumage, the skins of unknown animals, strange plants and ornaments from the persons of dusky natives shimmering in the air."

Upon reaching Barcelona, and being brought before the King and Queen, Columbus was lauded to his heart's content. No man in the history of nations received more adulation, and the promise of riches was enough to turn a man's head; and in fact he then thought it certain that he would be able to equip an expedition to the Holy Land to wrest the Holy Place from the Moors. This was one of his ambitions.

The man of the fifteenth century made three other voyages, each more extensive than the one before, bringing back gold and many other rare articles as well as 500 Indians to be sold as slaves, his last return to his adopted country being in 1504.

Is it possible to contemplate the excitement and fervor that prevailed during the twelve years of discovery by Columbus? The spirit of adventure took hold of the people, both rich and poor, high and low, to such a degree that Spain went mad as did the

Israelites when they concluded to leave Egypt for the "Promised Land". A comparison can be made of the opening of the 16th century in Spain with the craze which prevailed in Europe during the Crusades; the John Law Mississippi scheme of 1719 was but an infant enterprise. By comparison this was the size of the French project, and here is the difference. The reason for this is the fact that it took some money to buy stock in the great French corporation; but the sixteen year old boy of Spain was imbued with the innate and natural desire for adventure, with an opportunity to procure land and a home and riches. The wealthy class took hold of various expeditions, expecting returns many fold.

To grasp a proposition one must be able to make comparisons, so here are some: In the year 1861 a sound went vibrating round the world. It was made by a few pounds of gunpowder. It was a voice in thunder tones that commanded the Southern States "To Arms, to Arms, Ye Braves", and to the North it vividly brought to mind the truth of the adage, "In Union there is strength". Those who remember the intense excitement that prevailed during four years of that memorable struggle KNOW what it is for a nation to become intensely in earnest. The Spaniards during the twelve years of Christopher's exploits talked and thought of nothing else but the riches and the possibilities of the Indies.

It must be borne in mind that there were no Atlantic cables or telephones, and Marconi had not communed with God and arranged to have messages transmitted by unknown and UNSEEN messengers;

and yet the news took wings, so that even before the end of the last voyage of Colon there was many buccaneers who took ships to wrest riches and land from the natives of the "New World." It was only twenty-six years from the year that the first party returned that Cortes had conquered King Motecuhzoma, (Montezuma was the spelling, but the above is according to the 14th Annual report of the United States Bureau of Ethnology; which is authoritative.) and the Mexican country, and thirty-nine years until the Pizzaro brothers made Peru a Spanish colony.

Let us do a little figuring. Cortes took with him about 700 men when he subdued the Mexicans, and history states that he received from King Montecuhzoma who tried to buy him off, \$7,000,000, so if this sum is divided by that number, it would allot to each individual \$10,000. Again, the Pizzaros made the ruler of Peru fill a room with gold and silver, which is stated as having amounted to \$17,000,000, and the invaders numbered 500 soldiers, so if this sum is divided by that number, it would allot to each individual \$34,000. Ye gods, is there any wonder that nearly every young man in Spain became unbalanced?

SECOND.

THE WORLD WAS ASTOUNDED WHEN CORTES NEW SPAIN FOUNDED.



T WAS the learned men of the University of Salamanca and three other colleges there located to whom King Ferdinand referred Columbus' project of reaching India by sailing west. It was these scientists who

rejected the claims of Columbus as being visionary and impractical. Here in this Harvard-Yale seat of learning the principal personage of this narration was born, Francisco Vasques Coronado.

He was noble by birth and education, being trained to the profession of arms, and from boyhood had been encouraged to become an expert horseman as well as to be proficient in the manual of arms. His father being an officer of state and of great influence was able to give him every advantage. Before completing his education at the Salamanca University in the year 1528, the great Cortes, then Governor of Mexico, visited Spain, and was the hero of Europe. The eclat received by the conqueror naturally fired

the youth of the country with a longing to emulate their great countryman; so when Coronado had completed his education, being of the manor born, and having from childhood been fed on the legends of the chivalric Cid, naturally with eagerness sought his fathers friend, Antonio de Mendoza, when the King appointed him Governor of Mexico to succeed the deposed Cortes, to procure a commission to accompany the newly appointed Governor of Mexico. For several months, while the expedition was being equipped, Coronado at his home was gathering up his paraphernalia, such as horses, armor, harquebusses, swords, personel retinue of servants and fighting men, which made a great commotion in the city of Salamanca. The 17,000 students who were that year attending the numerous institutions of learning in that famous city and the magnificent display of warlike preparations were indelibly branded upon the brain of many a boy who was in his teens attending school.

There was one young Spaniard who was in heaven during the period of this bustle. With all the energy of youth he took his lessons, not only from the professors of learning, but he toiled early and late to acquire all the elements necessary to constitute a Cavalier. At this period of history war was the craze of Europe, and particularly of Spain: so is there any wonder that the school-boy here referred to should be ambitious to become a MAN? How natural it is for a boy to have a longing to reach manhood, and on the other hand, when a man arrives at middle life, how he would like to be young.

And what had his father admonished him to acquire?

FIRST.

To hate the Moors and Mohammedans, and to rid Spain of the remnant which still held part of their country.

SECOND.

To be a good Catholic and go to confessional regularly.

THIRD.

Regardless of the company he was in to always be a gentleman.

FOURTH.

To learn all the arts of a soldier, which includes being faithful to the King, brave, a good horseman, as well as to be able to care for him, a crack shot, a skilled swordsman, to teach his horse to swim, as well as himself, and to acquire the art of drill, drill, drill, so as to become proficient in military evolutions.

FIFTH.

And not to neglect his book studies, astronomy being very requisite when on the ocean or in strange countries, and mathematics, geography, mechanics, Jus Gentium (Law of Nations), as well as the laws of Spain, navigation and medicine, all of which are prerequisites to qualify a man to become a leader and commander of his fellows.

Shortly after the foregoing colloquy or lecture, our boy put this question to his noble, beautiful and splendid parent:

"Mother, will you be kind enough to explain the meaning of gentleman? Father told me to always be a gentleman." The mother responded to the boy's interrogatory as follows:

"My dear boy, I am not qualified to instruct you in this regard, except from the feminine point of view, which no doubt is not what the average man would affirm; but, my son, since you have made the request it is my duty to instruct you.

"Well, God forgive me, but a gentleman must be handsome. I know this is not according to the teaching and precepts promulgated by our Master, but it is the frailty of woman, and my son, before I leave the first proposition let me impress upon you the imperative necessity of keeping your head erect, shoulders back and chest forward while you are growing into manhood; cultivate a carriage which will stamp you as a gentleman; and mind you, it must become so natural to stand erect that you will do so as do your legs when walking, for do we not take the strides with our limbs without realizing that we are doing so? And thus it is with our bearing; it must be cultivated until, like the trained tree it becomes natural; and, my dear son, I trust some day to have the gratification of hearing your voice raised in the Cortes of our beloved country, therefore let me admonish you of training your voice, as well as your body, that is to acquire a good, deep sonorous tone of conversation, and this must become so natural that when facing an audience while making a public speech no heed or thought is given to tone, but theme, for a squeaky orator is an abomination."

So much for the outward man, which is only the rudiments of a gentleman.

“And now for the soul or unseen parts which goes to make up the definition. Pure thoughts are as honey in the comb, for is not honey-comb unpalatable without the nectar deposited therein? And so the face of a woman cannot be sweet or beautiful, or a man will not be attractive or handsome unless there is reflected upon the mirror of the countenance desires as pure as distilled crystal water.

“My dear son, to attempt to enumerate all the things which are required to make a gentleman in the All-Seeing Eye, as well as by appearances, are beyond my descriptive powers, but the principal things are

BE TRUTHFUL,
BE CHARITABLE,
BE SPIRITUAL,
BE HOPEFUL.”

And this is how our hero was to be reared. Is there any wonder that such a youth of eighteen was thrilled with that thirst for adventure which is inexplicable? But for a few years we must permit our student to complete his education before bringing him upon the scene of action.

Mendoza, the newly appointed Governor of New Spain (Mexico), finally in 1535 had his ships and men ready to sail for the New World, and Coronado with his retinue accompanied him.

It is well to note that this expedition comprised

many vessels and soldiers, because once before a Governor had been sent to depose Cortes, but he captured them and refused to resign his rule of the immense and wealthy country which he had conquered, and the King of Spain did not know but the same thing would prevail, hence the necessity of making such a large display of force so as to convince the conqueror of the uselessness of opposition.

The army duly reached Vera Cruz, it being the nearest port to the City of Mexico, which was 180 miles distant, and the new Governor was duly installed, Cortes stepping down without opposition.

And now Governor Mendoza, having the government in his hands, as well as occupying the palace where Motecuhzoma, King of the Aztecs, resided when the Spaniards first reached that country, and having the powers of an autocrat, all important matters were referred to him.

About a year after the Viceroy's arrival at the capital, he and Coronado and some other state officers were in consultation when an officer of the guard came in, and after the usual military salutation announced "that four men with a marvelous story desired audience with His Excellency."

After some questioning the officer was ordered to bring the men into the presence of the Governor, and in a few minutes four men stood before the august assemblage. One of the four, Alonso del Castillo Maldonado, whose home was in Salamanca, had known Coronado in that city, and that gentleman at once showed his pleasure in meeting a fellow-townsmen; then Maldonado, having such a friend at

court, introduced the other three by stating, "Your Excellencies, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Cabeza de Vaca, my commander and superior officer, and this is Lieutenant Andres Dorantes and that is Stephen, "the last named a Barbary Negro. After the introduction the four men were requested to be seated. Maldonado then asked De Vaca to recite the story of their travels and adventures, who, arising and making the sign of the cross, proceeded with the following narration:

"Eight years ago we four left Seville with Panfilo de Narvaez. He had command of the expedition, which comprised four vessels and 600 men. We put in at Havana for repairs and to replace one of our ships which had been wrecked, and then set sail for the coast lying east of this colony, but owing to the storms we encountered, we were driven out of our course, but the pilots said that the place where we landed, (Tampa Bay, Florida), was but a short distance from our destination. Our party numbered 300 men and fifty horses.

"After unloading the equipment and supplies Narvaez sent one ship back to Havana for recruits, the other three were to sail along the coast towards the north and west and then return.

"Finally we began our march. We took a northerly direction, and then turned towards the west. Our progress was slow, for our men knew nothing of the country, and the forests and morasses presented many difficulties. Our men were unused to traveling through such dense timber and the Indians would give us no help, but soon became openly

hostile whenever we encountered them. Then food became scarce, and nothing would induce the natives to reveal hidden stores of corn or gold. We continued to march for about a month when we arrived at a very large river with a very strong current flowing towards the south". (This must have been the Apalachicola river), and it was about April 19th when they left Tampa and arrived at this river May 15th or twenty seven days, now it is about 160 miles north from their new starting place to New Troy, Florida, and from there west and a little north to Tallahassee is another eighty miles and from thence west to the river he described is about fifty more, so in twenty seven days they traveled, say 300 miles or an average of about eleven miles a day, which considering its being virgin forest, without roads, as well as being continually annoyed by the natives, makes a very fair average. De Vaca continuing his narration stated: "When we arrived at this large stream our men were very much discouraged, none of them had ever encountered such woodlands before, and owing to their having no experience in woodcraft, it tried them sorely to transport the baggage and cannon over the pathless wilderness. The day we reached the banks of this river, Narvaez held a council of officers to discuss matters and it was decided to send a party along the banks of this river, until the sea was reached and your most humble servant had the honor to be selected to command the expedition. We arrived at the sea shore and for several days waited to endeavor to sight our three vessels but failed to do so."

(Due west of Tallahassee to the river would strike

a point about sixty miles from the mouth of the river.) Continuing the narration he went on to say: "When we got back the army was very much discouraged and it was decided to continue our march towards the west. We built rough rafts from the trees, transported our men, horses and baggage across and continued our way, plodding on and on until another large river blocked our progress towards the west."

(This must have been the Alabama river, for it is interesting to examine the map of Alabama and see how near are the rivers, Alabama and Mobile, not to exceed ten miles apart, and they must have reached the first named. These two rivers flow for sixty miles towards the south and are not more than ten miles apart and both are navigable streams and each empties into Mobile bay; it is about 175 miles west from the Apalachicola river to the Alabama river.)

De Vaca, in his story, then told: "Upon reaching this second stream, we concluded to skirt along its banks south until the sea was reached hoping to find our ships. We finally arrived at a fine bay at the mouth of the river on the last day of July. We were very much demoralized and weak, owing to the lack of food; in fact, when we reached the ocean, we had eaten our last horse and to commemorate this fact we named the place at the mouth of the river, Bahia de las Cavarros. Up to this time we had found no trace of gold and very little food and the country not inhabitable for white men by reason of the swampy nature of the soil, we were all thoroughly disheartened especially when nothing of our sails could be seen."

(It is about 125 miles to the second river and supposing they were fifty miles from its confluence when they ceased to continue west, so it would make about another 222 miles traveled the second time, and say it took them a month for De Vaca to go to the mouth of the Apalachicola and return and to construct the rafts to cross it, so they were a month going the last 225 miles to reach Mobile Bay, and realizing they had eaten their horses and were physically weak, it would appear that an average of about eight miles a day was doing very well.)

Upon reaching this point in the account of their route, De Vaca addressed the man who was acquainted with Coronado, and requested him to proceed with the story.

Senor Maldonado taking up the thread of the narrative said: "Your Excellencies will pardon my lack of descriptive powers, for I am a blunt soldier, and although my parents favored me with a good education, it being their intention to have me enter holy orders, but Holy Mother, bless them, they reckoned without knowing their own flesh and blood, for truth impels me to confess my boyhood dreams were of adventure. But although many works of travel and adventure have been read, yet never did I read of such an adventure and experience as this expedition encountered, for what with the heat, quagmires, flies that raised lumps on our skin, (mosquitoes), big trees with thick underbrush to obstruct our passage, and then the Indians trying to ambush us, and last, but worst of all, the scarcity of food, made it a hard lot indeed.

"When we failed of our ships, owing to our desperate condition and after earnest deliberation, we solemnly resolved to leave the country at any risk. So we all went to work with a will, to construct five boats with which to escape. We erected forges and used iron implements to make the saws, axes and nails necessary. Our stirrups, spurs, swords, in fact nothing was exempt only our harquebuses, which we realized must be retained for protection; but the most valuable and precious accoutrements were mutilated to save our lives, and, Senor, you could not help smile had you seen our sails and ropes; the first were made of hides pieced with the shirts of the men, and the ropes were of the horsehair from our dead animals. I think it was September 22nd that we embarked. There were about forty-five men to each boat, none of whom had any experience in navigation, as those who came from home who were accustomed to such had all gone in our ships. It happened that we four were assigned to the same boat. We endeavored to steer westward, keeping near the land and stopping occasionally for water and to shoot meat to live upon.

"Towards the end of October we came to a very powerful river. Its current was so strong that it drove the boats out to sea and so much fresh water came down that for a league, (2.42 miles), for the life of us we could not enter the mouth. And now the sad part of our story is reached, for it was here we lost our commander, Narvaez, his boat and that which held the friars were wrecked and all drowned. Our boat and the two others continued to make our way along the coast thinking to reach this province, but it

was not to be, for after going west from where we lost our commander, we were all wrecked in a storm and driven ashore."

(Pardon the digression, but this river spoken of was the Mississippi, so that the five boats sailed from Mobile Bay, a distance of about 160 miles, when they met with disaster, but the authorities are not in harmony as to the place where the three remaining boats were driven ashore, but Galveston seems to be about the point, which would then be another 340 miles, a total of 500 miles covered by the four rudely constructed boats.)

Maldonado continuing the account of their experiences further said: "The natives were watching us when our four boats went ashore; they treated us kindly owing to despondency and lack of courage, for, as you know, when men are lacking food, it soon makes cowards of them; but there was no necessity of resisting, so the 120 men allowed themselves to be captured by our rescuers. We were able to save all our harquebuses and powder. This was agreed upon when we saw ourselves drifting ashore and witnessed the crowds of natives awaiting our being cast on the land; we expected the Indians would attempt to massacre us, but instead, they helped us out of our dilemma.

"After being given food and recruiting our strength for a few days, all hands with the assistance of the Indians took the wrecked boats apart and we constructed buildings for ourselves which made us quite comfortable.

"From the time of losing Narvaez, the genius of

the expedition was that man, (pointing to De Vaca), and on being cast among barbarians, it was he who kept us all from giving up. He imbued us with the hope that we would return home, and for five years we remained with the tribe. He was our counsellor and guiding star. And now you will forgive me for referring to a part of our experiences which may not be considered honorable to you gentlemen, but the truth must be told. We soon became strong and of good health and being only men, some of my countrymen, and, in fact, I may admit all, began to antagonize the male portion of the tribe, and it seemed as though there would be trouble come of it, but De Vaca soon acquired enough of their language and having read Roman history, remembered how the Romans did to procure wives from the Sabines. So De Vaca got to talking to the chief who was made to comprehend that if there were any other tribes we would go and fight for women. It transpired that like all the tribes, there was a feud between our Indians and another nation, and after a council of the principal men as well as ourselves, it was decided to fit out a strong party and attack the other people and endeavor to capture wives for our men.

“Don’t forget that we had our firearms; of course we did not have one for each of our 120 men, but there were about fifty harquebuses and enough powder and lead to fire each harquebus seventy-five times before the same could be exhausted. So we figured that the fifty harquebuses would, with care, kill or maim 2500 men. We were told that the enemy were more powerful than our people, but that their women

were comely, which as you understand fired us with a desire for them that made us reckless.

"As soon as it was decided to attack the enemy, we began our preparations. Every nail and scrap of iron had been carefully collected which came from our boats. So we went to work and forged points for our arrows, and made a large number of cross-bows, so as to equip our men who had no harquebuses, and we also assisted the Indians to arm themselves with the new style of bow, it being much more effective than the ones they were using. When all was ready we started with about a hundred of our men, fifty of whom had firearms, the others having powerful bows and short knives, as the iron would not permit of our making swords. About 500 Indian warriors, the pick of the country, made up the balance of the army.

"It must have been about 200 miles northeast before we reached the city of the enemy. It was located near the mouth of a good sized river, (Red river, Louisiana), which emptied into the largest stream I ever saw in my life, (Mississippi).

"We attacked the city and found swarms of fighting men, but the thunder and lightning of our harquebuses appalled them; they were mowed down in such large numbers by fire as well as by the superior shooting power of our bows, for by reason of our arrows being tipped with sharpened iron, and as well as by the superior workmanship of our shafts, we having iron tools instead of stone with which to dress and shape the wood. They saw the uselessness of further resistance; in fact, they were so astounded at the numerous things they saw used in the conflict

and their superstitions were so worked upon that they submitted to the yoke.

"There was very little property which was worth our carrying back home, but we helped ourselves to beautifully tanned robes, food, corn, dogs and harness; also we selected about 300 of the youngest and most desirable females as well as 200 of the youngest men, and insisted that the vanquished see to carrying our baggage and trophies of the contest towards home.

"It was but a short time that every man of the 100 had selected a wife, we did not lose a single man in the fight, and before we reached home our Indian wives discovered that we were superior men to their own, for we treated them not like slaves, but as though we appreciated them; so before arriving home they were well satisfied with their masters.

"You may be sure that on our arrival we were feasted and lauded to such a degree that it turned our heads, but we had lost our principal instruments of power: there were the fifty harquebuses but no ammunition, hence they were useless. We used to commune with one another and declare that if we had plenty of powder and lead, we would do as Cortes, subdue them and set ourselves up as rulers.

"From this on we were treated as though we were native born, but many is the time that De Vaca would speak to me about escaping. He was always at work endeavoring to acquire not only the language of our tribe but of any others that he came in contact with.

"I must tell you one thing sure, so a proper

comprehension of the status of affairs may be understood. We each had a wife and soon children came, and the majority of our party became attached to their families, so we dared not suggest that we contemplate escaping, and this is the principal reason why we four banded ourselves together in secret and asked no others, as it was invariably found that they were adverse to going away. After being with these people for about six years and having learned their language, we had frequently been told that there were large and rich cities in the north and west, and as near as we could calculate we were east of New Spain, although we had lost our bearings; but longing for our native country, we four concluded to make our escape.

“For several months before leaving we were careful to equip ourselves each with a good bow and arrows in which we had become quite expert; also to tan some hides which we made into clothes. At the designated time we met at the rendezvous and then began the trip of our lives which lasted over twenty months before we had the satisfaction of discovering this colony.

“To attempt to inform Your Excellencies where we traveled and what we saw, would fill a book, but that you may have some comprehension of the vast unexplored territory traversed by us, I shall endeavor to give the general course pursued, although it is impossible to come within many leagues. (Numerous routes are given at this date. Some even assert that these four men traversed the State of Kansas.)

"We kept a northerly course until we came to the first large river from our starting place, (Red river), if we were correct in our reckoning it was about 250 miles which we crossed, continuing north until another large stream was reached, (Arkansas), which we figured to be about 140 miles further. This one came from the northeast. We continued along its banks for about thirty miles towards its source and we changed our course for due west, and eternally west, WEST, crossing mountains without any road except the paths made by wild animals. It was in these mountains that we suffered and met our greatest hardships; we became bewildered, in truth, we were lost in the world, and that is the reason we decided to keep directly west, feeling certain it would bring us to the ocean if we kept on that course. Finally the ocean was seen and then we skirted towards the south hoping to find some Europeans; and at last we did meet with a party of Spanish slave catchers near the little village of San Migal on the coast of the Gulf of California. We could not have endured the hardships and fatigue much longer, but our saviors gave us clothes to cover our nakedness, and more important still, food, which we very much needed. And here we four, who for nearly eight years have been among savages, at last have the honor to stand before Your Excellencies to tell that which we sincerely hope will redound to the glory of our beloved King and Country."

At the conclusion of the narration, the viceroy requested Maldonado to be seated and then propounded numerous interrogatives to the leading

spirit of the four adventurers, after a whispered consultation had been held by the officers for a few minutes, the gist of which was to decide on a line of questions proper to ask regarding the people they saw and the country they passed through, but most important to endeavor to learn of the wealth of the people and of the GOLD which was then the standard as at the present date.

MENDOZA: "Don Vaca, (who arose and saluted the Governor), we are profoundly impressed by the recitations of the wonderful experiences which you gentlemen inform us of. Generations unborn will read of your exploits and comprehend the metal of our countrymen. But there are some questions which we would like to have you answer, e. g., How many leagues did you travel?

DE VACA: "Noble Sir, it is impossible to estimate the distance covered from the place where we commenced to keep a due west course, for except in crossing the range of mountains, we aimed to come guided by the compass exactly west. Of course that was not possible while in the mountain chain, as the only paths lead us through labyrinths, which some times leads to all points of the compass, but I should say we covered, traveling due west, 300 leagues (about 1000 miles); but to attempt to estimate the distance walked from the place of our captivity to where we commenced to come west would be futile, for we wandered from place to place. A conservative estimate would be from 450 to 500 leagues (about 1,500 miles), so we must have covered eight or nine hundred leagues (call it 800, or about 3,000 miles.)"

MENDOZA: "How did you subsist?"

DE VACA: "We were careful to prepare before starting, so we had our bows and about twenty-five arrows each, the finest we could get, and we aimed to never shoot unless to procure food and to save our lives and the shaft never left the string unless we were pretty certain of recovering it again, so we lost very few. Thus we were able to kill ample game in most places, especially on the buffalo plains. Then we had three flints and steels which were a part of those we had when captured. Thus we were able to cook our game. The animals were not afraid of us as a rule, so we could easily get within range of them; thus we had no lack of meat; but except when we could procure some maize from the Indians, we had nothing but animal flesh to appease our hunger and that caused us much trouble, for it became nauseating and made us ill."

MENDOZA: "Now tell us of the peoples you saw."

DE VACA: "It is a marvelous story. We saw many tribes of Indians. They wore precious stones and gold and silver ornaments. But more especially, some of the natives told us of the seven cities of Cibola, which were rich and densely populated, the people having much gold and silver. We were north of the place where they are located. We did not see them ourselves, but by reason of our acquaintance with the sign language of the natives, and some of the words used by the tribe where we were in captivity being understood, it convinces me of the truth of the statements."

MENDOZA: "Did you meet many natives in your

travels and how did they treat you?"

DE VACA: "Your humble servant had made it a point to acquire the mysteries of the medicine men of our tribe, and, in fact, had been initiated into their secrets, so it was very easy to convince the tribes we met of our superiority and to work on their credulity by reason of our additional experience and education. But the most important articles which brought about courteous treatment was my medicine-man's bag, bells, and other toys, which some of the ingenious men of our party had made, and which puzzled the natives and awed them. We were not only treated kindly but offered every inducement to remain with many of the tribes which we visited."

MENDOZA: "It has already come to my notice that you were in a pitiable condition when first discovered. Will you tell us how you got along without clothing?"

DE VACA: "As you are aware, the natives go very sparingly clothed, so we could procure none from them, and, in fact, first our leggings began to ravel out thin until nothing was left but the waist by reason of going through the timber, grass, and wading streams, till at last we got into the same costume as the Indians themselves; but remarkable to relate, we did not mind that, in fact, living with nature seemed to agree with us if we had only some vegetable matter to go with the animal. The only part of our person affected were our feet, but it was very easy to shoe ourselves with the skin of a fresh killed animal, which when fitted to the feet and kept in place by thongs, upon becoming dry were soon very

comfortable." (Although it is about 360 years since the Spanish shoemaker told of this process of manufacturing shoes, yet in some of the old countries of the world they still tan the leather and last it upon the feet, making a superior glove-fitting foot gear.)

MENDOZA: "And now, my good Don, one question more and most important. From all the information you were able to obtain, do you think it advisable to examine further into these seven cities of Cibola which you were told of by the natives?"

DE VACA: "Assuredly, for it seems to me from the accounts given it equals this colony when conquered by your predecessor, (Cortes). But, Your Excellency, there is one matter which you should hear of. We traversed many leagues of country where we saw thousands and tens of thousands of animals with wool like large sheep or cows, (buffaloes), but have a big hump on their back the same as a camel. They are a brave animal and ferocious and make excellent meat. We subsisted on these animals and the deer which roam near them for many months."

And thus ended the story.

As before stated, there are persons who have investigated the country traversed by these four men, it being claimed that they must have come as far north as the Arkansas river. Then there are others who take the position that that would be too far north in order to have the party arrive so far south as the Gulf of California. It seems that those who make this assertion forget to take into consideration the rule laid down by navigators and geographers.

Of course, the use of the "spherograph," or great circle or tangent sailing, was not invented at the date of our story, and, more than that, they were soldiers, not sailors, hence knew very little of navigation or the use of the compass or the necessity of making allowances for the world being round; and it would seem that those who have endeavored to discredit the assertion of the men being as far north as the Arkansas river overlook this rule for the use of the compass.

Spanish translators give it that they continued "west," "west"; thus premising that they skirted along the south bank of the Arkansas river until they reached the west line of Kansas. This is reasonable, for at this point it deflects north, which would make them in 38 degrees north latitude, and the head of the Gulf of California is in, say, 31 degrees north latitude, or seven degrees (486 miles) south of the Arkansas river. The west line of Kansas is west of Washington 27 degrees and the head of the Gulf of California is 39 degrees west of Washington, or twelve degrees from the west line of Kansas to the head of the Gulf of California, (about 500 miles). If a line is drawn on the map from the point where the Arkansas river leaves Kansas it would be found that the line came very nearly striking San Francisco, which is about 400 miles north of the Gulf of California; and by reason of the curvature of the earth and the four men keeping directly west by the compass, even if they had no needle but kept toward the setting sun it would direct their course south between the 22nd day of June and the 22nd day of December, for, as

you know, the sun appears to be going south from the longest day to the shortest, after which it seems to come back north. To convince yourself: some night when the north star can be seen take a piece of string and suspend from the ceiling, then go back a few steps and make a mark so the plumb line and your head will range with the polar star. I will take a square and run north to the longest day, and then, dipping down to arrive at a square, then straight on, and the suspended string will be a line of latitude, or the same as a carpenter's square. Now, if you should turn out up a lot of stakes clear around the world to range with your square directly west from your plumb line, you would discover that in 1,000 miles you would be a good deal further south of the north pole. To make this more clear, if you have sailed or should in the future sail across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York you will discover that the course of the ship is kept north of west by several points notwithstanding New York is in latitude forty North, and Liverpool fifty-three, or thirteen degrees further north, or 900 miles. One would naturally suppose that the vessel would be steered south instead of "nor'west," as the sailors say.

Before leaving the presence of Mendoza, we must dispose of the colored man Stephen, who, being a slave belonging to Dorantes, the viceroy purchased him so he could act as a guide and interpreter; he being so well versed in the sign manual of the Indians that he would be of assistance to a party sent to discover the rich cities of Cibola, which the four men heard about so frequently in their travels.

TELEMA.

Pizarro Pillaged Peru,
Princes Provinces *Perdue*.
Pachacamae *Passado*:
Papistry Passed *Parvenu*.

APOLOGY AND EXPLANATION.

[The above four lines may appear senseless, but considerable time was expended in going over the unabridged dictionary to procure words beginning with "P" to make a doggerel. The first line explains itself; the second means that princes lost provinces; "*perdue*," Webster says, means lost. The next word "*Pachacamae*" was the name of the Peruvians' God and Creator of the Universe; "*passado*" is defined as lost, passed; so the God as known in Peru was lost, deposed, set aside. "*Parvenu*," says the great authority, is, to attain to, to succeed, to rise to high station; an upstart, one newly risen into notice. Hence, the fourth line signifies that Catholicism supersedes the religion of the Inca.]

Skeptics may sneer at the early efforts of the Church, but when a priest left Europe for the New World he knew his lot would not be a "*bed of roses*"; and so it was with Father Marcos of Nice. He was a Frenchman belonging to the Franciscan Brotherhood "*Discalced*," which meant at the date of our story,

"barefooted," otherwise a monk who must go without covering for the feet. The original Spanish account of this man says he was with Pizarro in Peru, had witnessed the death of Atahulpa, the conquered king of the Incas, and had walked barefooted from there to the city of Mexico. Just contemplate the wonderful endurance of this man! Look at the map and learn that coming from Curzco, the then capital of Peru, which would now be located in Bolivia, and remember that Peru had a population of thirty million when she fell and comprised most of the continent of South America. It was 1,000 miles to the equator; so from there to the capital of New Spain he walked thirty-five degrees north and about thirty degrees west, or about 4,500 miles, so is there any wonder that he was honored? This seems incredible and hardly reasonable, but anyway he was a faithful "Discaled" as will appear by his travels undertaken after reaching New Spain.

Like Peter the Hermit, also a Frenchman who harangued all Europe to induce the Christians to go and take the Holy Land from the Mohammedans and succeeded to a greater extent than any other religious crusade; Father Marcos was just as devout and sincere in the cause of converting the Indians.

Upon arriving in the capital city and owing to the extraordinary feat of Pizarro Brothers capturing a nation of thirty millions with a handful of men, this holy father was extended every courtesy by the powers that were, for it must be remembered that the news of the magnificent outcome had hardly circulated, hence the great respect shown the new arrival.

He was not like the king's runners we read of in the Good Book who were promised great rewards for the first man who should reach another ruler with the king's message: some started out before they fully comprehended what their message was; others only half understood; but one of the messengers waited to comprehend all the desires and wishes of the king, and, although he was last, yet he had the message; all the others were messengers without a message. But Father Marcos knew what he was talking about; he had seen; it was not hearsay evidence or what some one else had told him.

Now, Father Marcos having arrived soon after the four men had told their story to the governor, and being very desirous of making new religious conquests among the Indians of Cibola, he thinking no doubt that the same thing would be enacted as was done in Peru, when Mendoza intimated that he was about to send out a reconnoitering party to test the truth of the four men's statement of the riches of the populous cities of Cibola, Father Marcos was made principal of the expedition, he being given the negro Stephen as guide and interpreter.

It would make you smile to recite how the colored man fooled the natives. He in some way became possessed of a medicine man's outfit and played upon the credulity of the natives, but it was a case of "give an inch and take an ell." He met with such kind treatment from the aborigines that, like some people of the present period, he could not stand prosperity. So he began to demand at every village "privileges which were vicious and wrong; so at last when the

good father was not with him, he got himself killed, but not before he had obeyed the commands of the reverend father who was following his steps, but at a distance, while trying to teach the natives to follow "In His Steps."

The account written contemporaneously with the event says:

"The negro, Estevan, had been ordered by the viceroy to obey Friar Marcos in everything under pain of serious punishment. While the friar was waiting at Vacapa he sent the negro towards the north instructing him to proceed fifty or sixty leagues (175 or 200 miles), and see if he could find anything that might help them in their search. If he found any signs of a rich and populous country, it was agreed that he was not to advance further but should return to meet the friar or else wait where he heard the good news, sending some Indian messengers back to the friar with a WHITE CROSS the size of the palm of the hand. If the news was very promising the cross was to be twice the size, and if the country about which he heard promised to be larger and better than New Spain, a cross still larger than this was to be sent back.

"The Negro met with such favorable accounts of the large cities that he sent back a cross as tall as a man and the Indian whom he entrusted to convey the code message was instructed to narrate to the holy father regarding the populous cities of Cibola. This Indian told Father Marcos that the houses were of 'stone and lime,' with 'flat' roofs; some 'four stories high, all united under one Lord': the people wore

clothes, had precious stones, etc. These accounts were further verified by other Indians, and, more particularly, the negro forwarded a second cross as high as a man, which denoted everything desirable. The friar in following the colored pathfinder discovered erected along the road several large crosses which were emblems of success, both spiritual and material. As the holy man got nearer to the seven cities, the accounts given him were still more wonderful, and a native of Cibola assured him of the truth of all he heard. But when Father Marcos reached a point in Apache county, Arizona, he for the first time learned of Stephen's death. It was conveyed to him by a young man who had been with the negro. He was the son of an Indian chief who told how anxious the Negro had been to be the first to reach one of the seven cities; how he forwarded the friendly Indians ahead with notice of his approach to the chief of the place and in token of his position and authority sent a gourd to which was attached a few strings of rattles and two plumes, one of which was white and the other red." The old chronicler revealed the fact that these baubles were medicine men's talismen and the Blackamore had learned their importance from De Vaca, but it did not awe the inhabitants to such an extent as usual, for, when presented to the chief of the Pueblo, he threw it on the ground and told the messenger bearing the gourd, rattles, etc., to inform the stranger that when he reached the city he would find out what sort of men lived there, and instead of being permitted to enter the place, he and his party would all be put to death. But the Barbary

Moor had had so many experiences in his long life with the other three that he was undaunted, so he continued on until the first city of Cibola was reached, but instead of being allowed to awe the officers of the city, he, himself, was arrested, all the turquoises and other articles which he had extorted from the Indians were taken from him, and he was then incarcerated with his Indian guides for the night without food. The next morning Stephen tried to escape, but he was killed, and to this day the legends of that country commemorate the event, and particularly by names which survive; e. g., in the northwest corner of Apache county is found "Lana Negro"; also twenty-five miles south is "La Vaca," southwest from these are the "Black Hills," and the south boundary of the country is the "Black river"; then there was formerly a town called "Kiakima," or "Black Mexican," the ruins of which are still to be seen. It must be remarked that although the above names were on one map of Arizona, yet when a later one was examined, no such names could be found, especially the first two, which are the most important ones. For the purpose of this narrative it should be remembered that although the Barbary Negro had done no overt acts in this first city of Cibola, yet the news of his conduct had gone before. It must not be supposed that in those days there were not messengers, for it is frequently recorded that Indian runners thought nothing of covering from eighty to one hundred miles in a day; so word had preceded the negro, telling of his unbecoming conduct, and this people could not be hoodwinked by his "hocus pocus" scheme, for,

although they were sun worshippers, their conception of the Great Spirit was ennobling, perhaps more so than such a creature as this slave was the preceptor of the Christian Religion.

When the news reached the good father that his guide was no more, he realized the uselessness of his attempting to proceed farther, although he himself had been treated by the Indians with the greatest of consideration and he had procured as presents many valuable articles. Among the number were beautiful robes tanned so perfectly that the curriers of France could not excel the natives in the art. These robes were principally made from the skins of the buffalo, and the friar learned that they come from a far eastern country where the people painted themselves. It seemed the farther east he got, the more corroborating cumulative evidence did he procure as to the truth of the existence of the seven cities of Cibola; therefore he felt justified in returning and reporting to Mendoza that there was a country worthy of conquest, so to the capital city of Mexico he returned that he might deliver his report in person to the Viceroy.

Is it to be wondered how the news flew, not only through New Spain but across the Atlantic to the Old Country? For here was a man whose sacred office would not permit him to tell a falsehood, substantiating the remarkable experiences of DeVaca and his three companions. In fact, an account of the wanderings of the four had been recited to the King of Spain in person by DeVaca who got back to Spain about 1538; and in all probability, Maldonado and Dorantes

also told of their exploits to the people of Spain, for it is recorded that they left New Spain for home, and again Mendoza had kept His Majesty informed of a possibility of there being another Montecuzhoma to dethrone, and about this time Coronado was appointed governor of New Galacia, which comprised a large territory to the north of Mexico.



FOURTH.

SUPERFINE EQUINE.

Of all the animals which you admire,
Is not a horse superior and higher;
Even the one that's not a flyer,
Regardless of breed, dam or sire?

The thoroughbred's forte is racing,
The standard bred horse its pacing,
The draft's performing work facing,
The whole being used for chaising.

WE MUST now take you from the new to the old. The term "old" might be used derisively now, but in the year 1539 Old Spain was "IT," being one of the most powerful nations of Europe, if not the foremost. Heretofore a youth has been introduced to you, at the time when Coronado was preparing his retinue in Salamanca preparatory to embarking with Mendoza for New Spain. The young man's father's conception of a MAN was put to paper, as well as his mother's admonitions and definition of a gentleman. This young Spaniard will be your hero. He has now reached his majority and must seek renown and fortune, but, poor boy, as many a fellow who has gone before has done, he has fallen in love with a "Moorish woman," so designated by his austere pater (father).

The manner in which the lady is referred to conveys the estimate in which she was held by the head of the family, and, although the young man's mother loved her only child with a devotion only possible to a mother, yet even she is willing for her boy to join an expedition to New Spain rather than have him marry a despicable Moor.

Strange how narrow minded people are! This is an example. It must first be noted that in the fifteenth century there was located in Salamanca a celebrated college for IRISH students. Here the wealthy Irish youth went to complete their education, more particularly if they were to lead an ecclesiastical life. This Irish institution still flourishes. To this school came the grandfather of our hero, and while attending the University formed an attachment for a Spanish maid who afterwards became his wife. The father of our hero forgot that his father was an Irishman, for had he been liberal minded he would have considered this when he so strenuously objected to his son going outside his own race to procure a mate. Had the father of Alonso stopped for a few moments to commune with himself he would have had to admit that by the natural law his name should have been Fergis Geraldines, an old Irish name; but when his father proposed to Alonso's grandmother, her proud Spanish parents insisted that Mr. Geraldines must take the family name, for their daughter could not possibly have such an uncouth surname, and so by law he had his name changed from that of an Irishman to one becoming an aristocratic Spaniard.

The Christian name of our young lover and hero-to-be is Alonso, surname Perez, his name being inscribed upon the rolls of honor in the archives of Spain as one of the men who explored the provinces of Cibola in New Spain, and Quivera, now Kansas. The only tarnish or cloud recorded by the old chroniclers against his character is: "He was sent to the war by his father on account of his "RESTLESSNESS."

Oh Youth, how long will you have to contend with this aspersion, that you are restless and full of energy, and vim, also a longing for adventure? Ye Gods, would you have the finest work of God emulate Saint Anthony, whom the bard of the River Avon (Shakespeare) represents as resisting the blandishments of a woman. Or is the chastity of the youth Adonis, as depicted in Shakespeare's poem "Venus and Adonis," to be the standard of conduct?

Our Alonso is not an Adonis, but from the age of sixteen he had known this Moorish damsel, and she by her demeanor had taught him everything that was noble and pure, notwithstanding his acquaintance with her had been interdicted by his parents when it was discovered there was an attachment. But all the angels in Heaven, or the imps of his Satanic Majestic, could not stay the stream of affection and love which flowed from the young people's souls for each other. Father, mother, relatives, friends and church, all endeavoring to dissuade this young fellow to abandon that One who was his ideal woman as well as the idol he worshipped.

This magnified specimen of womanhood had during the years of their associations told him of the

great aims in life; the saints themselves could not have conceived precepts grander or which would tend more towards building character. She conversed upon such themes as only a refined and educated woman could. She by acts, as well as by words, incessantly strove to inculcate into the character of her knight and lover such thoughts and desires as would make of him all that which he had been lectured to be, i. e., a MAN and GENTLEMAN.

Had the Catholic parents stopped to contemplate and ask themselves, "What is the difference between a good Catholic and a Mohammedan?" what would they have found? Allah, or God of the Moors, was a single deity. Their God was the same Jehovah that watched over the Jews. Our good Catholic's God is composed of three, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and they would assert that it took these three to constitute the ONE ALMIGHTY, (note the final one). So the Christian's God, like that of the Saracens and Moors, finally reached the same number, one. What kind of a syllogism would it make to say that there is but one God and then in the next breath proclaim that it took three persons to make this one power? The major and minor premises would bring about a peculiar conclusion. There is a saying with men of a certain profession about like this: "None but God can create a soul," (which is the major premise), "and none but a king can create a corporation," (which is the minor premise); "therefore a corporation has no soul," (the last being the conclusion). Just try and arrange the three God-heads to make a syllogistic proposition! But the contention would sincerely

be asserted that it took three distinct component parts to make the air we breathe, viz: nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid. Again, there are three prerequisites to life, viz: air, food, and water. All humans and animals must have all three to continue to live, so it takes three to make a man or a horse, and any one of the three things must be forthcoming, otherwise the man or animal must soon cease to have life, which is one of the attributes of God. Therefore, we must not make light of the Trinity, which teaches that three Gods are necessary to make the one Great Creator.

But to return to our Mohammedan lady and her people. For bravery their Kahled will more than compare with the English Richard Cour de Lion, or Don Rodrigeo (Cid), the Spaniard, or Bayard of France, or Wallace of Scotland, or Alfred of England, or any other knight known in history; and for the renown of its soldiery just read the life of Mahomet and see how their army of ten thousand would defeat five times that number; and when it comes to magnanimity towards those subdued they were far more humane than the Christian denominations. Take the country we are writing of and its iniquitous Inquisition as a witness.

When the Moors overran Spain they permitted the people to continue their Christian religion, and when it comes to civilization, the Mussulman has done as much, if not more, to bring the minds of men out of darkness than any other sect; and consider the beautiful buildings erected by them; they surpass all, regardless of nationality or creed. For an ocular demonstration of the breadth of culture and height

of civilization reached by the followers of him who made the Koran possible, all one has to do is to view the extraordinary, marvelous building erected about the late of this story at Agra, India. All who have seen the structure declare Taj Mahal to be the most beautiful building they ever saw. It took twenty-two years to erect, costing millions of dollars; and, mind you, it was built by a husband for the last resting place of his beloved queen, Moomtaza Zumanee.

But let us endeavor to read the mind of Alonso and apply psychology practically. He knows the breadth of her mind. He is cognizant how much more considerate she is of others than his own people are; all of which makes him reach a height of rationalism rarely known in those dark days following the Inquisition. So he resolves to appear to accede to the demands of the Church, his parents and friends, but he and she pledge each to the other for ever and ever; it being agreed that he shall go to the New World and carve out a reputation and fortune for himself, and when the time comes she is to follow. Were it possible to see what was inscribed upon his brain plate, it would disclose the resolve to be true and faithful to her, not only in thought but in acts.

At the date when Alonso was preparing to embark upon the enterprise to New Spain, the magnificent, yea wonderful, conquest of Mexico by Cortes had been reported even among the ignorant peasantry, and every youth of noble birth was wild to become the peer of the great conqueror, and so it was with our hero.

It must be borne in mind that Alonso's father

was a wealthy aristocrat, able and willing to equip his only boy sumptuously; therefore, since the young fellow's eighteenth birthday, he has had his own horse, which is now five years old, and it has been trained since it was a two-year-old to obey the commands of its master. Only those who have been intimately associated with horses can possibly comprehend the extent of the thinking faculties of a well bred horse. He can be taught to do so many wonderful things that it is useless to try to enumerate them. Except the advice of a noted chief of the Moors, whom Alonso met at her father's and to whom was imparted the fact of the acquisition of his two-year-old; Alonso having been presented with the same about that time by his father. The famous Arab was the highest authority on horses, so, having a love for the boy on HER account, told the young fellow a secret which was imparted to none except his own immediate relatives. The secret was that the two-year-old should be converted into a gelding, giving the reason that it would make the animal so much more tractible, and of greater endurance as well as give it more sagacity. And Alonso, like a broad minded youth, took the advice which turned to his benefit in future years. Alonso, being in training for a knight, commenced while young to train his steed so that when the time arrived that he was to fight the enemies of his country, and especially the Moors, his charger would serve him faithfully and effectively; therefore, this perfect specimen of the equine family, now five years old, was christened when a colt with a name famous in times of yore, for it was the celebrated Cid's horse, Babieca.

To give a description of this animal so as to meet the views of the average admirer of a horse, would be a useless task, as some horsemen admire a cream-colored, glass-eyed, Arabian-nosed animal; others a buckskin, believing that that color denotes as "tough as buckskin"; then again, a sorrel is the ideal; with others a black; some like a piebald or grey; but our young hero had selected a dark dappled bay with black points, i. e., black mane and tail and black legs, which at the advice of the Moorish chief had been converted into a gelding. It must be borne in mind that at the time we are writing, horses were not as large as now, and so eleven hundred pounds in those days was above the average; but even now that weight horse, if not too heavy set, is the most likely nag to stand a long ride and keep it up day after day. No man or woman has any conception of the attachment, yea love, which one will have for a beautiful piece of horse-flesh, except those who have been in the saddle a great deal. The assertion is here made that to back a spirited horse and ride fast is the most glorious exercise known to man. Ask any man or lady who has had the experience and ninety-nine per cent will tell you of the peculiar sensation of pleasure which will thrill a horseman or horsewoman. Of course, should one unaccustomed to riding, attempt to straddle a desirable riding horse, he would feel like a man in deep water who could not swim, and even persons who may have ridden thousands of miles, yet should they cease for a few years to ride, would not be as comfortable on a horse until they had become used to the saddle. **This theme is**

one that Alonso delighted to converse upon and, without doubt, is one upon which much could be written.

But what about our hero's other equipment? His armor was in those days even before his good horse and by reason of his father's influence, being close friends of many military men who had been to New Spain, and from information obtained, Alonso concluded to have his armor made especially for service in the New World, and all through the adventures in which he took part it will be seen what a great advantage it gave him over his comrades. The men who had seen service in New Spain knew that the natives of the newly found country had no knowledge of fire-arms, they being confined to the use of spears, darts, their most powerful implement of warfare being the bow and arrow; but their arrows were pointed with flint and whenever they struck iron they invariably broke; so Alonso had his suit of armor made to order and very light so that he could handle himself more easily than the average knight could with the usual weight of harness upon his body.

Again, the good reasoning powers of our young hero caused him to have an arquebus made lighter than the average, concluding that he would be able to get nearer the enemy; hence it would be unnecessary for him to have so cumbersome a gun to carry as others used. This, with the reduction in weight of his armor, gave him a tremendous advantage over the whole of the army, either on the march or in battle.

But he is all ready to start, and now he is on board of a vessel, considered a large one in those days. It had one hundred people, with ten horses,

with feed and water enough for the voyage. There was only an upper deck, partly covered. Just compare this ship with one now plying between New York and Spain. These modern vessels think nothing of carrying 800 head of live cattle, 300 horses and 1200 dressed beeves in refrigerators, with fresh water and feed for the voyage across the Atlantic, as well as hundreds of people as passengers.

It is a very easy task to transport our hero and his company across the water on paper, but in those days it took patience, endurance, and pluck, but as usual the last named landed Alonso at Vera Cruz on the coast of New Spain in the Gulf of Mexico. An examination of the map discloses the fact that this port is about 180 miles from Mexico, the then capital of New Spain. It must further be remembered that this port of Vera Cruz in those days had no wall for the ship to come along side, that its cargo and live stock could be unloaded, but the horses and men were compelled to struggle through the surf as best they could, and here our hero first was able to show his superiority over his fellows, for was not his armor and fire-arms lighter? and did he not have a horse which he had trained from a colt to swim and do many useful things unusual in the average horse? Here Alonso showed the stuff that was in him, and, although he had enlisted as a subaltern, yet the officers soon marked him as a man of promise. You naturally ask, what did he do to attract this attention? Just fancy yourself on a vessel of the kind then anchored off shore in the year 1539, nearly a mile from land. Then contemplate the scene when it

became necessary to unload the ten horses, since it is at least eight feet from the deck of the ship to the surf. And just consider the fuss that is being made among the owners of the horses wondering how to get them ashore, when without any talk or bluster our beautiful, intelligent, trained creature, who has been taught to obey when it was ordered by its master, did leap down into the sea followed by his trainer. Thus soon he was on terra firma, hours before the other horses were swung over the sides with block and tackle. Do you wonder at the surprise and admiration of those viewing the scene on board? And not only the docility of the animal attracted attention but also the practical executive ability of our young soldier. It was he who first landed. By his energy the necessary crafts were got alongside the ship to bring the horses to land, and then his tact in handling the natives who manned these rude affairs, at once stamped him as a leader of men, and from that day he was a marked man.

Every boy or girl who reads this and who is desirous of making his mark in the world, should ever remember that the world admires him or her, whether young or old, who DOES. The dreamer may have the best thinking machine of any human in the universe, but unless this thought sets in motion the hands and legs to do things, it availeth naught, and this partly innate but highly cultivated faculty of Alonso is what made him famous. He was not lazy, but ever ready to assist, no matter if it was not his duty. Did you ever hear "I won't" snappishly exclaimed by some young person when requested to

perform some act which he or she did not consider his duty? Of course you have. Well, should this meet the eye of a young man or woman, right here resolve that there will be fewer such ejaculations and, more important, less "I can't," but more "I'll try."

And here we are again in the country which has only been under Spanish control for twenty years, that being the length of time since Cortes entered Mexico.

It is the latter part of the summer, the time when the new arrivals were camped after their tedious voyage across the Atlantic, and still they were over 180 miles from the residence of the governor.



FIFTH.

The Spanish knights with prancing steed,
In Fifteen Forty made a sight indeed;
Their flashing armor would awe a queen,
Each being ready to fight like a fiend.

UPON ARRIVING at the capital, Alonzo immediately presented himself to Governor Mendoza. Our hero brought from Spain credentials of the highest order and his gentlemanly demeanor and handsome person at once caused the "Good" Mendoza to be favorably impressed, and when informed that the sole object of our young cavalier's coming to the new country was to join the expedition to make new conquests under Coronado, as well as to make a fortune for himself, he was given every encouragement and promised advancement if satisfactory to General Coronado.

Alonso informed the governor that he desired to learn the language of the country, and would like to hire a native servant from whom he could acquire the language, as well as to attend upon him; to which the governor responded by informing him that a youth of the deposed Motecuhzoma royal family had

spoken to him about going with the new expedition, and that he thought, in all probability, the young man would like to associate himself with our hero, and promise to have the scion of royalty come to his quarters.

And here we present him to you before introducing him to senor Perez. He was born in the palace of Motecuhzoma II. only a few weeks before Cortes took the city of Mexico the second time in 1520, so he is nineteen years old. He has been educated by the best of Spanish teachers and speaks that language fluently, as well as his native tongue. After the death of his father, who was killed by a stone, supposed to have been thrown by one of his own people, while being exhibited as a prisoner by Cortes at his capital. His mother retired into the country and was premitted by Cortes to enjoy considerable of her husband's wealth, so our young native had been reared in affluence, and since 1535, when Mendoza commenced to govern the country, our young prince had been intimate with the good governor, who had taken quite an interest in the young man's welfare. So it is no ordinary individual who is seeking an interview and subaltern position with Alonso.

And now our two young men meet for the first time, but hereafter to become close and intimate friends, they are two of the principal participants with the expedition in which they are to take part. You will learn of their characters as the story proceeds, so it is unnecessary to introduce Monte, except to say that he agreed to become Alonso's servant.

Coronado at this time was governor of New

Galacia, this was a province to the north of New Spain. His headquarters being at Compostella, which was located about 400 miles northwest of the city of Mexico, so it became necessary for our two young men to travel this 400 miles before they could join the expedition. This they did.

The location of Compostella should be understood, so you may have the proper conception of the distance marched by our Commander, Coronado. That city does not appear on the map of Mexico now, but if you will find San Blas on the Pacific Coast in about 21 1-2 north latitude, then you will be about forty miles north of where our expedition started from.

Arriving at the capital of New Galacia, Alonso at once sought an interview with Governor Coronado and presented his credentials for the purpose of procuring a place in the expedition; and owing to the governor being a native of Salamanca and having seen Alonso frequently at his father's home, the commander naturally took kindly to his young fellow townsman and assented to his accompanying the army of conquest and discovery, appointing him a lieutenant.

All was bustle and excitement for the preparations were about completed, and, mind you, it was no small affair. Here is what a participant in the expedition wrote at the time.

"It was a splendid array as it passed in review before Mendoza and Coronado on this Sunday in February, 1540. The young cavaliers curbed the picked horses from the large stock farms of the Viceroy, each resplendant in long blankets flowing

to the ground. Each rider held his sword and other weapons hung in their proper places at his side. Some were arrayed in coats of mail, polished to shine like that of their general, whose gilded armor, with its brilliant trappings, was to bring him many hard blows a few months later. Others wore iron helmets or visored head pieces of the toughest steel, for which the country had no name. Some wore armor of iron or steel plates, some of which were armed with sharp points. Leading on at the white men was a troop of the Indians, and there was the chief of the Indians, armed with the club and bow of an Indian warrior.

There were about 250 Spaniards on horseback, 70 foot soldiers, and over 300 warriors, with about 1,000 friendly Indians, who were servants and had charge of the baggage."

As to baggage, etc., let us again quote from the old Spaniards, who recorded the facts at the time:

"The next morning after the review, when all was off in duly organized companies, with their banners flying, upwards of 1,000 servants and followers, black men and red men, went with them leading the spare horses, driving the pack animals, bearing the extra baggage of their masters, or herding the large droves of big and little cattle, of oxen and cows, sheep and swine, which had been collected by the viceroy to assure fresh food for the army on its march. There were more than 1,000 horses in the train of the force, besides the mules loaded with camp supplies and provisions, and carrying half a dozen pieces of light artillery, the pedreros or swivel guns of the period."

So it will be seen that the expedition when it marched out of Compostella on Monday, February 23, 1540, consisted of over 1,600 people and 1,000 horses, not including mules, oxen, cows, etc. There were also two ships, which were loaded with supplies, with orders to keep within sight of land and sail north in the Gulf of California; which they did until stopped at the mouth of the Colorado River, they not knowing of the Peninsula of Lower California.

It was not only by their bravery that the army expected to conquer the new found countries, but by the display of modern things, which they knew would awe the natives and frequently cause the invaders to be worshipped as gods, as was done in Mexico when Cortes took that country with his handful of men, yes, and they fully expected to find the SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA rich, and it was the purpose of the 300 Spaniards to take possession of these cities and install themselves in the best structures and take from the natives their lands, stock, in fact, whatever was worth while; therefore, it was with hopes sublime that our party started on its journey, which now is known to be one of the most extraordinary feats ever preformed by any company of soldiers.



SIXTH.

Cor--o--na--do
No--Bra--va--do
He--first--to--do
Col--o--ra--do.



T WOULD very much assist your imagination if Remington's picture of the "March of Coronado" could be inserted here. The painter brings out the cavaliers very prominent. Their armor and horse trappings are vividly portrayed in his work of art. So expressive is the painting that there is depicted on their faces the Don Quixote expression, and no doubt, every one of them believed that their names were to go resounding down in history; and although the majority of them are prominent men and many of noble lineage, yet they are fully cognizant of the hardships they will have to endure, but they do not shrink from the ordeal. This will hold good particularly with our young hero and his servant Monte, who have become close friends, each acting toward the other as equals, both being willing to risk his life for his friend; their feeling toward

each other was the Damon and Pythias story put into every day practice; they were brave men, strong as Samson in their faith in each other; and during their journey of 400 miles from the City of Mexico to Compostello they had been taught the lesson of "caution." These two men had the advantage of others, for Alonso could hold his own from a Spanish standpoint, whereas Monte knew the ways of the natives and could keep his master apprised of affairs among the Indians, who predominated in numbers over four to one. Alonso was clean mentally, his lady was always in mind, the exalted precepts advanced by her came constantly, but they gave him strength of character; and Monte had been reared by a mother, who had seen her country stolen by a few bloodthirsty men, her husband taken from her, and finally killed, herself forced to live in retirement; but this gave her a better opportunity to watch over her youngest son, who had profited by the teaching of his mother.

Is it any wonder that these two young men became attached? They were about the same age, twenty and twenty-two, and you will not be surprised to learn of their secretly confiding to one another their love affairs.

Alonso had told Monte of his beautiful Moor, and Monte had in turn confided the secret of his choice. The lofty sentiments of both made them better men. In fact, these two boys were about the only ones in the company who could be classified as model young men. Alonso would not partake of intoxicants, as that was the ONE THING her religion taught as being an abomination; so out of respect for her he has

abstained. But the one thing which dragged the average young man down was the native females. These white men seemed gods to them, and like the average colored wench, they were flattered by the attentions of a white man. This was a trying ordeal for pure young men, but Alonso thought of HER and governed himself. Monte's mother's apparition appeared before him whenever temptation came in his way. The result of this conduct naturally made our hero a better soldier, and Monte a superior companion; and so marked was the contrast in their appearance and ever readiness, as well as the first class mannner in which their outfit was kept, which included the care of Babieca and the pack mule carrying their articles of comfort, that even Coronado himself complimented Lieutenant Perez for his efficiency and close application to his duties.

From Compostella the expedition went nearly northwest. The historian who was there wrote: "For eighty leagues, (about 200 miles), the march was along the much used roads which followed the coast up to Culiacan," which city still retains its name.

The historian further says: "Everyone was eager to reach the wonderful regions which were to be their destination, but it was impossible to make rapid progress. The cattle could not be hurried, while the baggage animals and the carriers were so heavily laden with equipments and provisions that it was necessary to allow them to take their own time. Several were lost at the Centizpack river, across which the cattle had to be transported one at a time. At

Chiametla there was another delay. Here the army camped at the remains of a village which **Nuno de Guzman** had established. The settlers had been driven away by a pestilence caught from the Indians and by the fierce onslaught of the natives, who came down upon them from the surrounding mountains."

The food supply of **Coronado's** force was beginning to fail, and as the tribes about here were still in rebellion, it became necessary to send a force into the mountains to obtain provisions; the army master, **Samaniego**, who had been warden of one of the royal fortresses, commanding the foraging party. The men found themselves buried in the thick underbrush as soon as they passed beyond the limits of the clearing. One of the soldiers, inadvertently, but none the less in disregard of strict orders, became separated from the main party, and the Indians, who were nowhere to be seen, at once attacked him. In reply to his cries the watchful commander hastened to his assistance. The Indians who had tried to seize him suddenly disappeared. When everything seemed to be safe, **Samaniego** raised his visor, and as he did so, an arrow from among the bushes pierced his eye, passing through the skull. The death of **Samaniego** was a severe loss to the expedition. Brave and skillful, he was beloved by all who were with him or under him."

It must be remembered that the **Sierra Mountains** were on the east, thus necessitating the party traveling east until a pass was found, which was near the source of the river **Sonora** or near **Tuscan** in **Arizona**, which now the railroads use in crossing the

mountains. From this point they turned northeast toward the seven rich cities of Cibola. The accounts of the trip to this territory say that it was a wilderness that had to be traversed before reaching the goal. This wilderness, so designated, would be through the eastern part of Arizona and southwestern New Mexico.

At last the first of the seven cities are seen, but not until they had this experience: General Coronado wrote to Mendoza; "To refresh our former 'Trauailles' (trials), the first days we founde no grasse but worser way of mountains and badde passages." Another writer remarks: "The discouragement of the men increases with the difficulties of the way. The horses were tired, and the slow progress became slower, as horses and Indian carriers fell down and died. Corn was almost gone, and as a result of eating the fruits and herbs which they found along the way a Spaniard and some of the servants were poisoned so badly that they died. The skull and horns of a great mountain goat filled the Europeans with wonder, but this was hardly a sign to inspire them with hopes of abundant food and gold. There were thirty leagues of this traveling before the party reached the borders of the inhabited country where we found fresh grass and many nutte and mullberrie trees.

The day following that on which they left the wilderness, the advance guard was met in a peaceable manner by four Indians. We treated them most kindly, gave them beads and clothing and willed them to return unto their city and bid they stay quiet in their houses fearing nothing. The General assured

them that they need have no anxiety, because we had been sent by His Spanish Majesty to defend and ayde them."

For several pages you have been given the text of the latest translations but notwithstanding the suffering complained of while going through the wilderness to reach the first of the seven cities, yet by reason of the sagacity of Monte, his knowledge of the natives and part of their language, and owing to the sober judgment of Alonso, these two managed to keep their horse and mule in good condition and themselves also in good shape. Alonso has been taught by his fencing master to always let his adversary put forth his very best at first, but for himself, to have in reserve HIS BEST, and this axiom and truism he has applied to his conduct in his present surroundings. He has schooled himself and Monte to do their duty, but to keep in reserve a stored up force to be used when others were losing heart. Those two boys could plainly see that the time would surely come when it would be absolutely necessary to rise to the occasion, and they were both prepared for any emergency.

It was July 7th, 1540, when the Spaniards reached Cibola, and viewed the city. Then it was that they discovered that the glowing accounts of the country as told by Friar Marcos of Nice were without foundation; and, to use the language of a man present, "Such were the curses that some hurled at Friar Marcos, that I pray God may protect him from them."

This town was located in Valencia County, New Mexico, and no doubt, in the Zuni Indian

Reservation—the authorities say near Ojo Caliente.

The United States Government has expended a large sum of money in translating from the Spanish everything that could be found written at the time or soon afterwards, and Castenada's account of the taking of the city of Cibola is most thrilling, so it is here quoted:

“It is a little unattractive village, (Cibola), looking as if it had been crumpled all up together. There are mansions in New Spain which make a better appearance at a distance. It is a village of about 200 warriors, is three and four stories high, with the houses small and having only a few rooms and without a court-yard. One yard serves for each section. The people of the whole district have collected here, for there are seven villages in the province, and some others are even larger and stronger than Cibola. These folks waited for the army, drawn up in front of the village. When they refused to have peace on the terms the interpreters extended to them, but appeared defiant, the Santiago, (battle-cry), was given and they were at once put to flight. The Spaniards then attacked the village which was taken with not a little difficulty since they held the narrow and crooked entrance. During the attack they knocked the general down with a large stone and would have killed him, but Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas and Hernando de Alverado, who threw themselves about him and drew him away, received the blows of the stones which were not few, but the first fury of the Spaniards could not be resisted and in less than an hour they entered the village and captured it. There

they discovered food which was the thing they were most in need of."

It would not do to recite the fury and bad temper displayed toward the Indians of the first of the seven cities, which turned out to be a village of a few hundred population, and without much precious metal. The soldiers were mad with disappointment, and were pronounced in their condemnation of Father Marcos, who had conveyed the story of the seven rich cities of Cibola, and who was with the expedition but concluded to turn back at this point because of the abuse heaped upon him.

Owing to Coronado having been hurt during the taking of the first city, he remained there quite a time, but was not idle, for he sent out several exploring parties, only one of which can be mentioned here. While encamped at Cibola, an Indian chief attracted attention who had a long mustache, and was named by the Spaniards "Whiskers," because Indians did not then nor now, allow hair to grow on the face, but pluck as it grows. The account from which this is copied recites:

"He was a tall, well built young fellow, with a fine figure. He told the general that they had come in response to the notice which had been given to offer themselves as their friends. They brought a present of tanned hides and shields and head pieces, which were very gladly received, and the general gave them some glass dishes and a number of pearls and little bells, which they prized very highly; because these were things they had never seen. They

described some animals, which from a picture that one of them had painted on his skin, seemed to be cows, although from the hides, this did not seem possible, because the hair was woolly and snarled so that we could not tell what sort of skins they had. The general ordered Hernado de Alverado to take twenty companions and go with them, and gave them a commission for eighty days, after which he should return and give an account of what he had found."

Captain Alvarado started on this journey and in five days reached a village, which was on a rock called "Acuco," having a population of about 200 men. These men were robbers, feared by the whole country round about. The village was very strong, because it was up on a rock out of reach, having steep sides in every direction, and so elevated that it was a very good musket that could throw a ball so high. There was only one entrance, by a stairway built by hand, which began at the top of a slope, around the foot of the rock. There was a broad stairway of about 200 steps, and at the top they had to go up about three times the height of a man, by means of holes in the rocks in which they put the points of their feet, holding on at the same time with their hands. So no army could possibly be strong enough to capture the village. On the top they had room to sow and store a large amount of corn, and cisterns to collect snow and water. These people came down to the plain ready to fight and would not listen to any arguments. They drew lines on the ground and determined to prevent our men from crossing these, but when they saw that they would have to fight they offered to

make peace before any harm had been done. They went through the forms of making peace, which is to touch the horses and take their sweat and rub themselves with it, and to make crosses with the fingers of the hand. But to make the most secure peace they put their hands across each other; and kept this peace inviolable. They made a present of a large number of turkeys with very big wattles, much bread, tanned deer skins, pine nuts, corn-meal and corn."

This impregnable village or fortress was and is now situated about five days march east of Zuni, so must be located in about 108 degrees west and 35 south. It would require many pages to convey a proper conception of this wonderful natural stronghold; however, it demonstrates the nature of society in those early days. In 1540 when these Europeans first visited this spot the conditions of Europe were much about the same: e. g., the Feudal System still flourished, the Barons still had their castles, might was still right; and so it was with these Indians who had the hardihood to climb about 400 feet up a perpendicular rock so as to make their home safe from others who were much stronger. Talk about a portcullis and draw-bridge over the moat of the average castle, there is no comparison to be drawn, for this rock of Acoma could not possibly be scaled by any other than a native.

But our expedition must hurry as it has quite an expanse of territory yet to go over. The next town visited was Tiguex, now known as Bernalillo, a few miles north of Albuquerque; and you will appreciate

the account of this first visit in the language of the old chronicler:

"From here, (Acoma), we went to a province called Tiguex, three days distance. The people came out peaceably, seeing that Whiskers was with us. These men are feared throughout all these provinces. Alverado sent messengers back from here to advise the general to come and winter in this country. The general was not a little relieved to hear that the country was growing better. Five days from here we came to Cicuye or Pecos, the last of the walled cities toward the east. It was a very strong village four stories high. The people came out from the village with signs of joy to welcome Alvarado and their captain brought us into town with drums and pipes, something like flutes, of which they had a great many. They made many presents of cloth and turquoises, of which there are quantities in that region. We enjoyed ourselves here for several days and talked with an Indian slave, a native of the country toward Florida, which is the region Don Fernando de Sota discovered. This fellow said that there were large settlements in the further part of the country, so Alvarado took him to guide them to the cows; but he told us of many and such great things about the wealth of gold and silver in his country that he did not care about looking for cows, but returned after he had seen some few, to report the rich news to the general. We called this Indian "Turk" because he looked like one." This town of Acuye is located about forty miles southeast of Santa Fe and twenty miles southwest of Las Vegas,

and shows on the map as "Pecos."

From here Alvarado returned back to Berna-lillo, where the general and the main part of the army were now encamped. The Indian, "Turk," was taken along so as to tell his story about the rich country of his nativity. Up to this time the expedition had failed to discover any nation rich in gold and silver, and many tales had promised the thing for which men, then as now, would sell their very souls; which are more precious than the fool stuff; so is there any wonder that these men were ready and willing to risk their lives, when it was held out that they would receive gold and silver, which would be "Free Silver" in the true sense of the word, i. e., free to them if they could get their hands upon it; and they cared not whether it was coined free; all they wanted was the opportunity to appropriate it to their own use.

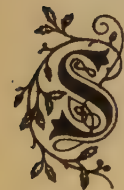
Alverado returned to Tiguex, taking with him "Turk," so that he could recite his wonderful story of QUIVIRA. On reaching Tiguex the native of Quivira was taken into the presence of Coronado and his officers, and retold his story of the great cities of the province of Quivira, of the the immense number of "humped cows," deer, turkey and numerous other game, of a river (Missouri), two leagues wide, in which there were fishes as big as horses and large numbers of canoes with more than twenty rowers on a side, fitted out with sails, having a poop under awnings for their lords, and with the prow adorned by a great golden eagle. He said everyone had the ordinary dishes made of gold. He called the gold "Acochis," but more particularly that gold and silver

was very plentiful. This made the Spaniards crazy with the desire to reach the goal of gold. The seven cities of Cibola had been exploited and found wanting, hence became eclipsed by the promise of wealth in this promising country, Quivira. So all was excitement when the general announced his intention of personally conducting an expedition with the whole of his army to the new province of Quivira and camp was struck April 23rd, 1541. Most of the soldiers still had visions of wealth untold.

The army was guided by Turk, a Pawnee, and another Indian named by the Spaniards "Ysopete," who was a Kansas Indian, having been captured and brought to Bernalillo. It is known for certain that they went through the city of Pecos, and assuredly they traversed the south bank of the Canadian river in Texas, until they reached a point east of the town of Mora in the Indian Territory. The river was crossed here, and inasmuch as the Indian guides had lost their bearing they then went nearly due north until they reached Barber County, Kansas; from whence they traveled northeast until a point was reached somewhere near Hutchinson, or about fifty miles northwest of Wichita.

SEVENTH.

America was discovered in Isabella's reign;
Spain for gain conquests did maintain;
Her buccaneers plied the Spanish Main,
Now her acquisitions are only in name;
But fame without gain is very tame;
Here's to Alfonso XIII, is the U. S. refrain -



SHAKESPEARE flourished and wrote about fifty years after Coronado's expedition, and the clergy, literary people, and those of the highest standard of morality now quote the author of Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Venus and Adonis, and also the Passionate Pilgrim without blushing. The literature of the sixteenth century was not what it is in the early part of the twentieth century. The following was written at the time and by those who were through Kansas. It would not do to put into print some of the unusual incidents recorded by the men who were with Coronado, for then this work might be refused by the Postal authorities as being obscene.

It would require too much space to recite verbatim the original, but in order that the reader may have some conception of the habits and morals of the

Indians who inhabited Arizona, New Mexico, California, and Kansas we herewith produce some extracts from the United States Government records:

It was on the Coast of California where the following incident is recorded. "After going 150 leagues they came to a province of exceedingly tall and strong men—like giants. They are naked and live in large straw cabins built under ground, like smoke houses, with only the straw roof above ground. They enter these at one end and come out at the other. More than a hundred persons, old and young, sleep in one cabin. When they carry anything they place it upon their heads, and in this manner they can carry a load of three or four hundred pounds. Once our men wished to fetch a log for the fire and six men were unable to carry it, and one of these Indians is reported to have come and raised it in his arms, put it on his head alone, and carried it easily. (In a note, the strength of the people is verified by Sir Francis Drake, who visited the coasts of California.) When Don Pedro de Tovar arrived there (Sonora), he found that the natives had killed a soldier with a poisoned arrow, which had made only a little wound in one hand. Several soldiers went to the place where this happened to see about it, and they were not well received. A force seized the chiefs of the village, but afterwards they were exchanged for some thread and cloth and other things which the soldiers needed. Finding themselves free, they renewed the war and made an attack. As they were strong and had poisoned arrows they killed several of the Spaniards and wounded others, so that they died on the way back.

They retired toward the town, and if they had not had Indian allies from the country of Hearts, it would have gone worse with them. They got back to town, leaving seventeen soldiers dead from poison. They would die in agony from only a small wound, the bodies breaking out with an insupportable pestilential stink."

"After ten days more they came to some settlements of people who lived like Arabs and who are called Querechos in that region. They had seen the cows for two days. These folks live in tents made of the tanned skins of the cows. They travel around near the cows, killing them for food. They did nothing unusual when they saw our army, except to come out of the tents to look at us, after which they came to talk to the advance guard and asked who we were. The general talked with them, but they had already talked with the Turk, who was with the advance guard; they agreed with what he had said. That they were intelligent is evident from the fact that although they conversed by means of signs they made themselves understood so well that there was no need of an interpreter. They said that there was a very large river over toward where the sun came from, and that one could go along this river through an inhabited region for ninety days without a break from settlement to settlement. They said that the first of these settlements was called Haxa, and that the river was more than a league wide and that there were many canoes upon it. These folks started off from here next day with a lot of dogs which dragged their possessions. For two days, during which th

army marched in the same direction as that in which they had come from the settlements—that is, between the north and east, but more toward the north,—they saw other roaming Querechos and such great numbers of cows that it already seemed something incredible. These people gave a great deal of information about settlements, all toward the east from where we were. Here Don Garcia broke his arm and a Spaniard got lost who went off hunting so far that he was unable to return to camp, because the country is very level. The Turk said it was one or two days to Haya (Haxa). The general sent Captain Diego Lopez with ten companions lightly equipped and a guide to go out at full speed toward the sunrise for two days and discover Haxa, and then return to meet the army, which set out in the same direction next day. They came across so many animals that those who were on the advance guard killed a large number of bulls. As these fled they trampled one another in their haste until they came to a ravine. So many of the animals fell into this that they filled it up and the rest went across on top of them. The men who were chasing them on horseback fell in among the animals without noticing where they were going. Three of the horses that fell in among the cows, all saddled and bridled, were lost sight of completely.

“There was another native of Quivira with the army, a painted Indian named Ysopete. This Indian declared that Turk was lying and on account of this the army paid no attention to him, and even now, although he said that the Querechos had consulted with him, Ysopete was not believed.”

"They found an Indian girl here who was as white as a Castilian lady, except that she had her chin painted like a Moorish woman. In general they all paint themselves in this way here, and they decorate their eyes."

"From here the general sent out to explore the country and they found another settlement four days from here The country was well inhabited, and they had plenty of kidney beans and prunes like those of Castile, and tall vineyards. These village settlements extended for three days. This was called Cona. Some Teyas, as these people are called, went with the army from here and traveled as far as the end of the other settlements with their packs of dogs, women and children, and then they gave them guides to proceed to a large ravine where the army was. They did not let these guides speak with the Turk and did not receive the same statements from these as they had from the others. These said that Quivira was toward the north and that we would not find any good road thither. After this they began to believe Ysopete. The ravine which the army had now reached was a league wide from one side to the other, with a little bit of a river at the bottom, and there were many groves of mulberry trees near it, and rosebushes with the same sort of fruit that they have in France. They made verjuice from the unripe grapes at this ravine, although there were ripe ones. There were walnuts and the same kind of fowls as in New Spain, and large quantities of prunes like those of Castile. During this journey a Teyas was seen to shoot a bull right through both shoulders with an

arrow, which would be a good shot for a musket. These people are very intelligent; the women are well made and modest. They cover their whole body. They wear shoes and buskins made of tanned skin. The women wear cloaks over their small petticoats, with sleeves gathered up at the shoulders, all of skin, and some wear something like little sanbenitos with a fringe, which reached half way down the thigh and over the petticoat."

"It was estimated that during this fortnight they killed 500 bulls. The number of these that were there without any cows was something incredible. Many fellows were lost at that time who went out hunting and did not get back to the army for two or three days, wandering about the country as if they were crazy, in one direction or another, not knowing how to get back where they started from, although this ravine extended in either direction so that they could find it. Every night they took account of who was missing, fired guns and blew trumpets and beat drums and built great fires, but yet some of them went off so far and wandered about so much that all this did not give them any help, although it helped others. The only way was to go back where they had killed an animal and start from there in one direction and another until they struck the ravine or fell in with somebody who could put them on the right road. It is worth noting that the country there is so level that at midday, after one has wandered about in one direction and another in pursuit of game, the only thing to do is to stay near the game quietly until sunset, so as to see where the sun goes down, and

even then they have to be men who are practiced to do it. Those who are not, had to trust themselves to others."

"The women paint their chins and eyes like the Moorish women of Barbary. They drink wine made of the pitahaya, which is the fruit of a great thistle which opens like the pomegranate. The wine makes them stupid. They make a great quantity of preserves from the tuna; they preserve it in a large amount of its sap without other honey. They make bread of the mesquite, like cheese, which keeps good for a whole year. There are native melons in this country so large that a person can carry only one of them. They cut these in slices and dry them in the sun. They are good to eat and taste like figs and are better than dried meat; they are very good and sweet, keeping for a whole year when prepared in this way.

"In this country there was also tame eagles which the chiefs esteemed to be something fine. No fowls of any sort were seen in any of these villages except in this valley of Suyá, where fowls like those of Castile were found. Nobody could find out how they came to be so far inland, the people being all at war with one another. Between Suyá and Chicilticalli there are many sheep and mountain goats with very large bodies and horns. Some Spaniards declare that they have seen flocks of more than a hundred together, which ran so fast that they disappeared very quickly."

"Cibola has seven cities. The largest is called Macaque. The houses are ordinarily three or four stories high, but in Macaque there are houses with

four and seven stories. These people are very intelligent. They cover their privy parts and all the immodest parts with cloths made like a sort of table napkin, with fringed edges and a tassel at each corner, which they tie over the hips. They wear long robes of feathers and of the skins of hares, and cotton blankets. The women wear blankets which they tie or knot over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm out. These serve to cover the body. They wear a neat, well-shaped outer garment of skin. They gather their hair over the two ears, making a frame which looks like an old-fashioned head-dress."

The city next described was located where Bernalillo, Bernalillo County, New Mexico, now stands.

"Tiguex is a province with twelve villages on the banks of a large, mighty river: some villages on one side and some on the other side. It is a spacious valley two leagues wide, and a very high, rough, snow-covered mountain chain lies east of it. There are seven villages in the ridges at the foot of this, four on the plain and three situated on the skirts of the mountain.

"There are seven villages seven leagues to the north at Quirix, and the seven villages of the province of Hemes are forty leagues northeast to Acha, and four leagues southeast to Tutahaco, a province with eight villages. In general, these villages all have the same habits and customs, although some have some things in particular which the others have not. They are governed by the opinions of the elders. They all work together to build the villages, the women being engaged in making the mixture for the walls, while

the men bring the wood and put it in place. They have no lime, but they make a mixture of ashes, coals and dirt, which is almost as mortar, for when the house is to have four stories, they do not make the walls more than half a yard thick. They gather a great pile of twigs of thyme and sedge grass and set it afire, and when it is half coals and ashes they throw a quantity of dirt and water on it and mix it all together. They make round balls of this, which they use instead of stones after they are dry, fixing them with the same mixture, which comes to be like a stiff clay. Before they are married the young men serve the whole village in general, and fetch the wood that is needed for use, putting it in a pile in the court-yard of the villages, from which the women take it to carry to their houses. They gather a great quantity of brushwood and dry it to use for cooking all through the year. There are no fruits good to eat in the country except the pine nuts. They have their preachers. Sodomy is not found among them. They do not eat human flesh nor make sacrifices of it. The people are not cruel, for they had Francisco de Ovando in Tiguex about forty days after he was dead, whole and without any other wound except the one that killed him, white as snow, without any bad smell. I found out several things about them from one of our Indians, who had been a captive among them for a whole year. I asked him especially for the reason why the young women in the province went entirely naked, however cold it might be, and he told me that the virgins had to go around this way until they took a husband and that they covered themselves after

they had known man. The men here wear little skirts of tanned deer skin and their long robes over this. In all these provinces they have earthenware glazed with antimony, and jars of extraordinary labor and workmanship, which are worth seeing."

"When any man wishes to marry, it has to be arranged by those who govern. The man has to spin and weave a blanket and place it before the woman, who covers herself with it and becomes his wife. The houses belong to the women, the 'estufas' to the men. If a man repudiates his woman he has to go to the estufa. It is forbidden for women to sleep in the estufas, or to enter these for any purpose except to give their husbands or their sons something to eat. The men spin and weave. The women bring up the children and prepare the food. The country is so fertile that they do not have to break up the ground the year round, but only have to sow the seed, which is presently covered by the fall of snow, and the ears come up under the snow. In one year they gather enough for seven. A very large number of cranes and wild geese and crows and startlings live on what is sown, and for all this, when they come to sow for another year, the fields are covered with corn which they have not been able to finish gathering.

"There are a great many fowls in these provinces and cocks with great hanging chins. When dead, these keep for sixty days, and longer in winter, without losing their feathers or opening, and without any bad smell; and the same is true of dead men. Their virgins also go nude until they take husbands, be-

cause they say that if they do anything wrong then it will be seen, and so they do not do it. They do not heed being ashamed because they go around as they were born."

"There are a great number of wolves on these plains, which go round with the cows. They have white skins. The deer are pied with white. Their skin is loose, so that when they are killed, it can be pulled off with the hand while warm, coming off like pigskin. The rabbits, which are very numerous, are so foolish that those on horseback killed them with their lances. This is when they are mounted among the cows. They fly from a person on foot.

"Now that I wish to describe the appearance of the bulls, it is to be noticed first that there was not one of the horses that did not take flight when he saw them first, for they have a narrow short face, the brow two palms across from eye to eye, the eyes sticking out of the side, so that when they are running, they can see who is following them. They have very long beards like goats and when they are running they throw their heads back with the beard dragging on the ground. There is a sort of girdle round the middle of the body. The hair is very woolly, like a sheep's, very fine, and in front of the girdle the hair is very long and rough as a lion's. They have a hump, larger than a camel's. The horns are short and thick, so that they are not seen much above the hair. In May they change the hair in the middle of the body for a down, which makes perfect lions of them. They rub against the small trees in the little ravines to shed their hair, and they continue

this until only the down is left, as a snake changes his skin. When they run, they carry it erect like a scorpion. It is worth noticing that the little calves are red and just like ours, but they change their color and appearance with time and age.

"Another strange thing was that all the bulls that were killed had their left ears slit, although these were whole when young. The reason for this was a puzzle that could not be guessed. The wool ought to make good cloth on account of its fineness, although the color is not good, because it is the color of beryl.

"Another thing worth noticing is that the bulls traveled without cows, in such large numbers that nobody could have counted them, and so far away from the cows that it was more than forty leagues from where we began to see the bulls to the place where we began to see the cows. The country they traveled over was so level and smooth that if one looked at them the sky could be seen between their legs, so that if some of them were at a distance they looked like smooth-trunked pines whose tops jointed, and if there was only one bull, it looked as if there were four pines. When one was near them it was impossible to see the ground on the other side of them. The reason for all this was that the country seemed as round as if a man should imagine himself in a three-pint measure, and could see the sky at the edge of it, about a cross-bow shot from him; and even if a man only lay down on his back he lost sight of the ground."

"The country is so level that men became lost

when they went off half a league. One horseman was lost who never reappeared, and two horses, all saddled and bridled, which they never saw again. No track was left of where they went, and on this account it was necessary to mark the road by which they went with the cow dung, so as to return, since there were no stones or anything else. Marco Polo, the Venetian, in his treatise, (chapter 15), relates and says that he saw the same cows with the same sort of hump; and in the same chapter he says that there are sheep as big as horses. Nicholas, the Venetian, gave an account to Micer Pogic, the Florentine, in his second book, toward the end, which says, that in Ethiopia they have oxen with a hump, like camels, and they have horns three cubits long, and they carry their horns up over their backs, and one of these horns makes a wine pitcher. Marco Polo (in chapter 134), says, that in the country of the Tartars, toward the north, they have dogs as large or little smaller than asses. They harness these into a sort of cart and with these enter a very miry country, all a quagmire, where other animals cannot enter and come out without getting submerged, and on this account they take dogs. We found Indians among these first cows, who were on this account called Querechos by those in the flat-roof houses. They do not live in houses, but have some sets of poles which they carry with them to make some huts at the places where they stop, which serve them for houses. They tie these poles together at the top and stick the bottoms into the ground, covering them with some cow-skins which they carry around, and which, as I have said,

serve them for houses. From what was learned of these Indians, all their human needs are supplied by these cows, for they are fed and clothed and shod from these. They are a people who wander around here and there, wherever seems to them best. We went on for eight or ten days in the same direction, along these streams which are among the cows. The Indian who guided us from here was the one that had given us the news about Quivira and Arache, (or Ara-hei), and about its being a very rich country with much gold and other things, and he and the other one from that country I mentioned, to which we were going, and we found these two Indians in the flat-roof villages. It seems, that as the said Indian wanted to go to his own country, he proceeded to tell us what we found was not true, and I do not know whether it was on this account or because he was counselled to take us into other regions by confusing us on the road, although there are none in all this region except those of the cows. We understood, however, that he was leading us away from the route we ought to follow and that he wanted to lead us on to those plains where he had led us, so that we would eat up the food, and both ourselves and our horses would become weak from the lack of this, because if we should go either backward or forward in this condition, we could not make any resistance to whatever they might wish to do to us. From the time when, as I said, we entered the plains, and from this settlement of Querechos, he led us off more to the east, until we came to be in extreme need from lack of food; and as the other Indian, who was his companion and also

from his country, saw that he was not taking us where we ought to go, since we had always followed the guidance of Turk, for so he was called instead of his, he threw himself down in the way, making a sign that although we cut off his head we ought not to go that way, nor was that our direction. I believe we had been traveling twenty days or more in this direction, at the end of which we found another settlement of Indians of the same sort and way of living as those behind, among whom there was an old blind man with a beard, who gave us to understand by signs which he made, that he had seen four others like us many days before whom he had seen near there and rather more toward New Spain. And so we understood him, and I presumed that it was Dorantes and Cabeza de Vaca and those whom I have mentioned."

These portions are recited so that the historical part of the expedition may be authoritatively known. The scholarly men who compiled the volume from which the citations are given, spared no labor in the compilation of the work for the United States Government. It expended a large amount of money in paying the numerous ethnologists, who put in years of research on the subject. You note that the Spaniards frequently speak of Indians they came across while going through Texas and Indian Territory. They are called Querechos, and the compilers of the Government's two volumes, in a note, say these were the Comanches; also the Spaniards have mentioned the Teyas Indians who were enemies of the Querechos. May not this name "Teyas" be the origin of Texas?

There is as much similarity as "Cansas" to Kansas. This subject will be commented upon further.

The great explorer and commander with his whole force has arrived at the south bank of the Arkansas river, and he can plainly see that the army is becoming discouraged, owing to the lack of proper and wholesome food. There was no dearth of meat, for as you have been informed, the army was hardly out of the sight of the immense herds of buffalo, deer and antelope; but meat for breakfast and the same for dinner and ditto for supper would become somewhat monotonous. But the general was determined to test the truth of Turk's statements; hence he resolved to select thirty of his best horemen and six foot soldiers and make a dash for the goal—not the pole as is often done in arctic explorations. - Is there any wonder that Coronado determined to see the end? Those who saw the prairies of Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Kansas only fifty years before they commenced to be settled to any extent, KNOW what a fascination the country had for them. It mattered not to the early Kansas settler that the grasshopper ate up his corn, wheat, and in fact, all green vegetation, or that it was blasted by hot winds or dried up for the want of rain; yet he loved the country and even if he was compelled to leave his homestead for a few years because of the failure of crops, he would pine for "home" and would return. There was something exhilarating in the sunshine; the air was pure and resembled that of the ocean; and last but not least, he felt a freedom which is inexplicable and incomprehensible to those who have not ex-

perienced the pleasurable sensation.

And then this man, Coronado, was no fool; he knew a fine country, and for no other reason, he was sure it would make as rich an agricultural country as Spain, and he writes the King and Viceroy Mendoza. He knew from the calculations of the men whose reckoning was to step—step every foot of the way traveled, counting each stride, so as to make a scientific report, that he was some place near the 37th degree North latitude; this line which is the boundary of Kansas will, if followed directly east, pass near the south line of Spain in Europe. He told of the rich soil, the beautiful climate, the streams skirted with timber. Mind you, he reached the Arkansas June 29th, that being St. Peter and Paul's Day. The river has that name to commemorate the day. This period of the year is, without doubt, the finest for giving a favorable impression of that country.

• Presto change! The Don traversed Oklahoma and Kansas in 1541, yet not until 350 years afterward, 1889, did the astute Yankee discover that this land was valuable for homes; and just let us paint a picture of what took place in the year of our Lord, 1889, over the very ground which Coronado's army passed:

It is April 22nd, at noon, 1889. All along the southern boundary of Kansas, soldiers keeping them from crossing the line, are arranged thousands of men and women who are waiting for a cannon to boom as the signal, which is the Government of the United States' word "Go," as if it was a race for life. Some are on race horses, others are riding mules, others in wagons; some in buggies, many on foot;

most of whom have been enduring hardships for days and perhaps weeks—all for the sake of procuring 160 acres of land at the nominal price of \$1.25 per acre. Talk about the greed of the Spaniard and disregard for the rights of the natives in the year 1541! Those who saw and took part in that memorable "run" for a claim in Oklahoma can testify to the brutality and craze of the average "boomer"; they were like animals, and all for the right to procure a piece of land which for 350 years had been considered of no value. Another thought: Many of the horses which made the race so that his rider could be the first to stand on a quarter-section of land, thus entitling him to the right of possession by reason of his being the first occupant, was an offspring of some of the Spanish mares which were left in the country in the year 1541, they being called "Indian ponies," "Texas ponies," "Broncos," "Cayugas," etc. Those who have had the satisfaction to view the magnificent country all along the Arkansas river, as well as north and south thereof, do not have to stretch their imaginations to see the pleasure experienced by those early discoverers. A man would be a chunk of wood who could not be impressed with the grandeur of the scene—beautiful, level land, verdure as green and luxuriant as any to be seen in the world, not excepting Spain or Italy; for the comparison has been made, that if it were possible for the inhabitants of the eastern half of Kansas to be put to sleep and then be transported to Italy without being aware of the change of location, on awakening they would not be able to discern the difference in the crops, trees and

vegetation. Take the production of corn, in the quality and quantity of which Kansas frequently excels all others, and compare the little puny corn fields in Italy, and particularly the size of the ears. That grown in Italy is about seven inches long and the Kansas ear is a foot long and will weigh twice as much. And so it is with wheat, in which she surpasses all other states or countries; her flour now excels all others and is sought after by all European countries. Then her cattle and hogs furnish rations for the armies of the world and her horses will compare favorably with those of any other state or country.

You have often read of the extraordinary, incomparable, romantic blueness of the Italian sky. Poets and artists work themselves up to a pitch of ecstasy in their fervor and enthusiasm when describing the softness and beauty of Italy's canopy. Bah! the Sunflower State can go her one better.

The forgoing digression was prompted so as to prove that Coronado was a prophet, when he put on record that Quivira, (Kansas), had "fat black soil" and that all the products of Spain would grow here."

Of course, you are aware that quite a number of priests were with the army. They were all good Catholics, whose sole purpose was to convert the heathen natives to Christianity, and they must be accorded just credit for their rectitude in the interest of humanity. So when the camp was made on the afternoon of June 29, 1541, after an opportunity was given the men to bathe in the river, religious services were held; after which the general held a

council of officers to obtain an expression of his command what was best to do. After considerable discussion it was decided that thirty horsemen and six foot soldiers should proceed on to the cities of Quivira, but that the main body should retrace their steps toward Tiguex to await the return of the general, who was to personally conduct the diminished expedition. Of course, there were more than the thirty-six soldiers, for since reaching the plains numerous Indians had been seen and now there are several besides Turk and Ysopete who know the country well.



EIGHTH.

You may preach,
And you can pray;
But if you're too gay,
The Lord will say:
"Out of my way;
You've gone astray."
So "repent today,"
Is the minstrel's lay.



ARE YOU getting impatient, dear reader, to get word from Alonso and Monte? You have been informed that Alonso was your hero, and yet he has not been heard from, notwithstanding he has come all the way from Compostella to the River Saint Peter and Paul's. But rest assured, he has not been idle, mentally or physically, for he has taken part in every skirmish or battle with the Indians and has had various experiences during the sixteen months since the expedition left the rendezvous, which would fill a book. sixteen months passed in the hum drum of the average business does not count for much, but this period of time spent in going through such numerous and often dangerous

experiences, as were encountered by Alonso, is a horse of another color. He is in the prime of his manhood; his strength of character has been tested; many times temptations of all descriptions have been resisted; his mother might be proud of her darling boy and his father would compare him with the chivalrous Cid of old; and She, whose beautiful face and figure was ever present, would be justified in worshipping him as her idol, for he was all that she could desire; and by telepathic communication transmitted over cupid's relays, batteries and sounders, through the invisible conductor erected in the Heavens by the Great Inventor, and Promoter,—she is sanguine in her own mind of her lover's faithfulness and fidelity; and on his part, he has been rewarded for his constancy by a sensation so pleasurable that thoughts of Heaven could not possibly surpass it.

One of the secrets in life was early learned by our hero, not to despise others occupying a position below him; for in his youth he frequently discovered some person who could give him information acquired by experience, such as those in his own station in life knew nothing about; he had been often entertained by an old servant in his father's employ, who had seen much service; the old man had schooled his young master how to care for himself during the tedious and trying march, and now he was cognizant that the old fellow knew whereof he was advising. So Monte was counselled to make friends with a few of the best Indian servants, and more particularly to cultivate the acquaintance of the Quivira Indian, Ysopete; and frequently would Alonso, Monte and

Ysopete commune together discussing the difficulties which were to be overcome; for the Quivira Indian had traversed the country when he was captured on the plains and brought to the mountains. Alonso and Monte made it a point to treat the Quivirian kindly and, more than that, meted out substantial benefits to him in the way of comforts; which to this plains Indian were delicious luxuries, and hence he would have devoted his life to his Spanish and Mexican friends; and all through the expedition the two received many benefits by the sagacity and nobleness of the poor slave Indian, which repaid them many fold. Of course, up until the time when the army left Tiguex in February, 1541, our two young men did not have the advantage of the experience of Ysopete. It was only after they left for the great cities of Quivira that he became their slave by choice. But Alonso found himself very advantageously situated from the first day of the expedition owing to the acquaintance of Monte with the natives, for many of the chiefs had known his father, and the fact of his sire having been a great chief, they naturally respected his son; so frequently Alonso saw things which even Coronado never had any knowledge of and which would have been undiscovered by our hero had it not been for his servant Monte. All through the narratives written by the men whose province it was to record the history of the exploring party it is noted how frequently Spaniards died from a slight wound, because the arrow or spear which inflicted it was poisoned. Monte knew that the mountain tribes used this poison for he had been

so advised by his tutors and he had some inkling that they had an antidote but the nature of which was unknown to him, so he resolved that it would be one of the first things he must discover to demonstrate his regard and solicitude for the welfare of his kind master, for early in the trip he found how serious it was to be injured in the slightest manner; in fact, it was sure death, and more Spaniards died on this memorable expedition through its means than by all other causes.

As before stated Cibola, or the first of the seven cities, which were originally the projective points of the army, was, according to Castenada, captured on July 7th, 1540. The natives when they first saw the Spaniards arrayed before their walled city, concluded to resist, but they were defeated. There is a detailed account of this affair in the translations, but some things are left for future writers to describe.

When the Indians discovered that the invaders were about to defeat them, they shut themselves up in their strong rooms. During the night the victorious army entered part of the stronghold. It is here we wish to pick up the story of our hero's exploits. Of course, Monte took no part in the fight, his duty was to care for his master's outfit and be ready to care for him in case of accident, but Monte knew the principal chief of the city and succeeded in reaching him during the night by the aid of a friendly native, who was a citizen of Cibola. The chief had confidence in the scion of royalty and propounded many questions to the young man relative to the action of the Spaniards under Cortes when he deposed his father.

How else could the young man answer other than to tell the truth, which was derogatory to the Spaniards? Many things were talked about, and the advice given by Monte to the chief was to the effect that he and his people had better make their escape. During the interview Monte informed the chief of the nobleness of his master, and asked the chief to confide to him the remedy for curing a wound made by a poisoned arrow so that he could save his master should he get hurt. The chief hesitated, but the earnestness of his young friend and the fervor and friendship displayed for his young master, struck the Indian chief as being so commendable that he agreed to impart the information, if Monte would take a solemn oath to never divulge the remedy to any other person; and that he was only to use it upon himself and others who were dear to him. Of course Monte gladly assented to the stipulation.

Then the chief informed him how they proceeded to make their missiles so deadly. "If we cannot procure rattlesnake's venom, the most deadly poison, then the next best thing is to allow liver to decompose, to which may be added crushed tarantulas and scorpions; then we take the spines of the cactus and mix them in with grease. This will cause much irritation of the wound. But for any of these, and particularly for the rattlesnake venom, the juice of the quince applied is the only known cure." So from that hour Monte resolved to never be without some of the remedy, and thus he saved his master's life.

But you naturally exclaim, what part did Alonso take in this first assault? His conduct was so con-

spicuous that Coronado commended him in private. Not only was he brave but cautious. Frequently by his foresight did he save the life of some individual officer or soldier. These natives were not cowards by any means, but when it is taken into consideration that they had never heard a gun fired, is there any wonder that they did not withstand the onslaught? Can you draw upon your imagination and picture a line of men in armor; riding animals which you have never seen before in your life rushing toward you, crying out in a strange language, and before reaching you throwing something from an instrument which came so swiftly toward you that the little missile would strike you or your friend so hard as to go through your flesh, tear and gash, so it caused you or them to fall, killed or badly hurt? What could such an unknown force be compared with? The Indians to a man were justified in the thought that the Spaniards were aided by the God of thunder and lightning, for would not the flash of the musket be the lightning and the report be the thunder? So at the very first volley, the poor dwellers of Cibola became panic stricken and rushed pell-mell into the narrow entrance; the foot-soldiers not encumbered with armor, attacking them while retreating, the heavily equipped horsemen following in the wake; and because of Alonso's light equipment and Babiaca's careful grooming, Alonso was the first to reach the hand to hand melee. He sprang off his horse, and drawing his sword, assisted his comrades who had gotten mixed up in the throng of natives. Although retreating they were using their heavy clubs on their assail-

ants. Domingo Martin and a fellow named Sanches were down, and numerous Indians were about to slay them with their weapons, when Alonso sprang into their midst flourishing his sword in the approved manner taught him by his old fencing master. The natives held their ground seeing so few of the enemy were really in their midst, and ceasing to notice the prostrate soldiers, concentrated their efforts upon the new arrival, who although outnumbered yet because of his superior skill in the use of the keen three-feet-six highly burnished Grenada blade, was able to protect the fallen men from further injury. But the helmet of our hero received several dents as well as his body armor, and when he found the throng becoming too numerous, he drew from his belt the "dag," that all cavaliers carried, which upon being discharged at close range, emitting fire and smoke, so awed the inexperienced Indians that they turned and ran, thinking the evil spirit was on the side of the invaders. Take your watch in hand, now raise your good right arm, then locate the little minute hand, and now in fancy think you are holding in your hand a sword, then pretend that you are slashing at a foe and keep account of the number of times you lunge or strike. In one minute it will be discovered to be somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty; so when it is stated that it was only a minute that Alonso stood in the seething mass of retreating Indians, yet in such a position it is a very long time. Not only did he save the lives of his two comrades, but when succor came he was the cause of cutting off the retreat of a score of Indians who were taken prisoners.

The commanding officer was early on the scene and saw the terrific work of Lieutenant Perez, as well as the aid extended to his two brave soldiers, and although he did not commend him on the spot, neither in public, yet in private he took the young man's hand and with a pressure and look which conveyed more than words, said; "I am proud of my fellow townsman, and shall report to your kinsmen at home." That word, home, brought Her to his mind more vividly than anyone else. It was she whom he desired to please. Many precepts flashed through his mind of which she had told him, as taught in her Koran; and had she not informed him that one of the principles was to practice humility, when most successful? And if ever he should receive the adulations of princes or fawning followers, he was to remember this precept of her religion. It was she who had informed our hero of the Christ-like demeanor of him who came 537 years after the Christian Son of God. Her prophet would not wear fine or costly raiment; he knew the necessity of frail humans avoiding the last upper round of the ladder of fame; he fully realized the scientific theory of balance and avoided the extreme ends, for a small thing put on the apex of Jacob's Stairway will cause it to lose its perpendicular—and so he still wore his camel-hair shirt, still lived in his unpretentious and humble dwelling, even at the time when the wealth of Asia was pouring into Medina.

So Alonso schooled himself to that modesty of mien which denotes a man whose equilibrium is well cultivated. Hence he avoided at this time becoming

conspicuous; but he ever had it in mind to rise to the occasion should the time ever present itself when it became requisite to do so.

Alonso had the most trying experiences at Tiguex, at which point the Spanish army wintered during 1540 and 1541. In truth more grumbling was heard among the soldiery and their servants than at any other time. Is it not a natural axiom which will hold good the world over, that frigid weather without the proper clothing, and particularly without some nook into which one may crawl out of the piercing and nipping wind or stinging cold, will cause strong, vigorous, resolute men to get into their minds that life is not worth living? And whenever a human being gives up and loses his courage upon becoming chilly and numbed by reason of cold, he can easily lose his life, or contract some complaint which will cause trouble in the future. It must have been an exceptionally cold winter that season; for all the writers tell of the hardships experienced there.

The man who has been out in the wilds when the thermometer registered twenty or thirty degrees below zero, and particularly if the wind was blowing, knows what vim and energy it requires to keep from freezing the extremities. The toes, fingers, nose and ears are very susceptible. This may be read by persons who have not had the experience of encountering the extreme cold, and perhaps have never heard of the peculiar effect cold will have upon the back of the head at the bump just above the neck. It is the tenderest spot of all, and should a man expose that part, he will soon discover a peculiar sensation,

which no doubt is the principal cause of giving up; for the brain loses its activity and power to revolve the wheels and keep up the necessary friction of the brain that sends the message to the balance of the body; to be brave and not give up: for is it not a demonstrated fact known to all explorers and travelers in cold countries, that to give way to sleep under such conditions is certain death? Doctor Solander, one of the arctic explorers, while traveling in the intense cold, kept admonishing his men to not permit themselves to give way to sleep, and yet he himself laid down and the men were compelled to beat him and set him on his feet, running with him to induce will power, and during all this the commander fought and even tried to injure his men as he became crazy to go to sleep. It is told as a fact that two trappers were in the northern part of Canada, both inured to cold, and yet one day one of the men observed that his companion was becoming depressed in spirits and intimated that he was sleepy; whereupon his mate knew from experience that something must be done quickly or he would be alone in the wilderness; so he struck the would-be sleeper a blow, cursed him for a coward, and did everything to rile him, to make him mad and fight. In this he finally succeeded, and after blows had been exchanged, the companion who was solicitous of his friend's welfare, finally called out for him to stop, and explained the reason for his attack; thus the man who was about to give up had his blood surging through his body and was alive in every sense of the word.

But notwithstanding that the average soldier

was whining about the cold, Alonso and Monte were quite comfortable, for they not only realized the necessity of procuring comfortable quarters for themselves, but their horse and mule must be housed; and, mind you, there were no stables in Tiguex; for, although the natives of Cibola had during the twenty years of Spanish dominion of Mexico heard of the wonderful animal, yet they had no stables at that time; so our young men were obliged to erect a stable, which was done with the assistance of some natives. Then again our two young men, in their conduct towards the citizens of the village, were not arrogant or domineering, but gentle and kind both to the men and women, and it must be noted that the exemplary manner in which they acted toward the women folks soon spread; hence they were respected more than any others in camp, and of course this held more strongly with Alonso for he was a soldier and a gentleman. It was so rare for this class to be virtuous that these untutored natives showed their reverence for such conduct. History will bear out the statement that more travelers have lost their lives owing to the manner they permit their brute natures to control their conduct toward the opposite sex than by any other causes. Without doubt the circumnavigator of the globe, Captain Cook, was killed by jealous men. If this is doubted, read the account of the captain's last sojourn with the natives of the Hawaiian Islands on February 14, 1779. His men did not wish to leave the country, they became so enamored with the native women, who were comely and attractive; and in fact, some did run

away from the ship and remained.

Take the mutiny of the *Bounty*. This vessel was sent to Tahiti in the Pacific in 1787 by the British Government to collect plants. While the crew were gathering the cargo they took up with the females, and became so carried away that after they had left for home they concluded to mutiny; so putting in a boat the captain and eighteen of the men, the remainder returned to the island where they had left their enchantresses. The *Good Book* appears to put the blame on the poor women but all honest, manly, pure men will have to concede that this is a mistake, at least in the year of Our Lord 1908.

Another incident happened while wintering at Tiguex which showed the stuff of which Alonso was made. The commanding officer demanded of the chief 300 cloaks, but he did not have that many: so the Spaniards went from village to village taking by force, if necessary, all the cloaks they wanted, even compelling the natives to hand over the one which they might be wearing. This was only one of the incidents that caused the Indians to feel the yoke of the invaders. So unreasonable were the Spaniards that the natives would not have been men if they did not resist the ill treatment. But Alonso intimated to Coronado that if he was compelled to resort to stealing,—and he considered it nothing else,—that he would not remain with the expedition; he, therefore, took no part in the raid for cloaks. This also made a favorable impression on the natives, for they observed he was not wearing one of their garments.

It was after this episode that the Spaniards so

exasperated the Indians that they commenced to make arrangements for the annihilation of their enemies, and in all probability they would have succeeded but for Alonso and Monte. As before stated Monte had friends among the natives. He made it a part of his duty to keep up and retain this good feeling in the interest of his beloved master, not only for his protection, but he was able to obtain many articles of diet and comfort which the balance of the army did not procure. The last act which brought about the revolt of the subdued people was the lack of faith on the part of the Spaniards in not giving Whiskers his liberty; for they had kept him as a hostage. This was the climax, and resulted in a secret arrangement between all the villages for the purpose of driving the interlopers from their homes.

Because Monte frequented the homes of some of the principal chiefs, also through his acquaintance with quite a number of Indians both of the village and among the army servants, he could not help but conclude that some secret move was on foot. There was no stir, in fact, there appeared to be a listlessness and an abandonment to their fate; the purpose of which was to put the army off their guard. But Monte observed the under-current and informed his master of his suspicions. He was admonished by Alonso to keep a sharp look-out and report what he observed. Thus our young men had the advantage of the others, at least by being on their guard, but trouble came sooner than it was expected, for Monte had concluded nothing would be done until spring,

which was several weeks hence.

Don Rondrigo Maldorado was the officer of the watch one night when at about the fourth watch, the natives thought to surprise the army; but Monte ever alert heard a strange and unusual noise. Had he been asked to define what it was, he could not have done so; but even the prowling wild animals acted differently than usual; they knew there was something going on that was new for the night time; the wolves spoke in language which denoted they were disturbed; and Monte also heard the Indian dogs barking in unusual manner; then the birds and other game were restless; yet to the uninitiated, there was nothing startling or strange about this condition of things. To him who makes a study of such matters, it was as good as a shout of warning. Your attention is called to frogs in summer, they will croak—croak—croak, but instantly you put in an appearance, how quickly they stop. If you have had any experience with pea fowls or guinea fowls, they are the quickest to discover anything going on. It is axiomatic among farmers who have these birds, that no noise or strange object can be around them without their giving warning.

When Monte concluded that all nature was on the alert, he thought it meet that he should be like wise, so his master was quietly notified, and he with Monte thought best to be ready for any emergency. And it was well, for shortly afterwards Monte discovered hundreds of Indians stealthily approaching the camp. He ran to his master's tent, who was fully prepared, and even had his horse saddled.

Instantly he gave the alarm. which was only a few minutes before the Indians came on with their unearthly yells. They did kill several Spaniards, but were themselves driven into the Rio Grande, and to use the words of one who was present: "They were driven back with great slaughter until they came to the river where the water flowed swiftly and very cold. • They threw themselves into this, and as the men had come quickly from the whole camp to assist the cavalry, there were few who escaped being killed or wounded. Some men from the camp went across the river next day and found many of them who had been overcome by the great cold. They brought these back, cured them, and made servants of them."

There were a good many small fights between Tiguex and the Arkansas; for the Indians of Texas, Indian Territory, and Oklahoma harassed the expedition whenever a good opportunity afforded; but in every instance our hero conducted himself as becomes a brave soldier.



NINTH.

A man to advance
MUST have a chance,
So
Judge not by appearance,
But by the perseverance.

BANDELIER is one of the principal authorities upon the route covered by Coronado. He with General Simpson and Major Powell, agree that the troops first got into Kansas through Barber County. The old chroniclers tell of meeting some Indians before reaching the river St. Peter and Paul's, so it is here assumed that there was a village located on the Medicine Lodge river, at the Junction of another stream. Those who have seen the beautiful country surrounding this town and consider the numerous water courses near by, cannot but admit that in all probability here was the first of the Quivira villages seen in the province. Its location is about sixty miles from the Arkansas river. The derivation of names usually have a significance. Why have we a Medicine Lodge and a river of the same name? There is no

such nomenclature in the Anglo-Saxon language. It is not a violent presumption to assume that it is of Indian origin. It is authoritatively stated by American historians that it was the Comanche and Texas Indians whom the Spaniards met through Texas, Indian Territory and the southern part of Kansas; so may not Comanche County, adjoining Barber County, be the place where part of the tribe had a stopping place when hunting buffalo, or when on the war path with the Kansas, Pawnee, Missouri or Osage Indians?

While on the subject of names, it is interesting to contemplate these aboriginal ones.—To say the least, they are musical, if not poetical. The following are names of counties in Quivira: Pawnee, Shawnee, Potawatomie, Wabaunsee, Comanche, Wyandotte, Cherokee, Cheyenne and Osage. Of course it must be acknowledged that the only ones which could possibly go back to the date of our history is Pawnee, Comanche, and Osage. These were Indians of the plains at the time Coronado visited Kansas. the others are remainders of the various tribes brought to the state in the middle of the 19th century by the United States Government, and located on separate reservations. Osage County, without a doubt, is named after the tribe of that name, which was surely located in that neighborhood when the first white man came to the Osage river. It was and is now an ideal stream for canoeing, at least, for about 200 miles above the confluence. Do you observe that the nine names of counties in Kansas above designated all end with "e"? There are five more named after the emigrant tribes, making fourteen out of the 105 counties in Kansas

which bear Indian names.

Since you are within the borders of Quivira, it becomes necessary to introduce you to the tribes which were there located. One peculiarity about the contemporaneous accounts of the expedition is that few, if any, of the Indian names are given as we know them now. All the men who gave accounts of their experiences frequently refer to the "Teyas" Indians, whom they met through Texas and Indian Territory; and yet it cannot be authoritatively stated, that the largest state in the Union is named after this tribe, because nothing extant bears this out. But, to say the least, is it not a remarkable incident that the only difference is changing the "y" to an "x" so that it reads now as "Texas"? The Spanish pronunciation for this is "Ta-has," hence there needs very little stretch of the imagination to realize from whence came the name. Again, all along the route after reaching the plains, another tribe is very prominent, "Querechos." Coronado in a letter written to the King of Spain, dated October 20, 1541, telling of his first meeting with these people, said: "After nine days' march from Cicuye (Pecos, New Mexico), I reached the plains, and in seventeen days' march I came to a settlement of Indians who are called 'Querechos'." Taking fifteen miles as an average day's march for the army, 145 miles from Pecos, a little south of Las Vegas, would bring the expedition to some place in Oldham County, Texas, and here it was that the immense herds of buffaloes were first met. Again, if we take another eight days' march from here, we will have reached about the point where our explor-

er wrote to the king that he first came across a Querechos village. Therefore, let us locate it within a few miles of Roberts County, Texas. If you will look at a map of New Mexico and Texas you will find the Canadian river runs for over two hundred miles nearly due west, and is surely an ideal, natural highway for an army, since they would be able to procure water for themselves and animals, and there are few obstructions. From this place till the northeastern part of Kansas was reached, the travelers met natives quite frequently.

According to the authorities this tribe of Querechos was that afterwards known as Comanche, and from Coronado's account of them they were nomads of the highest order; for here is what the great Spaniard said: "They travel around with these cows, who do not plant, and who eat the raw flesh and drink the blood of the cows they kill, and they tan the skin of the cows, with which all the people of this country dress themselves here. They have little field tents made of the hides of cows, tanned and greased and very well made, in which they live while they travel around near the cows, moving with these. They have dogs which they load, which carry their tents and poles and belongings. These people have the best figures of any that I have seen in the Indies. They could not give me any account of the country where the guides were taking me."

There is one query which flashes through the mind when thinking of the dwellers in Quivira when first discovered: How came it that although there were two natives of this province with the expedition.

Turk and Ysopete, yet nowhere do the Spaniards mention the names of the Indian tribes as they are now known. The question naturally arises: Are the Kansas, Osage, Pawnee, and Missouri tribes different from those who roamed on the prairies at the time of our story? It would seem that the two guides, so long with the expedition, would have used the names of the tribes to which they belonged, so that those who wrote of the country and its people would have gotten somewhere near the pronunciation. But neither Coronada, Castaneda, De Sivola, Del Suceso Hakluyt nor Jaramillo, all of whose accounts have been carefully translated under United States supervision, make any mention of the various tribal names; and, mind you, it is known for sure that the general and Jaramillo were two of the thirty horsemen who reached the north line of Kansas. They do recite the name of the principal chief of one village or villages. He is designated "Tatarrax, Chief of Harahey," By a stretch of the imagination, Harahey might be construed to mean Osage. Father Marquette, 129 years after the time of this story, explored the same territory. He spelled this name "Oschage," which resembles the sound as now given. He also spelled the others as follows: "Kansa, Paniassa, (Pawnee), Quermessowrit, (Missouri)." If the name "Harahey" is changed to "Harshay," it sounds something like Osage. Coronado gives no information as to how many villages the various tribes had. Father Doriay states that in 1678 the Osages had "seventeen villages on a river of that name, which empties into that of the Missourites."

The history of Kansas gives sixteen different ways which early writers spelled the same. Most have the same phonetic sound. Here are some that would be difficult to distinguish if one did not know what it referred to: "Canceas, Cansez, Kansies, Konza; the word meaning in Indian "Smoky". The derivation, in all probability, came from the peculiar atmospheric condition which prevailed in the fall of the year, which is still called by everyone "Indian Summer," there seeming to be smoke in the air. It was more pronounced when the state was first settled. The term will be handed down to posterity through the name, "Smoky Hill River."

The reason for raising the point that the historians of our party failed to touch upon the names of the tribes, is because of a statement made by J. V. Brower, author of "Quivira", a magnificently illustrated and highly artistic volume published by him in 1898. After careful research over several Indian villages, and particularly in a large one about two miles down the Kansas River from Manhattan, near the junction of the Kansas and Blue Rivers; visiting the ruins or location of others in Geary, Riley and Wabaunsee counties; and after the expenditure of a large amount of energy and funds, he with the gentlemen of QUIVIRA Historical Society came to the following conclusion, as set forth on page 11 of Brower's "Quivira:

"First—Village sites of a more or less sedentary people who were quite permanently located on both sides of the Kansas River. They made and used earthen vessels and the most exquisitely chipped

specimens of flint implements: constructed mounds of stone and earth; and in some cases calcined the remains of the dead.

“Second—Village sites of a wild and barbarous people who made very few, if any earthen vessels; and whose chipped flint implements are rudely and roughly made, and who infested the plains as hunters and warriors.

“Third—Village sites which yield evidences that they were occupied alternately by people who widely differed in their customs and habits; the chipped implements of the first class and of the second class being promiscuously intermixed over an identical field of observation.”

As you will observe, the learned men who made careful research both above and under the soil, conclude that there were plain indications of a higher race than the nomadic buffalo hunters. Of course, the Kansas, Osage, Pawnees and Missouris were the people who roamed over Quivira in 1673, when Father Marquette visited them, but bear in mind, this was 129 years after the epoch here treated. That is a long time when comparisons are made. It is possible, but not probable, that another people inhabited this region, and that they were conquered or driven out after the Spaniards were there; and that when the renowned French ecclesiastic visited the region, he gave the names of the invaders. Although it is now over 200 years since the reverend father drew his map of Quivira, or as he names it, “Bassin de la Floride,” yet names by which he designated the various tribes are still extant.

The only way to comprehend the meaning of 129 years is to draw upon history for events, and what is found to have taken place in the last 129 years right in the territory that is being described, makes interesting reading for the student of history. It belonged to Spain 129 years ago, then France got it; the next thing that happened, Napoleon sold it to the United States for the paltry sum of fifteen million dollars; but mind you, Louisiana comprised what would be equal to nearly eighteen states the size of Kansas, and in fact, it cost our astute and dear old Uncle Sam about two cents per acre! Who would not buy land at that price? It was just 100 years on September 23, 1903, since Lieutenant Pike visited the Pawnee Indians about fifty miles up the Solomon river in Kansas, and it is only about sixty years ago that the Federal Government induced many tribes to come to Kansas. Since that time most of them have again been removed to the Indian Territory, and fifty years ago there were but a few hundred, or at the most, a few thousand people living in the State. Fifty years ago the old martyr, John Brown, was flourishing at Osawatomie; and last, but not least, it was only forty-seven years since Quivira became a State.

It showed remarkable foresight on the part of Coronado when he, 357 years ago, wrote to Mendoza and the King of Spain in this strain: "That the soil was black and fat; that the grass made fine pasture; that most of the products of Spain would grow here; that it would make a fine agricultural country," etc. This Spaniard was a prophet, but one without honor in his own day, and that was owing to his being

unsuccessful in discovering a rich nation which could be plundered of its created wealth, as Cortes and the Pizarros had done. How like history through all time this is. Nothing succeeds like success, and, mind you, this means to have lands, houses, money; character without "the root of all evil" availeth not; for with rare exceptions, no man is accepted for a station of honor who is poor; but then those exceptions usually make their mark and leave their names inscribed upon the rolls of glory. Columbus was without means, yet his name will be in books printed thousands of years hence. He was given a chance to show the metal in him and we know the result. Bonaparte was not a descendant of some noble house, and yet he demonstrated by acts the force of his personality, and further, while he selected his generals from the ranks, nothing could withstand his soldiery when led by their peers; but when the same leaders became rich and effete, and the first consul of France became emperor, when titles were conferred upon the commanders, they seemed to lose the incomprehensible innate something which dominates others. Was this not one of the reasons why the Frenchmen were not successful in their last campaigns? Companies, regiments, brigades, and corps must have the "Come on, boys, let's give 'em ——," and the captain over a company, as well as acting generals, must be in the van, for if they keep to the rear and give the word, "Go on, boys, and give them ——," it will have the same effect as when the business man does not attend to his affairs; he will fail; and this will hold good more strongly with the farmer than with any other

class. Let a tiller of the soil and a keeper of stock lie in bed and expect a man to get up at five o'clock and attend to the work of the day; let the husband-man neglect to superintend, and he will soon find things going wrong. Of course there are exceptions to this rule.

Did not the South African War which England recently had on her hands, demonstrate the incompetency of the average commander of the British forces? Men selected to lead from those who are nobles by birth are not as effective as generals from the masses, for no other reason than that they have fulfilled the requirements of the Missourian who insisted upon being shown. Surely Generals Roberts and Kitchener showed the feather-bed, pampered men with influence; generals they were, N. G. Then with this experience, let the United States raise men from the ranks and if it expects to continue to be great, it must see to it that there are no patricians or plebeians but that all are American Citizens.

Take another illustration: U. S. Grant had struggled against financial adversity. It seemed he could not get into his proper sphere; and yet, when he was given a chance, see what he accomplished. Why, his name will be used in military schools and circles for all time to teach the cadet the art of war; but that which should immortalize this man is the difference between him and the Caesars and Napoleon; these last were not willing to become humble citizens, but used their power to make themselves rulers, whereas, he who so magnanimously

took the hand of another great general, (R. E. Lee), at Appomattox, and who told the surrendering soldiers to take their horses and mules home so they could have a stake to commence life with, retired to civil life, notwithstanding he had an army of devoted soldiers who at his bidding could and would have confiscated the lands and stock of the subjugated states. He later as President of the United States, did all in his power to protect the South from the vultures denoted "Carpet Baggers." All hail Grant!

What a pair they make when they stand side by side,—Lincoln and Grant,—the civil and military! No controversy ever will arise relative to the genealogical tree of the Abraham of modern times. It does not require a Genesis to recite who begat "Abe"; but he, like his general was given a chance, and of the result all nations are informed.

There is another lowly character who was scoffed at while living; he was as poor as poor can be, and so wrought up were the stupid people that they actually accused him of treason and dragged him before the chief magistrate; and he, although fully realizing that no offense had been committed, yet for the reason that the accused one had no funds with which to retain counsel and grease the machinery of the Justice mill, and being unable to deliver material favors, the court waived jurisdiction and permitted the daft rabble to give the man a trial by ordeal, and you know how they nailed him to chunks of wood and taunted him about his character, and yet this same man is now talked about, his name being upon the tongues of millions. And what did they kill him for?

Only because he told the business men of the time that character was more precious than riches, and that every man should have a chance.

And lastly—For a few minutes' stand in Castle Garden, New York, and watch the monster liner unload its human cargo. Do you observe that wooden-shoed Dutchman and sturdy, "a yard around the waist" frau? Just see the soft, innocent smile of wonder on their faces. Ah, there's a "Dago"; and that's a Swede; but see that red-headed Irishman; and then you whisper to your companion—"What a pretty looking lot to become American citizens"! It must not be printed what you said, as you would be ashamed, yes, and in fact, would in your sober moments, condemn yourself as a ninny for having such views. Why? Because that young Teuton and his wife will rear the finest specimens of manhood and womanhood in the whole world; and because of being, given a chance, will increase the wealth and power of our government, as well as materially better their own condition; and that son of the vikings will make as good an American as the American born; in fact, it is proverbial that Danes, Swedes and Norwegians are the best of citizens. Ah, but what of the Italian? He will solve the Negro question in the South! Ask any Southern land-owner who has used and is using Italian and Negro labor; and see if he don't inform you that the Italian is far superior to the colored man for industry, thrift and reliability. This may be a new thought to you, but the statement is made advisedly; and right here, the colored help of the Southern States are warned to brace up,

cease their foolishness, and work, work, WORK; for that is what the new importation of men are doing. They are also saving their money and getting a mule of their own as well as a piece of land.

But what will you do with the Irishman? Well my friend, the day of "No Irish need apply", has gone, and thank God for it! he is the bull-dog of the human family for he does not know when he is licked. A pugilist must have Irish blood in him, otherwise he will never become an artist in his profession. This bull-dog tenacity gives him the nerve to hang on like grim death, figuratively speaking; this holds good physically, mentally and financially, for he plods and plods making money for someone else as well as for himself, and his progeny will help to keep up the high standard of American citizenship in the future. Therefore, does not the foregoing convince you of the truth of the assertion that a human being given a chance will not abuse his opportunity in the majority of instances?

Beg pardon, dear reader, for running after other game than the squirrel. You were in the southern part of Quivira at the opening of this chapter, and the nut eater has been lost sight of in an attempt to convince you of the necessity of giving a poor devil a show to make something of himself. But we are now at the bank of the Saint Peter and Paul's east of Great Bend. We are told by those who have made a study of the tribes inhabiting the country bordering the Arkansas at earliest history, that the "Padoucas" over-ran the territory in what is known as Western Kansas. This name is what the

Kansas, Osage and Pawnees called the tribe, and the authorities state that as late as 1805 the North Platte was still known as Padouca Fork, and they further say, that these were a branch of the Comanches. So at the date of our story there were five distinct nations or tribes of people in and adjoining Kansas; this includes the Missouris. It was the French who changed the name into Kaw; there never was a tribe of that name, but this was the French for Kansas.

It has been recited heretofore what Coronado's opinion was of the newly discovered country. Just compare his views with "The Great American Desert," as it was designated in old geographies sixty years ago. Lieutenant Pike reported to the Government after his going through the country: "A terrestrial paradise for Indians". "A vast tract of untimbered country which lies between the waters of the Missouri, Mississippi and the Western Ocean, from the mouth of the Mississippi to forty degrees north latitude", (which is the north line of Kansas).



TENTH.

In the year fifteen forty-one
The prairies of Kansas begun.
And no place under the sun
Excels her for freedom won.

Tw'as the west, now the best;
Her soil, Oil, Stand(ard), the test.
If you wish to know the rest
Come, and God you will bless.



THE CARAVAN was in the last stage of exhaustion when it arrived at the valley of the Arkansas, not so much on account of the lack of food as because of the eternal trackless plain, and the constant travel which became very monotonous, and the non discovery of anything worth while. Being from home so long a time it appeared to the men that it was a hopeless undertaking. When an individual or expedition arrives at such a condition of mind, then God help them, for they cannot help themselves. So several days before arriving at the river, whispered consultations were frequently held, the burden of which was principally to express doubt about the veracity

of Turk's account of the populous cities of Quivira. Ysopete had frequently told Coronado, but more particularly, Alonso and Monte, that Turk was deceiving them. Mind you, both these guides had lost their bearings, especially Turk; but on reaching the river, Ysopete recognized it and became so emphatic that he informed his two friends that he was certain of his knowing where they were and, that instead of going north, they must go northeast; so he was escorted to the general and when confronted by him, Ysopete prostrated himself on the ground and motioned that his head could be cut off if he was not telling the truth. Then Alonso explained to Coronado how for a long time Ysopete had informed him of the bad faith of Turk who was only trying to destroy the Spaniards so as to rid the country of them; this being done at the suggestion and command of the chiefs of Cibola and particularly those of Cicuye.

For several days our party rested, and in the meantime a consultation of officers was held to discuss the situation. It was concluded that the general should select thirty of his best horsemen and a few of the most hardy foot-soldiers for the purpose of continuing towards the cities told of by Turk. After this conclusion was arrived at the main part of the army was to retrace its steps towards Tiguex, there to remain until the return of the party of forlorn hope. It was not without many protests from those not selected to continue the journey, as they did not wish Coronado to leave them, they having implicit faith in his ability to lead them out of the wilderness and were dubious of their fate at the hands of numer-

ous enemies through whose territory they had come. But the ultimatum of the commander and his advisers prevailed, so the question of precedent arose as to who were to accompany the party, and so patent was the fitness of Lieutenant Perez that he was one of the first designated. Of course, he insisted on his servant being permitted to remain with him, to which no one could object, for Monte's mule was the best fitted for the trip, it being in better condition than any other of the pack animals.

And now began preparations for the departure—one towards home, the other, God then only knew. Quite a time was taken to rest up while camped on the beautiful bottoms adjoining the river. In the meantime hunting and fishing were resorted to so as to recuperate the men, and the animals were permitted to browse on the ideal pasture; so that when the time arrived for each party to start on its journey, they were in the best condition they had been in for some time. As you know, it was beautiful summer; vegetation was at its best; there were many natural plants which Ysopete taught the use of, and he made it a point to help Monte keep in reserve some corn to grind for meal. This knowledge by Ysopete had been known to Alonso and Monte for many weeks and was the reason for their being in such good condition physically, for their Indian friend had every day seen to it that they had native vegetables; he gathering them himself and assisting Monte in cooking them. Hence the meat of the buffalo and deer did not become obnoxious to our three fast friends; in fact, they were in prime condition. To the uniniti-

ated it may appear strange that these three were the only ones who knew enough to take care of themselves, but if you were ever a member of a regiment on the march, you will easily comprehend how natural some men keep buoyant in spirits, as well as healthy of body, while others are always reported as "sick," not falling in at roll-call or answering to their names. Another query will arise in your minds: How came it that all the folks did not follow the example of our three characters and gather green stuff? Well, the reply is: It is impossible to teach 1500 men in a few weeks, and in fact, most of the party were afraid they would be poisoned if they partook of the stuff; but Ysopete had early demonstrated to Alonso by example the blessing of nature's food, and when they were in camp preparatory to the division of the force, Alonso saw to it that all should take advantage of his experience. The next question which is naturally propounded is: What are the various plants? There are a great many known to experts who resort to their use by reason of necessity, but only a few can be named here: Lambs' quarter if gathered tender, resembles turnip tops, which in Europe is eaten by poor people, it being a cheap vegetable; mushrooms were also plenty; and then there was on the prairie sour dock, wild mustard, plantain, and wild onions. The only difference between these onions and cultivated ones is that the natural product is much stronger than that grown in the kitchen garden. Early housewives of Kansas can tell you of the trouble they had with the milk of the cows which would persist in eating the wild onions. It so

effected milk it was the same as if the onions had been boiled in it, and sometimes it was so pronounced that the milk was spoiled for making butter. Again, these same pioneer women of Kansas can give you a receipt for making a delicious pie from a plant which was cheap and plenty, only requiring to be gathered. This is called sheep sorrel. It has the same qualities as the pie-plant, and when properly "fixed" makes as good eating as gooseberries, currants or rhubarb. And last, but more important, Ysopete knew the little isolated nooks in the ravines, where he found wild strawberries, and even gooseberries on reaching Quivira. But one secret Ysopete did not impart to other than his friends, was that at every opportunity, wherever he came across an elm or other tree he knew of, he would strip some bark and pound it into a pulp between two stones, which the natives carried to grind their corn, making a delicious paste like cream, except not as white. A small amount of this had a soothing effect upon the stomach; counteracting the bad effect of too much wild meat. These native secrets used by our Indian were numerous and only a part of them are recorded here.

The smaller party departed first after mature deliberation with Ysopete, who recited to Alonso every incident of his capture and travel over the country on his way to captivity. From what he stated, it was concluded to take a direction northeast to the settlements. But poor Turk was in disgrace, for he had half acknowledged that the populous and large cities he had told them about were only villages; so from the Arkansas he was treated as a prisoner.

Alonso and Monte, as well as Ysopete, are happy; the first because he felt there was to be adventure; the second for the reason that he was to see new peoples, and have still the company of his master. Alonso's spirits were exceptionally buoyant, as the general had with much tact and good judgment, appointed him second in command, a position he was well qualified to fill. Owing to his knowledge of the natural advantages of the prairie as imparted to him by Ysopete, he was able to put his men in the way of procuring comforts which helped them to withstand the hardships; in fact, every day they were getting more rugged and hardy. This was not altogether because of the better rations. The climate was and is, the most healthful on God's footstool.

Mr. Plainsman, this is addressed to you. Do you remember Nature's bed which never required making, except to scoop out a hole for your hip to sit in? You wrapped yourself up in your blanket, using your saddle for a pillow; and won't you assent to the assertion that it was the largest bed in the most spacious room and the best ventilated ever occupied by you, and was not the sleep the purest, sweetest, most glorious of your life? Notwithstanding you were aware of your being many miles from a human habitation, yet what did you care? Did you not feel capable of taking care of yourself, fearing no man and nothing; and was not your horse the only cause for anxiety, lest it trick you by many of its "might-happenings" and thus stray away to its old tomping ground, leaving you to hoof it over hill and dale the next day; and is it not a fact that all you

worried about was that your horse should be rested and ready for the next day's ride?

Say, Cap., do you think the present generation of tenderfeet have the slightest conception of what was resorted to for the purpose of making sure of our horse early next morning? Don't you believe it would be a good idea to put into print some of the numerous ways by which you tried to keep him from going back home or making for the herd? Surely it will become a lost art. Well; here goes! Some men carried a rope from forty to one hundred feet long which was tied to the saddle; it was attached to a picket-pin, sometimes of iron, but usually of wood; the pin was driven into the ground. Some horses did best by having the rope around their necks but some would get so foxy that they learned to either break the rope or pull the pin, so the next thing was to tie the rope around their near front foot at the fetlock; thus picketed they would hurt their leg or fetlock if they jerked too hard; but there were nags that would succeed in pulling the pin when thus lariatied. Another method was to hobble them—that means to tie both fore feet together so they could not walk, trot or run; but it was laughable to see some horses dodging the person who was trying to catch them on the range. At times some fool (?) horses would take a streak and show how smart they were. They would rise up on their hind legs and spring forward at so rapid a pace that it would require another horse to run them down, but when a pony got to doing this, then man's Injun would have to come in play. Then a piece of rope with a block of wood attached thereto

would be tied to the front foot, the chunk would only reach back toward the hind feet, so Mr. horse will step on the rope or block and either hurt his leg or perhaps throw him; but a later scheme was to get a strap with a ring and a piece of chain three or four feet long, the strap being buckled around one of the fore feet, so that if the animal attempted to trot or run the chain would lap around his fore legs and throw him.

And did you ever have any experience in "creasing"? Wasn't it a picnic to watch a nag after being creased? Well, for the benefit of those who don't know the meaning of the term, it is here explained: All over Texas, Colorado and Kansas there were herds of wild horses running on the range, and sometimes a man would be desirous of procuring one for immediate use; so he would sneak up as close as possible to the herd and select the one desired; then a bead would be taken at the nape of the neck half-way between the ears and weathers, then "ping" would sound the man's rifle and a ball would be put into the gristle of the neck. This would stun the horse and cause him to fall and become unconscious for sufficient length of time to allow the party to hobble and rope the animal before it came to. No doubt the wound would be painful, but it did not hurt the animal for use, and soon healed up. But what about sleeping outdoors 367 years ago in the province of Quivira? Well, if it were as delightful as doing so forty years ago, then it was a bedroom in heaven; and after sleeping thus for a few weeks, then to be compelled to occupy the average bed in the average house

would be hades. Ain't that right, pard? "You bet your boots."

Alonso was deputed by the commander to head the usual reconnoitering party to proceed in advance to guard against ambuscades, although owing to the nature of the country, it was almost impossible for a human being to hide, but it was the rule of armies to send out scouts to report danger ahead. The principal thing done by the advance guard was to follow the guide, Ysopete, who would indicate the direction at every mile, gathering "buffalo chips" into a pile as well as bleached bones and antlers of elk and deer so the main body could follow without obstruction or doubt. Thus it was kept up day after day, as the party proceeded; the streams becoming larger and more frequent; good timber skirting the water courses. To those who have lived on the prairie it may appear foolish to waste time on buffalo chips, but although the dweller of the plains may know all about this common stuff, yet like tethering, it will become in the near future a legend. Coronado recorded that the party were compelled to use "dry cow dung" to cook their food. This will strike the fastidious unpleasantly; but don't pass final judgment until an explanation is given. It must first be understood that the bison fed on grass named after themselves, buffalo grass. This does not grow over four inches high. The droppings from this feed is different from that of a cow or steer fed on prairie, blue stem, timothy, red top, alfalfa or any other pasture; a reason cannot be given for the difference, except that the buffalo grass is more woody and hence the "chips" are more solid. But it can be asserted

without fear of contradiction that in the western counties of Kansas where they still have the buffalo grass, the farmers are using this material for fuel; and where the cattle pasture on this grass, their "chips" when permitted to dry in the sun make the very hottest of fires; right now the women folks and children will go to the places where cattle are kept and turn up on edge chips for fuel. This is done by placing two chips together in this form—"Λ"—which is about the same as hacking bricks in a brick-yard. By this method the sun and wind soon absorb every particle of moisture; then it is fit for use and the men folks haul them home. Mind you, this material gets as hard as coal when thoroughly dry. The grinding mill of the buffalo may have been different from the modern cow or steer, but it would require an analytical chemist to discern the difference in the chip of a buffalo and that of a domesticated animal. In the spring of 1907 many fuel piles were seen in Ellis and Trego counties. You put clean wood into the stove to cook with, but others use dirty coal which if taken into your hand will leave a smudge, whereas "chips" are as clean as clean can be, and the meal cooked with it is just as relishable as that cooked by steam on some of the ocean liners, and much more so; for if there is anything that is nauseating it is steam-cooked victuals, even hogs don't like such cooking. But the buffalo grass is fast being superseded by the civilized vegetation which seems to follow in the wake of the settlement of a new country. You may think cow manure an awful nasty thing to have around the kitchen but here is something few persons know about.

The Russian-Germans of the western counties of Kansas inaugurated a new fuel which they call "mist". During the winter when stock consisting of horses and cattle are fed in a corral, the feed is allowed to pile up under their feet, the Russian farmer will haul wheat straw, cornstalks, weeds or hay into the lot and throw water upon it, all the while the animals remain thereon, and the more droppings the better the mist. This procedure is continued during the winter months. Then after the stock is let out on the spring pasture, it is allowed to settle so as to become a solid mass like a silo; then in the summer a spade will be taken to cut the stuff up into bricks which are hacked up to dry, as in the case with the buffalo chips afore mentioned, when it is ready for fuel. It is much stronger (not in aromatization, but in heat-giving qualities), than coal or wood. It is in common use, as many racks of it were seen in the spring of 1907. Is there any wonder that the prairies of Kansas are so productive, when it is understood that the buffalo roamed over the prairies for hundreds of years, fertilizing the soil for ages preparatory to putting in the crops?

But before leaving the buffalo it will be well to speak of their bones left on the prairies. Years ago, the western homesteader was able to exist when his crop failed, by gathering up bones, horns, and hoofs of this native of the plains, and thousands of car loads were transported out of the state.

Some conception of the immense numbers of them could be had if the prairies were once seen, for to this day the soil is full of buffalo holes which

signifies depressions in the land of from one inch to twenty-four inches where the animals poked up the soil, then laid down in it to wallow. After a rain, these holes would hold water. It was Paradise for a buffalo to get the mud plastered all over its body so as to clean itself as well as to keep off the flies in the summer. These wallowing places are on an average one to every square rod and are ten or twelve feet in circumference. Again along the streams the creature was very prone to make these holes on a large scale, and boys now use them to swim in.

It is the third day after leaving the Arkansas river that our thirty-six heroes with their retainers are nearing the place selected by the advance guard for the camping ground for the night. The sun is about an hour high, when all at once the trained, keen Indian eyes of Ysopete observe a party of his countrymen at a distance of about a mile. Immediately Alonso's notice is directed to the sight, and now the brain of the lieutenant is whirling like a dynamo. He must get word to the general who can be seen approaching a short distance back; then the next thought is to guard against surprise. A horseman is dispatched to notify the main party to come up at once, then Alonso begins to examine the lay of the land to select a position better fitted for defence than that which they had already prepared for the reception of the main party. Our young soldier knew the advantage of a favorable location in case of attack, so Babieca was urged at top speed to examine the ground, and soon a point was located on a rise

which adjoins streams. All was bustle and excitement, but he who was most excited was Ysopete. He could plainly see that they were his own kind of people. He wished to talk with them and ran towards them shouting in their own tongue and making the signs of friendship used by his people; but after watching him for a while, not being able to comprehend such a sight as they saw, they were dazed with wonder. They had seen the party for some time, and mind you, an Indian can see farther than a white man. The sight was such as neither themselves nor their ancestors had ever witnessed before. Were it possible to put into print all they thought it would be literature and sentences never conceived before. The wonderful and incomprehensible humans having great big bodies glittering in the sun must be gods, or spirits; they cannot be real. They see Alonso riding at a fast gallop and the soldier running at racing pace toward Coronado, to inform him of the presence of the natives. If you could have slipped into their company you would have heard exclamations of wonderment. Ysopete was running towards them but they could not understand his shouts, and in fact they did not remain for him to get near enough to make them understand. Being so excited, they turned about and ran with all their might toward home, which was some thirty miles, located near Council Grove, Morris County. They did not stop until they reached their chief, whom they informed of the wonderful sight they had seen.

You can imagine the bustle and excitement in camp that night; all were on the *qui vive*, not knowing,

but that any moment they might be attacked. There was not much sleep had by the majority, but all quieted down so that they began to converse on various topics.

If you look at the map of Dickinson County you will observe a stream in the southwest corner named Holland Creek. Here is where our party camped, and due east of here is Council Grove, where our scared natives belonged. How long this place has held that name is not known, but if like Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the Missouri river, it is away back; the very word Council indicates its Indian origin, although mind you, the history of Morris County claims that the name was derived from the fact that there was a beautiful grove there in 1847 when the first trading post was established on the Santa Fe trail at this point, and here the parties of freighters would meet preparatory to going farther and council as to their plans. This may be correct; but when the natural advantages surrounding the place are taken into consideration, it constrains one to attribute the name to Indian origin. As early as 1825 the Government by treaty obtained the Santa Fe trail and got permission of the Kansas Indians to have the road or trail to pass through their reservation which included Morris County; and to this day the main street of the city of Council Grove is the Santa Fe trail as plotted by the United States engineers. Again history states. "Until 1847 the territory now embraced in Morris County was held by various Indian tribes as neutral ground and the wooded belts along the Neosho and its tributaries formed excellent hunting

fields." Is it not strange that the name "Teosho" is admitted to be the name of a river known in 1836 when Clark visited it? Clark Creek is to commemorate his visit. Also in 1846, Fremont was there. How appropriate is the name "Ne-o-sho," or "stream with water in it." History tells of the beautiful springs which abound; and there is a prominent lookout place near by which made an ideal spot to watch for herds of wild game or enemies. The same work cited here tells of Rock Creek, formerly being named "Ne-co-its-ah-ba," which means "Dead Man's Creek." This name was given to it by the Indians on account of the terrible slaughter that once took place upon its banks between the two tribes of hostile Indians; so it is not unreasonable to conjecture that the natives seen were a hunting party.

It may seem slow progress on the part of our explorers, but twenty miles a day is not a bad pace, all things considered. Of course it is easy to ride a horse sixty miles a day and the same horse can keep it up many days; but he must have grain, and you should remember that our party had provisions with them, presents for the king and his lords, and many other articles, so their beasts of burden could only walk. They lived, too, on the grass without grain, and had to be given time to feed during the day as well as through the night; of course, a horse without grain soon becomes weak and has very little endurance; so considering everything, that was a good gait. Then again, remember the steps were counted and recorded with great care to make their reckoning of distance traveled. This was the scientific part of the

expedition. And, another thing, the army must feel its way and not rush in where angels fear to tread.

Notwithstanding the little flurry, the men of the expedition were in the best of spirits; in fact they felt more buoyant than for some time, as the episode of the evening had given zest to the day's monotony. They were on the alert; but after supper on that ideal July evening the three leaders, Coronado, Perez, and Jaramillo were reclining on the sward, and commenting on the Indian incident, wondering what would be the result; planning their course should they be attacked. They were a unit regarding the country, the best seen so far, fully as good as described by Ysopete; and they all concluded that the big river told of by him must be a reality. They assumed there was soon to be a change of experience and that they would soon get to a more settled country. Then they talked of the quantity of game they had seen during the three days since leaving the river St. Peter and Paul's, of the possibilities of the country, how soon they would meet more Indians, etc.

While they were thus conversing, the wolves were howling and barking. They were in droves, for was it not a wolves paradise? They never lacked food, for there were such immense numbers of buffaloes and other game, that there were always old, sick or young which could be harassed, and these dogs of prey were pretty cunning; if they did not see or smell a carcass, all they had to do was to examine the horizon and watch for a buzzard, eagle or hawk hovering over, which invariably indicated a dead animal or one ready to give up. It may seem incredible, but it

is a fact that now it is the habit of the coyote, (prairie wolves), to sneak around where a buzzard, eagle or hawk is perched upon a fence-post, limb or hedge, and just as soon as a bird swoops down on a rabbit, or bird of any kind "la subtile coyote" will spring upon the bird of prey and take whatever it may have discovered and captured. Coronado states that the coyotes were very numerous and called them white, but his "white" must have been cream color, for that is nearer it. Of course, the color of their hair may have been changed in 367 years, for that is a long time. Has not the Negro changed from black to nearly white in only 225 years, since Sir John Hawkins brought the first cargo of them to America? By the by, Negro is a Spanish name and means black and "Niger" is Latin, also signifying black.

While the three were chatting upon various matters relating to their command, Coronado changed the trend of conversation by asking the others if they could remember in history any expedition which resembled theirs. "Why Moses and the Children of Israel were in the wilderness for forty years, so ours don't amount to anything in comparison," spoke up Jaramillo, who had education sufficient to keep a record of the expedition, but was not a college bred man like the others. He naturally thought if the Israelites were thirty years going through the wilderness it must have been very extensive to require so long a time. The commander explained that notwithstanding it took so long, yet from the Nile to the Red Sea is only about seventy-five miles, and from there to the Philistine country is only about another hun-

dred, so that cannot be considered. Alonso thought the Crusades from England in the 11th and 12th centuries were memorable, as the route covered overland had to be at least 2,200 miles; then Coronado suggested the trip of Alexander the Great in 327 B. C., when he went from Greece to conquer India; which country he had marched over to a considerable extent.

Nothing happened during the night, and next morning the party continued their way. Little did they realized what a stir they were arousing near at hand. There were messengers speeding towards the settlements along the Kansas, Republican, Smoky Hill, Solomon, Blue, Platt, Osage, and Missouri rivers. The aborigines reported the presence of the magical and unknowable troop, but could not find words in their language to convey to others what they saw. It was magic to them; it was as marvelous as "Pepper's Ghost" which would scare the bravest man living, if he saw the exact counterpart of someone he knew. He could pass a sword through it, fire at it with a cannon with no effect; it would be only a reflection of the real person, thrown upon the stage or into a room by the aid of mirrors and lime light. Talk about ghosts, this invention of Professor Pepper is a wonderful thing, yet very few persons are cognizant of the discovery, although it was exhibited all over England forty years ago.

Our party, at the suggestion of Ysopete, crossed Holland Creek early in the morning and continued on the west bank nearly due north until they reached the mouth of the creek where it empties into the Smoky Hill river. Here they stopped, careful to

select a favorably located encampment in case of a surprise, for the party frequently saw the natives watching them from a distance as they proceeded.

Again our party threw out pickets and the men were cautioned to be on the alert, to have their horses ready to mount at a moment's notice, as well as to have their firearms primed ready to discharge which the small party relied on above all other weapons to repulse an attack. But all was well on the Smoky which was crossed the first thing as their guides informed them that the large city was on the north bank of the stream. The cavalcade avoided meandering the crooked river by the use of buffalo chips made into mounds along the valley as straight as the crow flies. This made the day's march about twenty-two miles to Junction City, named thus because the Republican river here empties into the Smoky, which from this point is rechristened "Kansas," just as the Missouri changes its name at St. Louis into "Mississippi." On arriving at the confluence of the Republican our party has made another twenty-two miles and the evidences are becoming stronger of settlements as the game are prone to scamper at their approach, showing that they were hunted more.

The party had made good time by reason of the path, and reached camp about five o'clock in the evening; they, as usual, had selected a good natural situation in case of surprise, and were preparing supper, when Ysopete called Alonso's and Monte's attention to the fact that it looked like rain; so the word was passed around camp to prepare for it. It was about six o'clock when it commenced to rain.

After a few minutes hail stones began to descend about the size of peas and as large as hazel nuts, then the stones began to come faster and larger, until many were as large as hen's eggs. And now the horses became frightened; in fact, they were badly injured by the frozen chunks of ice with which nature was pelting them. Many of the party were tattooed in black and blue as a memento of their experience. Then the shower of hail-stones ceased, and there seemed to be a strange ominous stillness, which to the inexperienced had no significance, but it caused Ysopete to be on the alert, and he became intensely interested in the clouds and horizon. After a few moments he became more excited than when he saw his countrymen the day before. He could SMELL the danger and the clouds were giving the signal of warning he had seen before. The Chief of all Signal Service displays the emblem denoting a change of weather. These signals were floating clouds in the heavens of so pronounced a character that all the party were awed, and although as brave as the bravest, their hearts quaked. Every eye was intent on the peculiar-shaped clouds. Right over their heads, a little to the south, there was a funnel-shaped vapory cloud, apparently without motion; it resembled an immense column of white steam, the upper part flaring like a funnel, tapering and becoming smaller toward the earth. This seemed to be stationary, but of course it was not, for it receded before the mighty blast which was two or three miles away, toward the southwest; but the party had not observed, except by nature's intuition, that something was about to

happen: There was a sulphurous smell in the air, and up to this time it was very calm.

Now there were coming from the southwest little vapory clouds with the speed of lightning toward the funnel and were absorbed by it. This wonderful traveling of clouds continued for about a minute, perhaps only half that time, for under such circumstances a minute is an hour. And now the ear begins to hear a strange roaring sound, and the sulphurous fumes are more pronounced. Every nerve is strained to a tension known only to those who have gone through the ordeal. Louder and louder becomes the awful monster tornado, for that is what it is, and now the inky colored mass is coming nearer and nearer, the sound resembles that made in the forest during a storm, only many times louder; this black cloud is not traveling so very fast, perhaps forty or fifty miles an hour, but then it is whirling, and woe be to objects that get in its path. It has reached the big cottonwood trees two feet through which it twists off as if they were reeds. And now the mighty force is passing our party. Some have instinctively clutched the grass, the only thing available. Others grasp in a grip of iron what ever they have hold of, but no man really knows what has taken place, for he is dazed by the awfulness of his situation. All are prostrate on the ground, and in as low a place as possible, at the suggestion and example of the native of the plains. It is lucky they were able to secure a place where there was a depression in the earth, for had they not, in all probability they would have been drawn into the maelstrom of wind, which, instead of being

water as described by Edgar Allen Poe, was electricity, as near as it can be described. Of course we cannot comprehend its being the last named, so we shall have to call it common wind. The cloud which does the mischief and works destruction is not funnel-shaped, as described by those who have never seen a first-class cyclone; the force which brings the power when seen coming over the horizon is black and of no particular form. There are kinds of prongs reaching down toward the earth, but which change their position because of the rotary motion of the vast electrical motor, which generates the power by the rotary motion it has while going through space. Like a generator or dynamo in an electric light plant it will knock you down if you come in contact with the force.

It is a curious sight to witness the havoc done by a "twister." Whether they are ever right-handed is unknown, but it is known that this one whirled toward the left, (i. e., although the general direction was from the southwest toward the northeast), yet as it moved on its course, it continually was trying to screw itself into the earth upon a left-handed thread, as it were. To make this comprehensive it is only necessary to state that buildings are blown not towards the northeast but will be taken in all directions of the compass; for example, if a house was struck on the west edge of the whirl it would carry the debris south, but if a building got into its way on the south, it would carry the material east. Of course, frequently horses, cattle, and buildings have been taken up boldly and deposited a long distance away in the track of the destroyer.

There is something wonderful about this power: It resembles a heavy freight train, which will go thundering down a grade at a fearful pace, and God help anything coming in contact with it; but on reaching the foot of the hill, it will then begin to climb up, gradually slackening its force, so that a boy could board it; then it climbs over the apex and again rushes down. And so does a tornado; it will swoop down on a point, then it will ascend and pass over considerable space doing no damage, then it will rush down, devastating whatever comes in its way. There is another peculiarity about this demonstration of nature's power: After the demon of destruction has passed over there is a peculiar suction which will throw a person down even when the twister itself is a mile away. This theme is one that could be spun out interminably, for, is it not marvellously strange the wonderful things it will do? It will drive a piece of two-by-four scantling into the ground three or four feet. Such a force would empale one if he came in contact with it. A splinter of wood has been seen stuck through a railroad sign, "Look Out for the Cars"; locomotives and whole trains have been rolled over and over many feet from the track.

But here is what Castaneda said about the storm they encountered: "While the army was resting in this ravine, as we have related, a tempest came up one afternoon with a high wind and hail, and in a very short space of time a great quantity of hail-stones, as big as bowls, or bigger, fell as thick as rain drops, so that in places they covered the ground two or three spans or more deep. And one hit the horse—or, I

should say there was not a horse that did not break away, except two or three which the Negroes protected by holding large sea nets over them with the helmets and shields which all the rest wore; and some of them dashed up on to the sides of the ravine so that they got them down with great difficulty. If it had struck them while they were upon the plain, the army would have been in great danger of being left without its horses as there were many which they were not able to cover. The hail broke many tents and battered many helmets, wounded many of the horses, and broke all the crockery of the army and the gourds, which was no small loss because they do not have any crockery in this region."

After this new experience, our party was not as jubilant as they were, being injured and wet. Doubts as to the reception they were to receive from the natives helped to bring on a night of gloom, but the knocker of blues came out in glorious splendor tipping the prairies with that most desired by the Spaniards, (gold), not the filthy stuff, but the pure unalloyed article whose intrinsic value is above any known substance, for it creates life and the staff thereof.

It is concluded to remain here for a few days after the fearful storm and to reconnoiter and see if the natives could not be induced to commune with them, as they are observed from the distance in numerous parties.

The general has now implicit faith in Ysopete, but the reverse in Turk; so the second day after the storm he is brought into the presence of the princi-

ple officers for the purpose of getting him to make a confession, and here is what was written at the time of the transaction: "Turk after much persuasive cross-examination, was at last induced to confess that he had lied." They asked the Turk why he had lied and had guided them so far out of the way. He said that his country was in that direction, and that besides this, the people at Cicuye had asked him to lead them off upon the plains and lose them, so that the horses would die when their provisions gave out, and they would be so weak if they ever returned that they could be killed without any trouble. Thus they could take revenge for what had been done to them. This was the reason why he had led them astray, supposing that they did not know how to hunt or to live without corn; while as for gold, he did not know where there was any of it. He said this like one who had given up hope and was being persecuted, since they had begun to believe Ysopete, who had guided them better than he had. Fearing lest those who were there might give him some advice by which harm would come to them, they garrotted him. This vindicated Ysopete because he had always said that Turk was a rascal and that he did not know what he was talking about, and had always hindered his talking with anybody.

After Turk was strangled, Ysopete on the third day of their sojourn at Junction City got near enough to some of his Indian friends to have them recognize his sign of friendship, for it is conceded that all the tribes understood the sign language, making it possible for them to convey ideas to each other notwith-

standing they were unable to speak each other's dialect. The great work from which the facts are taken, comment on this sign language by stating in Vol. 1, Page XXXII: "Numerous aboriginal tribes were at the threshold of writing when the American continent was discovered; a few were fairly entered on the domain of graphic expression, but most were still groping blindly and widely for definite methods; and their spontaneous and unguided essays towards the crystallization and perpetuation of thought in graphic symbols were remarkably curious and instructive. A common mode of recording thought among the Indians inhabiting the territory now forming the territory of the United States was of crude inscription forming pictographs; accordingly these primitive essays toward graphic expression were subjected to study, and the research was fruitful. Earlier than the attempt to annihilate time through a permanent record was the effort to bridge the chasm of space by thought symbols extending beyond the reach of sound; and thus nearly all primitive people, including most of the American tribes, devised systems of signalling by means of gesture, the waving of weapons and garments, fires, smoke, etc. In conjunction with signalling, many ill-organized groups of people, consisting of clans and tribes temporarily or permanently at peace, but speaking a distinct dialect or tongue, devised systems of gesture or signs for conveying ideas. Among some American tribes this mode of expression became highly developed. Together signalling and gesture speaking constitute a distinct part of expression co-ordinate

with speech and writing, though a nearly useless one after the invention and utilization of graphic symbolism; and the study of the art is especially significant since its stages of rise, culmination, and decadence were exemplified among different American tribes. It is for these reasons that the work of pictography and sign language was taken up in the Bureau and the reasons have appeared only stronger and more definite as the study progressed.

"Researches concerning the pictographs and gesture speech of the native American tribes were continued by Colonel Garrick Mallery, who spent a part of the year in the field among the survivors of the Algonquin tribes. The work resulted in substantial addition to the picture writing and gesture speech among these people. During the greater part of the year Colonel Mallery was occupied in the office, first in preparing and afterwards in revising and correcting the proof sheets of his extended report, entitled, "Picture Writing of the American Indians."

Castaneda states, writing of the Comanches and Teyas: "They are faithful friends. They are able to make themselves very well understood by means of signs." As before stated, Ysopete began signaling to the natives of the friendship of the party; and finally by the use of the sign language, he got their fears removed, permitting him to come close to them, and when they discovered he could speak their own language and inform them of the tribe to which he belonged, (Kansas), and name the chiefs with whom he was acquainted, they were immediately pacified. Jaramillo wrote, "The Indian, Ysopete,

began to call them in their language, so they came to us without any signs of fear."

Regarding the locality of Junction City, as you know, the Kansas Pacific Railroad (now the Union Pacific) runs through that place, having been built in 1866, forty years ago. Thirty miles west is Abilene, where "Buffalo Bill," (W. F. Cody), obtained his sobriquet because he was the man who kept the railroad boarding houses in buffalo meat while the road was being built; so you see even at that late day there were some of the native cows still on the prairies. From this point our party did not lack company; the news flew on legs, (Indian runners), as well as by signal fires from point to point, that there was no danger; that the sight was much more interesting than was the show to David Harem when a boy. Barnum's, Forepaugh's, Robinson's, Ringlings', Buffalo Bill's, Wombal's, all combined would not make such an attraction as these men did with their bows which made thunder; men who had clothes which an arrow could not pierce; and more wonderful still, who had some kind of a thing which they could only describe as being larger than a buffalo but which could fly with a man on its back.

According to the official map compiled by the Quindara Historical Society, on which Indian villages are marked, three are shown: one about two miles north of Junction City; another about ten miles south; then ten miles east of McDowell Creek there are located four more villages; so that within a radius of ten miles from the camping ground of our flying expedition there were six villages. This will average with the cities and towns of the present day.

ELEVENTH.

POOR KANSAS! (?)

The game was tame (?),
The buffaloes were lame (?);
The State had no rain (?),
The homesteader no gain (?);
'Twas a confounded shame
That he settled the plain (?).



HERE IS no record left by those whose memory this narration desires to perpetuate relative to the names of the various clans or native provinces they visited, except that of "Chief Tatarrax, who ruled over Har-ahey"; also the province of Arache, (or Arahei), Axa, Haxa and Harale,"but no name which can with any certainty be made conformable to the present ones. Yet there is extant history which heretofore has been spoken of, for is not Father Marquette's map drawn in the year 1673, still at Montreal, and does it not designate all the tribes as we know them, giving their locations so there can be no doubt of the territory occupied by each nation? Of course, the Rev-

erend Father spells Kansas, "Kansa"; Osage, "Ou-chage," Pawnee "Panissa", but without doubt, the points designated must have been the most prominent location of the tribe named; so from that map, as well as from the one compiled in 1757 by Du Pratz, including the researches of the Quivira and Kansas State Historical Societies, the location of our Indian cities is presumed. Mind you, they are now known, and as written of 200 years ago by numerous writers; so without doubt one of the largest Kansas towns was located at an ideal camping ground about two miles east of Manhattan on the north side of the Kansas river and near the mouth of the Blue, so they could get to the Missouri river in their canoes down the Kansas; also up the Blue for many miles. Then if they wished they could go up the Kansas for twenty-five miles and at Junction City ascend the Republican, or by going another twenty-five miles they reach the Solomon. Verily it was a magnificent location naturally for men who had nothing else to do but hunt game and watch those who they thought were their enemies. Before leaving the map referred to, it may be information to learn that the reverend priest designates as the "Padoucas" the tribe occupying the country west for fifty miles (estimated) from Manhattan; and, more particularly, that Du Pratz has the name "Paduca" quite prominent in the same locality.

If the Kansas river is taken for the south base of the territory allotted to the tribe of that name, commencing at Junction City as the southwest corner of the territory claimed by the Kansas Indians, and running east to Kansas City where the river empties.

into the Missouri, thence going north up the "Big Muddy" to the mouth of the Nemaha river at the northeast corner of Kansas, thence up the Nemaha west and continuing west along the south fork of the Nemaha and Clear Creek, crossing the Blue at Marysville, thence southwest to Clay Center on the Republican, then down that stream to Junction City, the place of beginning, it will be seen that this beautiful chunk of land is about sixty by one hundred and twenty miles, and is the Italy of the United States. Jaramillo says: "This country presents a very fine appearance. - I have not seen a better in all Spain nor Italy nor a part of France, nor indeed in the other countries where I have traveled in His Majesty's service, for it is not a very rough country, but it is made up of hillocks and plains and very fine appearing rivers and streams which certainly satisfied me and made me sure that it will be very fruitful in all sorts of products. Indeed, there is profit in the cattle ready to the hand, from the quantity of them, which is now as great as one could imagine." All you have to do is to examine the map and see what fine natural boundaries it has.

From the numerous villages within ten or fifteen miles from the camping ground of our party came the young warriors to view the wonderful strangers and their equipment. Coronado states that they were painted Indians, so it is not a stretch of the imagination to describe their decorations, and of course you may be sure that they had on their best clothes, which comprised a narrow pair of swimming drawers, made from calf or deer skin. Some had lace

or fringe to set them off, and they did not consider it immodest to display this finery. All had quivers over their shoulders. These were quite artistic, being made from fawn's hide, the body forming the quiver. It was turned inside out, and was by nature made round. It was made neat by having the flesh extracted without cutting the skin, the hind legs, bones, flesh and sinews were scooped out. The pelt would be scraped with a slicker, thus removing all flesh; next it was rubbed with the tallow of the buffalo until it became as pliable and as well tanned as a currier could do it. The neck was then drawn together with a thong with tassels at the end, made from the bush of some animal's tail according to the fancy of the owner. A hole was cut at the other end, leaving the hind legs to form a sling to throw over the shoulders for carrying it, the little deer's feet often being left, and polished smooth, for an ornament. Of course the hair was left on. So a very artistic, light, durable, and easily carried receptacle was made for the missiles of death. Attached to the quiver was a little pocket made from the skin of a prairie dog, scooped out the same as heretofore described, in which they kept their flint knives. Usually they carried several in case of one breaking. The left arm was encased in a gauntlet reaching from the wrist to the elbow, made from the leg of a buffalo; each man selecting, when hunting, the size which would fit his arm. This covering was to keep the string of the bow from hurting their arms when a shaft was fired.

It should be remembered that nearly every tribe of Red men in America had a Totem. James Feni-

more Cooper states that Uncus, the last of the Mohe-cans, had a turtle tattooed on his breast. That was not his tribal Totem, but his individual one, signifying him to be a chief by hereditary right. The great novelist does not state what the tribal totem was. "The Clan Totem" is revered by the body of men and women who call themselves by the name of the totem, believing themselves to be of one blood, descendants of the common ancestor. In its social aspect, it witnesses the relation of the clansmen to each other and how they are bound to give assistance in time of distress." After careful research the location of the totem of various tribes and people cannot be here given; for although the authorities give numerous people as being addicted to Totemism, yet they do not state on what part of the body the emblem is located, or whether on one or different parts of the body according to the custom of the numerous people using them. It may be thought that only the American Indians used this; but Australia does so almost universally, as well as Panama, Columbia, Venezuela, parts of Africa, India and numerous places. So it must be a kind of mania; for do not sea-faring men invariably have their arms or chests tattooed with an anchor or other emblem? (The German government has recently forbidden the practice in its navy, it having been demonstrated that it was unhealthy). Although the books throw no light upon the totem used by the Kansas people, yet it is stated that the Kaws used among their different branches "Black Eagle," "White Eagle," "Deer and Deer Tail." The Kansas Indians were designated Kaws over a hundred years

ago by the French traders who established trading points in this territory. It is a contraction of the proper name. History recites that the old men of this tribe, told of their coming from the northeast near the Great Lakes, and this is borne out by the fact of their using the same class of tents as the natives of the timber country, the only difference being the Kansans used the buffalo skins to cover the tents instead of the bark of trees, and it is also conceded that the Kansas and Osage tribes came to Quivira at the same time and in one body, but on their arrival, they divided into two bands, as did Abraham and Lot, the difference only is, that the old patriarchs parted because they had so many cattle that there was not sufficient pasture for both of them in the same locality, whereas the tribes divided because there was too many of them to hunt the game in one confined territory.

Again, it is authoritatively stated, that the Kansas and the Osages speak the same language, but the Pawnees and the Padoucas had each different dialects but all could readily comprehend by signs, which surprised Coronado and caused him to comment thereon in his commentaries.

But to come back to the totem of the Kansas clan. They had a Black Eagle tattooed on their breasts right in the center; the Osages used the White Eagle to designate their band; then another branch had a deer, and still a fourth a Deer Tail. A peculiar thing about this totem was that they must not eat of the flesh of the animal represented or they would be injured in health or break out in sores. The books

tell of a sub-clan of Omaha Indians having "Red Maize" for a totem, and if they ate thereof, even in ignorance, it would cause sickness, not only to themselves but to their wives and children; and another division of the Omahas had the Elk, and if any part of a male elk was eaten, they would have running sores all around their mouth. It looks reasonable that when our tribe emigrated to its new home and concluded to separate, one retained the Black Eagle for its totem; the other, the Osages, changed theirs to a White Eagle. Kansans have nerve enough to claim anything, so why not take the credit of being the first copyrighter of the Totem, (Eagle), now used by the United States?

To say the least, it is a remarkable thing that this totem should have the same significance as the story of the Garden of Eden: "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying: Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

In the days that are being written about, the Indian, then as now, loved gaudy colors. A red blanket for many generations has been to them like what the scarlet neckwear has been to a colored wench; and so our natives who had scrutinized the Spaniards, have the decorations distributed about their bodies. The forehead, cheeks and chin are painted red; the arms and legs have black rings alternated with red crosses; in fact, they were "painted Indians" in every sense of the word. They all had on some kind of a maulgar decorated with feathers.

Each carried his faithful bow, and mind you, this was no plaything, for Castaneda records seeing "a Teyas shoot a bull right through both shoulders with an arrow, which would be a good shot for a musket." Those who have watched the youth of the west, realize how wild the average boy is over his first "twenty-two," and then he is crazy to hunt and shoot, and is not happy save when he has the gun in his hands. - So it was with the Indian child, who began in childhood to acquire the art. Is it any wonder, then, that the Indians were proficient? Beginning at eight years of age and continuing till twenty, they would get twelve years of practice. *As there was no school to attend, theirs was the school of necessity. They were compelled to acquire proficiency in hunting instead of learning; and hunting meant the use of the bow and arrow. That they were experts is frequently attested by the Spaniards, for you will recall the incident, when a certain officer lifted his visor how an arrow that moment pierced his brain.

Now something about the bow and arrow. Fifty arrows were considered a good supply, and here is a description of them taken from the great work heretofore mentioned: They are twenty-two to twenty-three inches long without the head; they were made of some light wood, cedar preferably; the feathers at the neck are glued on, (the natives early knew of glue from the feet of the buffalo and deer,) after having the quill part stripped off, and were about four inches in length, and were tied with fine sinews to keep them in place. The heads of the arrows were tipped with flint. There was a notch of course at the

neck of the arrow made to fit the string of the bow.

The bow is made from hickory or ash, both of which are natural to Kansas. Both smooth and shell-bark hickory, either of which is ideal material for bows, are common. Of course bows were made according to the fancy of each son of the prairie, but all desired one of accuracy and one which would carry a long distance. The average length was four feet. The wood was frequently rubbed with deer brains to make it elastic and less liable to splinter when tension was great. The skin was carefully selected gut of a deer which was cleansed, and while pliable was drawn through the hand, then twisted, then passed through a series of holes made in a piece of bone to get it down to the required size. Of course each individual decorated the part grasped by the hand to suit his taste. The important and rarely understood point is, how far will a bow shoot? Here is what Uncle Sam says: "With reference to the penetration of the arrow, much depends on the bow. I have examined a bow belonging to Long Soldier, a Sioux hunter of magnificent physique, who formerly dwelt at the now abandoned agency of Grand River, North Dakota. The string of this bow I could scarcely pull at full arrow length, even when standing on the bow and pulling the string with main strength. This was perhaps the strongest bow used in the Sioux camp. The report was current, and doubted by none, that Long Soldier had often shot arrows entirely through the body of the buffalo. In this case it is to be of course understood that the arrow encountered no large bones. Bows and arrows were used long, after the

introduction of firearms, as the former could be successfully used in hunting game and shooting down sentinels without revealing the presence of an enemy.

"It is well known to those familiar with the subject, that as late as fifteen or twenty years ago, when hostile Indians were still thoroughly in practice with the bow and arrow, that it were safer to stand before an Indian's rifle at eighty yards than at the same distance when he was armed with a bow and arrow. Since these more primitive weapons have been discarded, however, the Indians have become more expert with the rifle, as has many times been shown."

Ask a sportsman at what distance his breech, self-loading shot-gun will kill, and invariably his reply will be sixty yards; and for a good hunter to bring down a rabbit on the run at 180 feet is above the average shot. Again, observe what Uncle Sam in substance says relative to the Indian not taking kindly to firearms: These children of nature are not stupid. They know that the foolish (?) wild animals will very readily "catch on" at the first crack of a rifle that there is danger, whereas a bolt from a bow would be silent and yet death-dealing, and would not this weapon be much more effective where an opportunity was sought to shoot a man without giving a general alarm? Is it not a fact, that under favorable atmospheric conditions the report of a rifle could be heard several miles? So these subtle natives must be given credit for having a good deal of mother wit.

Until the Spanish-American War, whenever sharpshooters or a deploying party thrown out before an engagement, commenced firing, not only was the

enemy put on the alert by the noise, but the smoke made a target for them to aim at. If you remember the Spaniards had quite an advantage over our boys, because they used smokeless powder. That new explosive very soon superseded the old, black stuff.

But what of the physique of our Quivirans? Here is what the General said in a letter written to the King, October 20, 1541: "The people here are large. I had several Indians measured and found that they were ten palms in height, (6 1-2 feet)."

Quite numerous were the men and boys who came to satisfy their curiosity and most were given some article which was highly prized. The commander had Ysopete translate to several Indians a message which he wished carried to Chief Tatarrax, who resided about twenty miles distant, two miles from the present location of Manhattan, on the Blue river. These men set out to bring back an answer of friendship, a present of colored cloth and a cheap brass jewel, being sent as a token showing good will. It did not take long for a reply from the chief of the city of Harahey to reach the party, he having been kept posted continually by runners, relative to the attitude of strangers. While encamped at this place some of the men went hunting and lost their way, for it was like being on the trackless ocean if one got away from the water course, and it is recorded that one of the party was lost entirely and was never heard of, and that two horses with their saddles and bridles strayed away and were never seen again. The messengers returned, bringing presents of roasting ears which was just ready to eat, and with

Ysopete's help it was cooked and eaten with great relish by the newcomers; also the king and chief sent some prairie chickens which were a treat.

And now the troop is ready early in the morning for their day's journey to the big city. The men are in prime spirits and condition, as the natives have treated them with every deference and their loads have been transferred to the pack animals of the natives. These were dogs of large size; the draught carried by each canine being about fifty pounds. The plan of locomotion was by two light poles made into shafts which were tied to the dog, the poles extending back, the ends of which dragged along the ground with very little friction; then the baggage was placed across the poles. This is the plan yet used by many tribes, but instead of a dog they use an Indian pony. A party of Indians were seen thirty-five years ago going from Nebraska, passing through Kansas on their way to Indian Territory; their families being with them and their belongings transported in the manner described.

Our cavalcade had an escort of Indians which increased in numbers as the party advanced, for the women and children were no longer afraid, and turned out in holiday attire to take part in the demonstration; so that from Junction City to Manhattan Alonso and Monte were introduced to many people; in fact, Alonso received more attention than did his general, for the reason that Ysopete kept conversing with his people, reciting to them how kind the lieutenant had been to him; and Monte received his share of attention as they were informed of his being a son of

the deposed king of New Spain. Another reason for Alonso being so popular was the fact that he was the youngest man of the small army of soldiers, as well as the most handsome. The men thought him well-proportioned, and the young maidens looked upon him with a rapturous expression upon their painted countenances.

Although the females were barbarians, yet they were more modest than one would suppose. They must not be described as "refined, educated women"; but of the women, generally, Coronado says: "The women are well proportioned and their features are more like Moorish women than Indians; they do not have cloaks, nor cotton of which to make them, but use the skins of the cattle they kill, which they tan, being settled among the cattle on a very large river." It is hard to describe the garments worn by the females in the summer, for recollect it was the hottest time of the year when they were first seen by Europeans, and naturally, the clothing would be as scant as possible; the same as ladies resort to at the present period in July and August, for have you not observed numerous women during the hot months of summer wearing bodices which were pretty vapory? So there was only a "slight" difference in the attire of our native Quivirian women, they having no shirt waists on; but their lower limbs were covered with leggings, some of which were quite artistically decorated with fringe; some had shoes or moccasins. Quite a number had sashes over their shoulders, made of pied deer skin. (It is said that there were such in Quivira.) These were nicely tanned, leaving

the white artistically arranged so as to make an ornament on the breast.

Speaking of tanning and dressing skins, here is the experience of Prof. Dyche of the University of Kansas, when on a hunting expedition in Greenland. Upon his arrival, the first thing he did was to enquire where he could get some clothes made to order, such as the rigorous, winter climate required. He was directed to an old lady, who instructed him what class of pelts to buy. Then the old lady hired several women to drees them; which was done by each woman chewing the flesh side until it was perfectly pliable, this being the highest class of currying; so may it not be assumed that our ladies of Quivira resorted to the same process? Again while on the subject of tanning, no doubt, you have seen articles of clothing made by Indians from the skins of animals. Always they are of a yellowish tinge, regardless of the animal from which the hide is taken. The reason for this is because the native Indian invariably uses sumac, which Jaramillo states grew wild when he was in the country, and it is very common now. The method to tan with sumac is to gather the leaves which contain all necessary properties, which without any other process gives the creamy, yellow color of the chamois skin. And further, it is known that this same plant will yield a red and other colors from its roots if properly treated. Years ago there was a tannery in Nemaha County, Kansas, that paid children for gathering sumac to use to tan calf skins for boots. It left the leather the same color as heretofore described; let it be understood that a small per cent

of black oak bark was also used in this process of tanning.

But to return to the attire and ornaments of our native women. Nearly all had necklaces, not made from beads, for our Indians had not come in contact with the white man before, so knew nothing of these gaudy baubles, which in the future history of these children of nature were to become as valuable and as much prized as are diamonds and pearls by white folks. But many things were utilized to beautify their persons, such as, strings of teeth from animals, small bones cut into rings and dyed and strung; also small shells which abound in all the streams, (In after years these strings of shells were called waumpum and were used as money,) polished tortoise shells, which the Spaniards averred were "turquois," believing they were in Asia; for they thought the ornaments were made of that costly material, which was then known to be procured only in Persia, and estimated as being very valuable for jewelry. But the old fellows were mistaken as to being in Asia, as well as calling it "turquois," for it was made from the back of the turtle or tortoise which abounds in the streams of Quivira. They have been seen as large as eighteen inches long and weighing fifty pounds, and the shell back or shield, whatever it is known by, is susceptible of a fine polish. Then some had selected small colored pieces of rock, there being a great variety in this part of the country, and drilled holes therein. So it need not be thought that there was no natural material with which to make ornaments; in fact the most wonderful, natural ornaments have been

picked up on the bluffs. Some have been seen in Ellis County, which puts one to guessing how they were formed, especially mica, which nature has moulded into marvelous shapes. The location referred to is on the high bluffs south of the Saline river near Plainville.

Well, the children's attire are asked about: They were as born, therefore it does not take long to enumerate what their garments consisted of.

It is in the magnificent valley of the Kansas river where our party is making towards one of the principal cities of Quivira, and as they approach they are met by a large concourse of people, for the news has spread not only to the clan Kansas, but messengers have sped to the Osage villages along the Osage river; also the Pawnees have been informed of the presence of the strangers. It will appear incredible the shortness of time it took to get word to the people of the country, but here is how it was done: The principal town was located a little east of Manhattan on the Kansas river, so canoes were used to spread the news along the Kansas and Missouri rivers; and mind you, although it is about 125 miles from Manhattan to the mouth of the river, and the meandering of the stream making it at least 200 miles, and considering the speed of a canoe, as it was going down stream, fifteen miles an hour was not considered very fast, for at times twenty miles an hour could be made; and when you consider what a frail, light craft was used, your wonder will cease. The Indians of the forest used birch bark and other desirable bark to construct their boats with, but our Buffalo Indians could not

get that material, so they utilized a much superior article, which was so common that it was no trouble to procure; and just note how perfect a water craft they were able to make from the carcass of a buffalo, this being the method of making an "express" canoe: After the animal was killed, the head and legs would be cut off, then the flesh; in fact, everything would be scooped out until the hide could be turned inside out; all flesh was scraped off, then the leg holes would be sewed up with sinew as well as the hind part to keep it canoe-shape; then it would be turned to get the hair side out, when it was ready to make into a canoe. This was done by taking two saplings about two inches in circumference, the length of the body, then one end would be lashed together and pushed through the neck until it reached the hind part, then the ends protruding at the neck end would be cut off at the proper length and tied together; the next operation would be to cut a hole toward the rump large enough to admit a man's body; then the bow to the gunnels was made by reaching in and fastening the necessary cross pieces, being the longest about the center and shorter toward the ends; then a sapling would be fastened to each end and bent downwards at the neck so as to make a graceful and water cutting prow; then some ribs would be put in by splitting small hickory saplings, making them the desired form. Now it is ready to sew up the neck, which is naturally the proper shape, for the neck makes a good natural prow; the hole for the Indian to kneel down in would be adjusted by a round hoop, having the hide rolled around it and fastened, of course; this being done

while the skin is new and pliable and can be shaped in most any manner wished. A canoe thus made would not weigh to exceed forty pounds, and by reason of the direction being opposite to the way the hair lays, it was remarkable how the duck-like bark sped over the water; in fact, the hair resembled the feathers on a duck, and the oil which remained in the skin and hair made it glide through the water without friction.

Uncle Sam's book says on page 232: "The paddles employed are the same as for the birch canoe, the blade and handle being each about two feet in length. When a single oarsman uses a canoe he always kneels at the stern, etc. The oarsman places a small bunch of grass on the bottom, on this he kneels and paddles on ONE side, readily keeping the canoe in a straight course by following each stroke with a slight upward turn, thus compensating for the divergence of the bow from a true course." Again our Uncle Sam: "Generally the top of the handle has two projecting pieces resembling the letter T, giving the oarsman an easy and effective means of using the paddle." Is this not the first time you ever heard that our Indians propelled a canoe by dipping in one side only? There is nothing wonderful about that, for the Venetians in their gondolas use one oar on one side only and make fast time; but although sculls and oars have been used, upon attempting to operate a gondola on the Grand Canal it was discovered it took another class of experience, for the prow of the boat would insist upon going the wrong way.

Had it not been for such an authority as the United States, recording the paddle to be only two feet long, it would be hard to comprehend, but when it is considered how close to the water a man's arm would be, and what an advantage it would be to have the arms down instead of elevated, it can readily be understood the power that can be put into the paddle. In Ben Hur, you will remember, how he, although a galley slave, asked the commander of the vessel to allow him to change sides at the oar, calling attention to the deformity caused by the men being compelled to use the same side, whereas if permitted to change, both arms would be exercised differently, thus obviating one shoulder becoming lower than the other; and more important still, that in case of accident, the slave would be just as expert on one side as the other. So the Indian, when he got tired on one side, would change hands and paddle the other side. It is advantageous to cultivate the use of both hands, particularly in performing physical labor, for let a man shovel, spade, hoe or chop right-handed all day, he will get more exhausted than if he changes off. This art can be acquired very quickly. This will hold good with all manual labor, and when it comes to gathering corn, a young man should be admonished of the absolute necessity of his training himself to alternate the peg or husking gloves, as that will save his body, and particularly his wrists, from many aches.

The great scientist, Huxley, states the possibilities of using one hand or leg as well as the other, and he is authority for the assertion that all artists in trapeze and tumbling performances have to cultivate the

use of both limbs to become proficient and expert. This was infallibly demonstrated in England by the following incident: During the stage coach era, a line of coaches ran regularly from London to Brighton, a distance of fifty miles. It was a very popular drive, and the stage company had the finest of horses, but it was very difficult to keep the stock in good condition; in fact, most of the horses went lame, and after considerable research and consultation by experts, the conclusion was reached that by reason of the drive being perfectly level, only certain of the muscles of the horses came into use, and they could not stand the constant strain without change; or otherwise, if there were some hills to ascend, it would rest the muscles coming into use on the level, thus demonstrating the natural necessity of a human being exercising his thinking faculties to to preserve his body by change.

But coming back to canoes. It is safe to assert that the boat or canoe made by having skins stretched over a light frame-work is the swiftest craft known. Professor Dyche recites an interesting episode he witnessed in Greenland several years ago. He states that while up north, a Danish vessel put into the port where he was located, and becoming acquainted with the captain, he was invited to take passage to some other town on the coast. While the vessel was steaming out of the harbor, a number of natives in Krracks (canoes) followed in the wake of the vessel. The professor observing how well they kept up, called the captain's attention to the fact. He remarked: "Wait till we get out farther and we will

show them." Soon afterwards the captain called down the speaking tube for the engineers to give her more speed. At this juncture one of the Esquimaux (so states the Professor) must have conjectured that the steamer was trying to run off from them, so he actually paddled around the prow of the ship, thus making the monster steamship appear behind the times for speed; and mind you, it was going about twelve knots an hour (6083 ft. is a knot, or 1.15 statute miles), so the ship was going nearly fourteen miles an hour. Talk about your Yale and Harvard, and Oxford and Cambridge crews! Why, they would not be in it.

The party is having considerable fun, especially the children, for Alonso has Ysopete to talk with the young people who take very kindly to our hero: who gets off his horse and sets four boys astride; and in heaven upon earth the young ones are, as well as their fathers and mothers, for are they not on the flying animal which they will remember all their lives? And Monte's mule was not idle, for, having its pack transferred to the dogs, it was able to carry numerous babies.

Before reaching the city of Harahey, Chief Tatarax met our party with 200 warriors, and as Jaramillo states, "All naked, with bows and some sort of things on their heads, and their privy parts slightly covered. He, the chief, was a very big Indian, with large body and limbs, and well-proportioned." At the approach of the chief and his 200 men the Spaniards, at the command of their general, lined up in military order, visors down, lances set, the colors of Spain float-

ing in the breeze, all of which was a sight that awed the chief and his army; for up to this time they had never conceived such a wonderful display; but the chief had been informed of the flying animal as well as of the bows which shot fire, also of the magic clothes which an arrow would not penetrate; and thus he was not as non-plussed as he would have been had he not been advised. Coronado, Alonso and Jaramillo and Friar Juan de Padilla ride toward the chief, saluting him in military style. By the instruction of Ysopete, Alonso has learned the sign of friendship as understood by the "Kansans." This he has conveyed to his companions, so that all salute the chief by the salutation sign of friendship, which he understood, and by reason thereof was pacified and convinced of the friendliness of the strangers; and to further demonstrate the desire of the white men for peace, the commander presented the chief with a pair of brass bracelets, which Coronado placed on the two wrists of the big Indian chief; and although these ornaments cost about two dollars, yet owing to the burnish and remarkable brilliancy of the metal, the native who had never seen the like before, thought them very precious. Then Father Juan de Padilla took a necklace of colored beads with a cross pendant of some white metal, which was put around the chief's neck. The holy man placed the emblem of Christ reverently about the person of the chief, whose people he desired to bring to the cross, and with it the priest with uplifted hands, face toward heaven, offered up a fervent prayer to the Son of God to assist him in converting these people; and it was impressive

in the presence of the throng of people on that beautiful July afternoon to witness the man of God standing there in his priestly garb on a spot where never before had such a prayer been heard. Naturally the Indians were struck with wonder by the actions and appearance of the black-robed father, and the scene was so unusual. Is there any wonder their superstitions were aroused?

And now it became necessary for the chief to show his gratification and good will toward the strangers, so packs of dogs were ordered around loaded with dried buffalo meat, as well as ground meat; also there were many hides full (in lieu of baskets) of new corn, as well as beans, grapes, plums, etc., which by signs the chief made, the Spaniards understood were for them; then Ysopete was turned to as the interpreter, who endeavored in the few Spanish words he had picked up to translate what the chief desired to convey, the main feature of which was that they were welcome, and that he would see that they were unmolested and given every facility to see the country.

Then the Chief directed his priest to come forth. This was done because Ysopete had hurridly explained what the black father had done, so the native preacher with many gesticulations, waived his medicine bag (the priest held his crucifix when praying), and spoke in a loud voice and pointed to his god, then setting in the west, to give health and strength to the strangers, that they might have abundant buffalo flesh, corn, pumpkins and beans, in order that they might be strong in body and happy. At the conclus-

ion of the harangue, the native preacher and doctor scattered some dust of flowers and water on the ground, which was the highest ceremony he could perform.

No doubt some may smile at the foolishness of the Indian preacher, medicine man or by whatever appellation he is known, but is it foolish to adore the sun? Does it not create everything, especially vegetable life, which every animate thing must have directly or indirectly to exist? With all deference to verses 11 and 12, Genesis First, as follows: "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after its kind: and God saw that it was good." We are informed by the Book of Books that God created vegetation on the third day, and this was the day before the sun, moon and stars were brought into existence, they being created on the fourth day. Of course some astute, profound, and erudite ecclesiastics may be able to assign a reason for this seemingly unnatural freak, but "Nothing is impossible with God." We are permitting our thinking faculties to run in its natural channel, without bias, for from observation we know that vegetation if kept from the sun will not amount to much. So it would appear that the uneducated native was justified in his adoration of the life-giving power and furnace of the earth. If you were ever out on an awful night, suffering from the cold, and then

to have the glorious sun come out in the morning and warm your chilled bones, it would cause you to adore the incomprehensible power of the sun. And as for water, many of the American Indians worship springs for the water which is ejected therefrom, and why not? These who have observed crops and vegetation dry and shrivel up for the want of moisture can only realize what it means. Those who reside in large cities have no comprehension of the solicitude going-to-bed and waking-thoughts put upon the matter of rain in agricultural districts; and last, but more important, the denizens of a country sparingly watered, or the ship-wrecked mariner, realize it to be something deserving of adoration and even worship.

Again, the trumpery of the Indian medicine man, or high priest, and his flummery will be laughed at; but let us reason a moment and make comparisons. Yes, the fool (?) Indian doctor sets considerable store by his medicine bag; well, so does an Allopathist, Homeopathist, Eclectic, or any of the modern school of physicians, carry their medicine bag (case) wherever they go, and without it they would be at sea. Just consider the opposition and ridicule heaped upon the followers of Mrs. Eddy, who assert that mind can control disease, and those who are broad-minded know there is something in this. But the illiterate are the ones that usually condemn advancement. So what is the difference between an Indian doctor curing his patients by incantations, which work upon the mind of the afflicted, and the Christian Scientist who does the same thing?

At this period in the world's history people are

prone to poke fun at some things done by primitive man. Let us call attention to some fool things done by advanced, educated, smart folks at the beginning of the 20th century. First, take the abuse of the body. Is it out of the way to state that one-fourth of the world's people are addicted to the use of tobacco? And of all the stupid things it is this: no animal is silly enough to chew the nasty stuff. Are there any who will gainsay the fact that the male portion of the world must look to their laurels, otherwise they will not in truth be able to designate themselves the "Baron" in law; as you know, formerly married men took this name upon themselves; the wife was "Femme"; these terms really meant of course that the husband and wife were one, but that Mr. Man was THE ONE, and that Mrs. Man had very few rights under the law; "Baron," meaning superior, and "Femme," inferior. It appears rather presumptuous for law-makers to arrogate to themselves that men are superior to women. But no doubt the idea was long cherished. "She took of the fruit thereof, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat,"—this for thousands of years condemned the "weaker sex," (?), considered as part of man, and for him to do with as he liked. Who would think that a being endowed with thinking faculties could so tenaciously stand by such a proposition; but, halleluiah, the men are being shown in true Missouri style, that woman is the equal of man, except perhaps in brute force.

But coming back to some of the various wrongdoings by which men are ruining their bodies. Have

you not seen some ninny of a youth smoking the damnable, death-dealing, foul-killing cigarette? Have you observed the awful color of his face, the gone-look in his eyes? Ah, boy, boy, for God's sake, cease this awful thing. And Mr. Man, the youth is somewhat excusable since he follows in your footsteps; but what about those cigars you are puffing at like a locomotive, ruining your mind and body? And often worse than that—for do not men spend on themselves for tobacco and other stuff funds which they as MEN ought to use in the upbuilding of their families? Also, how long will the custom prevail by which a man or woman must be forced to take second hand the vile tobacco smoke after going through the mouth and teeth and nose of another! The vile stuff!

Did you ever read Bob Ingersoll's lecture on the "Still"? He uses language beyond what is possible to imitate here. But the drink habit of the world is appalling. It is safe to assert that out of every hundred persons who are addicted to the stuff only five per cent are women. It unfits men for the battle of life, and still more vital, it is a hereditary evil, for it brings human beings into the world upon whom the sins of their fathers will be perhaps stamped, transmitting an appetite for that stuff which is the curse of the world, and over which they have no control. The man or woman who is unable to govern their unfortunate longing for spirits (devil spirits) ought to be taken care of by the government and cured if possible, and if they continue to persist in wrecking their lives should then be shut up and kept as an example to deter others from doing likewise. Let

it be here understood, there is no desire or wish to injure the poor, pitiable creature who would drink the last glass, even if they knew they would die the next moment.

Here is an experience of a lifetime, and it is true: A dear friend was drinking too much. He was informed that if he did not brace up he would be ruined, not only physically but financially; this he assented to, and after considerable discussion, insisted on shaking hands with a solemn promise from that time to cease its use. The solicitious friend being desirous of displaying his feeling in the matter, said to the penitent: "You have a red cow and a red calf in your pasture belonging to me. I am so anxious to have you straighten up that instead of promising you a cow in the future, this cow and calf are given to you so as to seal the compact in red; that being the color of whisky and beer, it will remind you of your promise whenever your eyes see them."

About a week after the above dialogue, a man who drank to excess informed the temperance crank!! that he knew of the cow and calf matter, but that the promiser had backslid; that although he was a drunkard himself, he hated a sneak, for the man was trying to hide his fall from his best friend; and, sad to tell, the poor fellow had fallen by the wayside, as was witnessed. The incident to this point has been enacted hundreds of thousands of times, but here is another part of this incident which is less frequent:

Concluding there was no hope to save the man from himself, a last resort was taken as follows: The fallen man and his friend were both members of a

lodge of Masons. The office of the one was "In the West," the other's was "To the Right." A person who belongs to a secret society knows that it is usual for the presiding officer to ask sometime during the meeting if anyone has anything to offer for the good of the order. At a meeting of the Masonic lodge this question was asked. The friend of the fallen brother then arose from his seat, and with a lump in his throat, and in tremulous accents, pointed to his friend and brother on his right, and in the presence of thirty-five members told the story of his dishonor. You could have heard a pin drop in the room; every man was affected; all were sorry for their weak brother and were willing to show their interest in the welfare of him who could not govern his appetite. There was no equivocation, but he, with cheeks bathed in tears, admitted his faults and told of his burning desire to desist from the use of all intoxicants. So he was taken to the altar, his hands placed upon the Holy Bible, the thirty-five men forming a circle around the altar, and then the worshipful master administered an obligation which was repeated by the penitent brother as follows: "I, 'Hiram Adrift,' of my own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God and the brothers here assembled, do hereby and hereon promise and solemnly swear that from this time and henceforth I will not drink any intoxicating liquors of any description, binding myself by no less penalty than that of losing the respect of my brothers here assembled, as well as the condemnation of all good men. So help me God, and keep me steadfast. And in token of this solemn obligation

"I here kiss the Holy Bible before me." To which the brothers responded: "We witness the pledge." But sad to relate, before ten days had passed, the man had again fallen, notwithstanding the solemn engagement he had entered into. God pity him!

There are other things besides tobacco and drink which are causing the male sex to deteriorate. They know what it is without putting it into print. So is there any wonder that on account of these vicious habits on the part of the progenitors of the human species, the "New Woman" is coming to the front in commercial activities, literature, in "belles lettres," etc.? Ask any bank which has a lady clerk or cashier concerning her ability and integrity; scan the newspapers for defalcations and pilfering from employers, noting how few women become notorious for graft or embezzlement, then say that woman is not man's equal, if you dare!

Again: Do you not observe those magnificently formed young girls of from thirteen to eighteen years of age, who are making toward school? Note their carriage, the symmetry of their bodies, and scan their intelligent, bright, smiling faces, and observe the neat manner in which the hair is dressed, and the cleanliness of their attire. And then look at the average boy; slouchy, going along apparently aimless. Of all arguments in support of the contention here made, you have only to see the statistics of the women graduates from our institutions of learning and compare them with the men graduates. The truth must be told, that women are taking the honors, and it demonstrates that they are the peers of men.

But the sun is reaching the horizon in the west, so we must proceed toward the chief's village east of Manhattan. This is done amidst songs, laughter and music by the band, consisting of "drums and pipes, something like flutes, of which they have a great many." Upon arriving at the village our party are given huts to live in, and Monte and Ysopete are veritable "Sancho Panzas," and Alonso is their "Don Quixote." Monte fairly worships the young Spaniard, and sings his praises all the time, because of his being the only one that can talk with the people, and also Ysopete being quite a character in the eyes of his own folks, for he has had experiences which few of his countrymen had gone through. Ysopete had no lack of sweethearts, for he is a young warrior of average looks, and the additional polish he acquired from his contact with civilized people naturally makes the expression on his face more attractive, and, more than that, he is nearing home, and soon expects to see the "girl he left behind."

TWELFTH.

Quivira, Quivira, beautiful Quivira,
How those of her domain admire her!
Her dower is the sunflower,
Its power all others overtower.

The sun, it ever keeps in sight,
Following him from morn till night.
Leading all others because of right,
Displaying its superiority and might.

HERETOFORE the name of J. V. Brower has not been mentioned. It is meet that his name should be recorded in this book, because his splendid works on "Quivira" has made it possible to study the location of the various Indian villages that are being mentioned, and it would afford great pleasure if necessary funds might be had so that this work could be illustrated with the beautiful photo-engravings with which his books are so profusely interspersed. Within a radius of ten miles around Manhattan fourteen Indian villages have been located; six of them are along the Republican river and only average two miles apart; about twelve miles due south of Manhattan are four more, a mile or so apart; these are called "Elliot Village Sites," named after the gentleman who discovered them. All over this territory consid-

erable research has been made; the opening of Indian graves and mounds, and finding therein many stone implements, such as arrow-heads, knives, scrapers, spear-heads, tomahawks, mill-stones, axes, hammers, etc., all of flint; also bones of birds, and shell beads, shell ornaments, pottery, bone fish hooks, all of these articles in plenty, illustrations of these being given in J. V. Brower's book. There are other persons who ought to receive the credit due them for their earnestness and devotion in assisting to unravel the history of the early settlers of the State of Kansas. The Griffin sites on Wild Cat creek in Riley county; Keagy-Schmidt-Palenske sites on Mill creek, Wabaunsee county; Henderson's site on Smoky Hill river, also an Udder site; these delving gentlemen with many others too numerous to mention here, and also particularly Professors Mudge and Goodnow of the Kansas State Agricultural College, deserve to have their names go down to posterity for banding themselves together and perfecting the Quivira Historical Society. The people of our State ought to be informed of the interest taken by the progressive and scholarly gentlemen of Riley county, who so interested themselves in doing something substantial that they raised funds which to erect a beautiful marble monument to perpetuate the remarkable historical event of the thirty-six Spaniards being where Manhattan is now located 367 years ago. Stress is put upon the fact of this block of stone as it will impress the reader of the truth of this story. The following is what is engraved on the tablet:

H A R A H E Y
Governed by
CHIEF TATARRAX.

Discovered by
CORONADO
1541.

Re-discovered
By
J. V. BROWER,
1896.

Erected by
W. J. GRIFFIN,
and
F. B. ELLIOTT.

On the other side of the monument is:

For
QUIVIRA
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
1904.
KANSAS,
U. S. A.

The villages or cities heretofore named are so prominent and afford such unmistakable evidence of their existence that it bears out the assertions of Turke and Ysopete relative to the province of Quivira being thickly settled; in fact, all over this part of Kansas a great number of village sites have been located. No doubt Ysopete was quite sincere in his contention of the greatness of his own nation. * It was his home, and comparing the inhabitants of this territory with those occupying the plains between Cibola and here, they were comparatively civilized, for the Querechos Indians, as well as the Teyas tribe, so often mentioned by Coronado and others, were met over a large expanse of country. They seemed to have no settled habitation, but followed herds of buffalo, camping among the immense droves; no doubt, their sole and only aim in life being to live, and their view of life was not as changeable as the kaleidoscope, the acme of their epicurean appetites being a good, live rump steak from a freshly killed buffalo, washed down with nice hot blood, and as the old Spaniards told: their relish was to take an intestine between the teeth and with their knife cut off a good mouthful, bolting same without mastication. It is authoritatively stated that in Abyssinia the natives are addicted to cutting a live steak from the rump of their work oxen and sewing up the wound so it will heal, and who knows otherwise, for the purpose to furnish another fry!

These roamers of the plains of Texas, Indian Territory and part of Kansas were several degrees removed from the Kansas, Osage and Pawnee Indians.

These children of the prairies had no villages of any importance as far as recorded. The Spaniards not only make mention of the Padoucas, but they record many things concerning these Indians, also. Without doubt they were permanently settled in the central and west part of Kansas. They are prominently named by Marquette in 1673; Du Tissenet, a young Canadian, who was in Kansas in 1719, actually visited them; also in 1721 Du Tissenet stated that they had a large village at the head of the Smoky Hill river which he visited. History says of these people: "In the early part of the eighteenth century the Padouca nation was divided into several tribes, claiming the country from the headwaters of the northern fork of the Kansas river, then south nearly to the Spaniards of New Mexico. On the map of Charlevoix the Kansas river is called the Padouca river, and the same on that of Du Pratz, (on which the region afterwards embracing the Kansas territory was evidently drawn.) The Padouca villages are located at the sources of both forks of the Kansas river, and also on the Arkansas. The Padoucas belong to no one of the great Indian families. They were of an unknown race and language, with habits in many respects dissimilar to that of any other nation. Their villages instead of being heterogeneously thrown together—a confused mass of lodges—were laid out regularly with streets that form squares as in a modern city. The houses were neatly built, and the Indians in intelligence and habits of living, rank higher than the more eastern tribes with whom they were almost constantly at war. Of their history after the visits of the French

during the first quarter of the 18th century little is known. Whether the tribe toward the east united with the Pawnees for their destruction, or whether disease did its fatal work among them, is only a matter of conjecture. As a nation they long ago disappeared, and the roving band of Kiowas and Kaskaias, whose language there is no similarity to the Dahcotah, and who, from their haunts in the Black Hills, long came down to hunt in the region where the Padoucas formerly lived, are supposed to be the last remnants of the great nation of the Padoucas."

At the date of our story the Padoucas did not dare to show themselves among the Quivirians, for had they done so, they would surely have met death, so bitter was the feud between them. You will note what history says as to the manner of this mysterious people having their town laid out systematically, but this cannot be said of the village on the Kansas river near Manhattan where our party is now stopping, for Castaneda described their houses to be "round without a wall, and they have one story like a loft, under the roof, where they sleep and keep their belongings. The roofs are of straw." It was the hottest month in the year when the party was in this country, and by reason thereof it is not unlikely that the natives had taken down their wall so as to permit the beautiful Kansas breeze to pass through their shelter, and these walls without doubt were constructed from the skins of the buffalo, which were easily adjusted according to the season, and the roof instead of straw was long bluestem grass, that grows as high as eight and averaging four feet and makes excellent thatching.

The authorities state that in the neighborhood of Manhattan there was located a natural armory, consisting of material fitted for all kinds of edge tools, and so necessary was this flint or chert, to use the language of another: "The remarkable deposits of bluish gray flint found in the neighborhood sites described, and from which nearly all the chipped implements of the region were made, was a perpetual invitation intensely attractive to the barbarians who depend upon chipped implements for the arms of the chase, the weapons of war, and as necessary in peace, and the supply conveniently available about the fertile region of the upper course of the Kansas river must have characterized the locality as so very desirable, and its location was known so far abroad that contending tribes fought for its possession, with herds of buffalo, fruitful valleys and quarries of flint the prizes for which savage man staked his life."

We are told that the Indian village where our troop was now sojourning was visited by Major Long's exploring party in 1820, at which time the Indians were in possession of flint-lock guns, knives, axes and other iron utensils obtained from the whites, but then they were not on the old site, but a mile distant at that time.

In concluding this chapter, the following are some of the unusual articles unearthed in this locality: Pottery with handles, pipes of peculiar pattern, a piece of chain mail nearly destroyed by rust, skeletons buried in sitting posture, flint spades, many beads and all kinds of trinkets; and bear in mind, most of these articles have been discovered under the ground, so there can be no humbug about them.

THIRTEENTH.

A Kansas, Osage or Pawnee.
In 1541 were a sight to see;
The Kansans were tall,
The Pawnees were small
The Osages tallest of all.



ORONADO gave the people of Quivira credit for being true, kind and noble, and it must have been so, otherwise the thirty-six soldiers, one priest, and a few attendants would never have been permitted to leave the country. For was it not an awful temptation to such creatures as these natives to see the strange things and yet not be able to acquire them? But no suggestion of a single wrong done to our party has been recorded while they were in the midst of the throng of war-like, uncivilized people. Does this not speak well for the natural fairness of these aborigines? And let it be recorded on tablets that will endure forever, the Spaniards must have treated their hosts with friendship and equality. If the general or any of his men lost a single article by theft or otherwise, no mention is made thereof. So there was the most friendly spirit prevailing on both sides, each vying with the other to show their willingness to fraternize, and

this they did to the heart's content of both parties.

July in Kansas is a trying month; it is hot, and no doubt if anything was more so then. So is there any wonder that the commander of the party as well as the soldiers were unanimously in favor of taking a rest and seeing some recreation if possible? And there was lots of it; yea, verily, some of the soldiers (soldier-like) were in heaven upon earth. They had sweethearts and sweethearts. There was something going on all the while, for the Indian chief called into the city or village all of his warriors, which on the second day after the arrival of the strangers amounted to about 2,000. These were as fine a specimen of stalwart young men as can be found any place in the world, perhaps with the exception of their kindred, the Osage, who it is said were models physically, but they will be introduced to you hereafter.

No attempt is going to be made to have you believe these Red Men and women of the prairie were able to give banquets, but in their rude manner they all united to treat their visitors royally. This was done by the hunters of the tribes constantly bringing in all kinds of game; then the women, who did the menial work and farming, brought from the rich nook along the stream corn, beans, pumpkins and last, but the most important, luscious (the word is used advisedly), yes luscious! for although the potato is not a fruit, yet it is the most valuable and palatable vegetable known to man; and remember, the Spaniards knew nothing of this tuber, for at this early period it had not reached Europe and did not for quite a time afterward. The potato and maize are natives of

America, and Webster says that Kansas in the Indian language means potato; and especially the woods were stripped of their plums, grapes and other wild fruits, which were very palatable and acceptable to our party. The corn had reached a stage in its growth when it could be ground into meal, and those who have never eaten corn cake made from this have no comprehension of the nice eating it makes, so there was no lack of rations for the soldiers and their attendants.

It was before stated that the Indian runners had sped on wings to notify the Osages and Pawnees of the presence of the strangers, and although it was about ninety miles distant to the Osage villages, and about the same to the Pawnees, and a hundred to the largest of the Kansas villages, then located near Atchison on the Missouri river, which was known by the name of "The Village of the Twenty-four," yet in one day the news was carried a distance of ninety miles, and it was not considered a remarkable feat. Here is what is recorded in the Indian Book, gotten out by the United States, and frequently heretofore cited: "A Mohave courier, well known to the writer, has been known to make the journey between Camp Mohave and a temporary camp ninety miles southward between sunrise and sunset. He would eat but little during the day preceding the journey, and on the morning of his departure, shortly before the summer's early sunrise, would tuck the dispatches or letters in his huge coil of hair, and being clad only in breech-cloth and moccasins was unimpeded in his progress. The trail lay along the hard, sandy banks



DEERFOOT

Was a Seneca Indian. The original picture from which this was taken is in the Historical Building at Buffalo, N. Y. This Indian was the fleetest runner ever known. In 1861 he ran 12 miles in 54 minutes and 56 seconds.

of the river terrace, and as the temperature rose during the day he would go down into the water to wet his body, and then resume his steady, easy, jogging gait, with both arms brought up beside the chest, the fists being clenched and held almost in front of the breast bone. An instance of excellent time made by an Ojibwa mixed blood, at White Earth, Minnesota, has been placed on record. The Indian referred to was sent for to enter a race against professional runners. He left the plow at noon, and after dinner walked about 23 miles to the place where the race was to be run, and next morning made 100 yards in ten and three-quarters seconds."

Talk about transportation in modern times. It was the fortune, or rather misfortune, to take the train from Marysville, Marshall county, Kansas, in the year A. D. 1907 for the very spot that is being described, and where our men are stopping in Quivira. Manhattan in a bee line is less than fifty miles from Marysville, but by the railroad which skirts the Blue river makes it about fifty-five miles, but it took nine hours for the journey; then make comparisons. Ah, and this express (?) train carried the mail! But this demonstrates the superiority of private ownership of railroads.

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The little experience above recorded is not an isolated one, for many of the roads now passing through Quivira have "no ties that bind" either the rails or the public. They carry the mail, accommodation is frail over roads that fail, causing engineers to pale, passengers to weep and wail, goods to get stale; but

why travail, they are out of the pale, being the whale that swallowed U. S. head and tail, but will it prevail? It's not an estate tail; future will tell the tale, eminent domain may avail, to take on forced sale, but better to sail over its own rail, built by the people's bail.

It is the second day of our exploring party's sojourn at Manhattan; they are being feted so magnificently by Chief Tatarrax and his sub-chief and warriors as well as by all the people, that Coronado, Alonso and Jaramillo hold a council for the purpose of instituting something to entertain the people, and after due deliberation it is concluded to hold a tournament and joust. At any time and to any people this sport always met the acclaim and approval of those witnessing the chivalric, popular and dangerous pastime.

Remember this is 1541, so take your mind back to that time to picture the custom as prevailed then, for now it would appear brutal; but comparing it to American foot-ball playing, there was little difference in the possibility of being injured. Of course, you all realize how anxious the average young man is to be in the team, and the fact that there is danger whets his desire for the fray, and it was likewise with the mailed knights of 367 years ago: so when the commander suggested the tournament it struck the other two very favorably. Then Alonso further recommended the winding up of the entertainment with a joust. This was acquiesced in by the others. Right here some authorities have to be examined to be sure of the ground which is being trodden, for although

the vivid description of a tournament as described by Sir Walter Scott is called up, yet so dim is the impression on the brain-slate that it cannot be deciphered, so plagiarism must be confessed, asking pardon for doing so.

A tournament is where a number of men trained in the use of the lance, mace and sword make up two parties of usually equal number; they were clothed cap-a-pie; i. e., from head to foot in armor, and mounted. There were very strict rules governing the sport; they had their heralds who acted in the same capacity as do our umpires of football and baseball games. Each knight or horseman who took part in the tournament armed himself with a spear with an attachment on one end about four inches round made of wood so that it could not possibly injure, or rather, penetrate the armor of his antagonist. Also they wore swords which had no cutting edge or point, and their dexterity with the battle-axe or mace was displayed by the use of a club of a regulation heft and length. The horse was sometimes encased in armor, or barbed, as it was called, but usually just caparisoned, which means, had a cloak or cover laid on the saddle and body, which was frequently made of heavy material to keep the horse from getting hurt. These clothes would frequently be very richly ornamented. When all is ready, one troop rides in one direction, the other the reverse, until the regulation distance is reached, when they turn and make for each other at a gallop, and the principal thing to do is to unhorse the other fellow, so the staff or lance is held against the body. They usually had a strong, leather belt

with a thick leather attached so the lance could rest and avoid hurting themselves when rushing into another man on horseback coming in the opposite direction. Some acquired the knack of having their rest when at the saddle, and a jolt from this having the momentum of the horse as well as its superior weight come against a man in the saddle would invariably push him from his steed.

In 1066 when William, Duke of Normandy, conquered England, he is said to have been one of the first to inaugurate the passage of arms or tournaments. However, it was unknown in England up to that time, but during the Crusade period, and up to 1559, or eighteen years after the time of this narrative, it was a regular pastime for the elite of military circles; but in 1559, Henry II. of France got injured by a lance breaking and piercing his eye, which caused his death, put a damper on the sport; but history states about the time of our story tournaments were frequently held in the Tilt yard at Smithfield, London, and as late as 1839 the Earl of Eglinton gave a magnificent entertainment of the old tournament at his castle, wherein many of the nobles encased themselves in the armor of their ancestors and took part, including Prince Bonaparte, who was afterwards Napoleon III. of France. It further says that Lady Seymour was the queen of beauty. One commendable thing about the old tournament was the rule that none tainted with crime could take part; also no man who had insulted or wronged a woman; in fact none but those supposed to have the knightly honor of a nobleman were permitted to enter the lists. The re-

ward to the victor was the favor of his lady love; if he had none the fact of his being a vanquisher of others would redound to his credit with the females of his acquaintance. A man may have been ever so brave, but much, if not more, depended upon the sagacity of his horse as upon himself, and persistent training was given the animal so it would become accustomed to the game, if you like to call it by that name. The joust is an entirely different thing, although resembling the tournament, for in the last-named it is troop against troop, whereas in the joust the combatants engage one another singly.

Sir Walter Scott, in his inimical way, tells of a joust in "The Talisman," where Richard Cour de Lion and Saladin are on the plains of Palestine, both mounted on beautiful horses. Richard of England, being encased from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes; his horse well protected by the barb. The Arab or Mohammedan has no defensive clothing, but attired in light silk, his only weapon is the cymiter, or a crooked half-moon shaped sword. Then they are described as maneuvering to procure an advantage, but so much more agile was the Mussulman's steed that the burly Englishman could not get an opportunity to wound his opponent, but the wily follower of Islam frequently made passes for the joints of the armor, those being the only vulnerable places where he expected to reach the flesh of the enemy. One thing in the Saladin's favor was the lightness of his equipment, thus giving his peerless gelding so much better chance to make quick turns, for which such animals are famous, and although the mighty

and world-renowned warrior made fearful lunges at his opponent, yet he was unable to phase him, and so encased was the Crusader, and what with the weight he carried both him and his horse became so harassed that had it continued the odds were in favor of the champion of the prophet's cause. The exact cause of secession is forgotten, but they mutually agreed to discontinue, whereupon the commander of the Infidel hordes invited the Lion Hearted into his tent, treating the puffed and blowed soldier of the Cross to iced sherbet, which no doubt was very acceptable, considering the warmth of his body.

The famous Scotchman in his "Fair Maid of Perth" immortalizes himself by his extraordinary descriptive powers in a joust on foot, wherein the hated Southrens were met by an equal number of Highlanders. A boy who reads this historical novel (and every boy ought to read all of his works) will be carried away, so much so that he will neglect his study; but God bless you, my son, it is ennobling to read of such sturdiness and nobility of soul as displayed by the hero, Harry of the Wynd; and this realistic account as given by the gentleman of Abbotsford was no pretension; it was to the death; and further, the author bases the account upon facts. It would be presumptuous to try to imitate the story by retelling it; you must read the original to appreciate the thrilling nature of the episode.

Another joust must be noted before proceeding. It is the one which read as boy and man, each time being intensely thrilled by Dumas' "Three Musketeers." The principal character is a youth of just

twenty-one, who was reared in the rural district quite a distance from Paris. His father was a renowned swordsman in his young manhood, and had taught his son every trick of fencing he had acquired from his tutors, as well as by actual contact with the blades of his numerous adversaries, with which he had crossed swords in his lifetime, and his son being a likely fellow acquires all his parent was able to impart, and upon reaching his majority his father presents him with his only nag, which is dun and sorry-looking and thin. With the horse is presented his own tried and true sword, an ill-filled purse and a letter to a friend in Paris. The father's parting words to his boy were not as is frequently the case: "Get rich honestly, but get rich," but told his boy to fight with his good sword at every opportunity; be right, but fight; and D'Artagnan surely is made by the novelist to heed the admonition of his sire. The first night of his arrival in Paris he is sauntering about the city after night, when all at once he hears a slogan, then the next thing he observes three men being hard pressed by a superior number. Instantly D'Artagnan draws his sword and without a word arrays himself alongside of the three, and then begins the first introduction to the Three Musketeers, Athos, Porthos and Aramis, who are veritable Bayards, each of them. Of course you contemplate the result of the duel. D'Artagnan kills several, and from thence the young Gascon becomes the protege and constant companion of the Three Musketeers.

After the principal officers had decided to hold the tournament and joust, it was submitted to the

others of the party to get their assent, which was heartily given, and with few exceptions all desired to take part, but it was finally arranged that twelve on each side would be the practical number, or a total of twenty-four, Father Padilla, who was a soldier before becoming a priest, consenting to act as herald, choosing his own assistants from the men who did not take part in the sport. Ysopete is then instructed in the necessary arrangements, which are requisite to the carrying out of the program, which is set for two days thereafter so as to give the men an opportunity to prepare, and then the guide goes to Chief Tatarrax and informs him of the wishes of Coronado. The chief at once enters into the spirit of the matter and concludes he will give an exhibition of his warriors' skill in the various sports of the country: so hastily the lieutenants of the chief are called into council, and a plan of procedure is agreed upon which is to take place the day following the new-comers' display. Now all is bustle, not only among the Spaniards, who are procuring nice, straight, hickory saplings to make their lances, but swords like single sticks must be improvised for the joust; then their armor must be polished; in fact, the best foot must be put forward by everybody, both red and white. Word is hurriedly transmitted all over the country of the coming ceremonies, and rest assured that every man, woman and child will be present within fifty miles from Manhattan (except Padoucas, who must not show themselves on pain of death), and word has been sent up the Blue, up and down the Kansas, to bring their racing canoes, as there are to be prizes awarded; also the

chief has it announced that for the swiftest runners, best bowmen and any feats of magic are to be rewarded, but the prizes most coveted are the ones which Coronado has announced he will present to the best all-round marksman with the bow and arrow, also the fastest runner, as well as the best canoeist. The Bowman is to receive a hatchet and a chain of brass with a Spanish half dollar attached thereto, value \$2.50; or \$3.00 to the fastest sprinter, a sword with the scabbard and belt; and the expert boatman is to have a pocket knife and some unstrung beads of various colors.

Let the natives take care of themselves and we will follow Alonso for a little and see what he is thinking about, and more important, doing. You have been told of the training of this man, how he has from boyhood been trained in every trick of horsemanship known to the Spaniards; but more than that, from the fact of his girl acquaintance since boyhood, he has come in touch with some of the most renowned Moorish knights, who were Arabs and the acknowledged best riders in the world. And has not our hero been with them, ridden their spirited steeds, and learned all that the Moors could impart? For they liked the boy because of his respect for the fair Moorish damsel, whom we now understand he loves with the passion of a Spaniard, or a Frenchman, who are notoriously ardent and heroic lovers. So Alonso is on the alert, realizing this to be one of the ordeals of his career and he resolves to use every effort to bring credit upon himself, so that she may hear of it at home; and this grand thought is so indelibly im-

pressed upon his mind that it makes hardships easy to endure, and her picture so obscures the faces of the dusky maidens, causing them to look homely and commonplace, so that he has no desire for their company, except to receive their smiles and attention, and he having their adulation because of his gentle treatment of them; and this he makes a point in doing: a smile, a twinkle of the eye; in fact, the young man is by nature so constructed that no one could help but be attracted toward him, especially the opposite sex, but even the men all revere his purity of acts and thoughts. This element of character must be taken into consideration when sizing up his fitness to enter the lists; for his mind is not running after false gods, so his body retains all the elements of strength with which God has endowed man. Again he is above the average for strength and endurance, for has he not a strain of Irish blood in his veins, which necessarily has transmitted the qualities of endurance and stick-to-it-iveness?

Alonso's horse, like its master, has been exceptionally well taken care of, as heretofore recited, and now it is in the best trim of any; of course it is not as strong, and does not have the staying powers as it would have on oats, barley, corn, flax, bran or beans; but comparing Babieca with the other horses of the troop, a glance shows it to be the fittest for a trial of endurance. This assured fact buoys Alonso, for he is fully cognizant of the importance of his horse; and another advantage, more important than the last named is, that the horse has been trained to such work. He knows from experience the need of obey-

ing his master by the slightest indication of the thighs and knees, for a number of years he has become used to the clash of armor and accoutrements, whereas on the other hand, all others have only known service since the beginning of the expedition, and have never been trained to such an ordeal as is about to take place. But although our young soldier feels quite confident, yet he knows the necessity of preparation, therefore he instructs Monte and Ysope to take every care of his favorite, and to grind a few ears of corn each day, and be careful not to feed too much, as that would do more harm than good; also he tells his boys not to let others know of their actions. Alonso superintended the currying, or rather the rubbing, of his pet, but there is one thing he is in a quandary about, and that is, his horse has no shoes, and he has observed how easy his feet slip from under him on the grass; and it is a fact, if a horse is used on the prairie without shoes his hoofs will get so smooth that in pulling a load it will sometimes be very troublesome, especially to start a loaded wagon, so our second-in-command, realizing the disadvantage he would be at because of his horse not being sure-footed, resorts to a scheme for the purpose of roughing up the hoofs, so he has Monte carry water and empty under the feet of the animal, making soft black mud. This is very beneficial to any horse's feet, but for the purpose desired to accomplish in this instance it was just the thing; and to be on the safe side, the hoofs were scraped with a rough flint stone to make the edges sharp so they would hold to the grass. In the Kansas State Historical

Society's collection (one of the finest in the United States) there is a horse shoe made of rawhide, which was used by an Indian on his pony. The shoe shows signs of much service. Another important thing to Alonso's mind was his girths, for they must be absolutely reliable: so every stitch and buckle was tested, and if any doubt, was strengthened. One point that would continually come to his mind was the lightness of his armor, for he realized that should a tilt come up against it, the possibility was that he would get injured. So he resolves to resort to expert tactics, trusting to the maneuvering of his steed to keep him out of arm's way. Although there is only two days in which to prepare, yet every advantage was taken of the interval to exercise his horse: so three times a day Alonso would ride away from camp with only Monte and Ysopete with him, and when out of sight would then give his horse some pretty severe tests in turning quickly, stopping the instant called upon, and most important, to have the animal rehearse the oft-practiced knack of responding to the sway of the body of his master, as well as to the peculiar motion or pressure of the legs, but which can only be understood by going through a series of years of horseback riding. No doubt you have heard how the Arabs train their horses to respond to this inexplicable manner of directing a horse by the motion of its rider's body instead of with the bridle; perhaps the western cowboys got their first lessons in horsemanship from the Bedouins, but this is doubted, for, by intuition this peculiar manner of guiding a horse comes with practice. If a man or boy reads this who

has had years of practice in the saddle, herding and driving cattle and horses on the plains, he will know the truth thereof when it is affirmed that a herdsman on a well-trained cattle pony will tie the reins over the horn of a saddle and with whip in hand will cut out a single animal from a herd without touching the reins, the horse will turn the instant he feels the pressure of the thighs of the rider, or the sway of the body, and so proficient do both rider and horse become that one will assist the other, as it were, in avoiding the sudden shock in too sudden a change of direction. As before asserted, there is something remarkable about this experience in riding, and cannot be appreciated by the uninitiated.

And this was part of Alonso's task, to train, toughen and teach his horse not new but old tricks. It may be interesting to learn that the Mexicans are now conceded to be the most expert with the lariat, but they acquired this from the Spaniards, who, by reason of their contact with the Arabs (Moors) of Spain, were bold and experienced horsemen, so Alonso had early been taught the use of the lasso, and like all good horsemen carried one all the time, and this was practiced with, as he expected to give an exhibition of its use. While our ideal character was training his steed he did not neglect his own person, but took a plunge bath every night and morning in the sparkling Blue river. It was a busy time for all parties, what with perfecting their equipments, fitting their horses, arranging the program of procedure, gave very little time for loafing around.

FOURTEENTH

The tournament of ye olden time
Is here revived along the same line
Impressing the Indian as though divine
By the glamour in the sunshine.



T MUST have been about the 25th of July, 1541, when the wonderful spectacle which is about to be described in this chapter was enacted. It was a beautiful Kansas morning (none can surpass); thousands of Indians are early astir. There are those from the Osage villages, many from the Pawnee country, a few from the distant town of the "Twenty-four" near Atchison, and even some Omahas and Missouris are on the scene to witness the ever memorable entertainment, as well as to be ready to take part in the next day's festivities.

Our Spaniards are early to rise this morning, for upon them is the day's ordeal. Every man in our troop has put the best foot forward. Armor and arms are polished, horses are made to look their best by rubbing, but not with coal oil on a cloth as horse-traders now resort to for the purpose of making a

horse's hair look sleek and smooth. Alonso has given particular attention to his trappings, as well as to his lasso, for he intends to manipulate the same according to the program agreed upon. The chief at the request of his august visitors has stretched ropes of rawhide so as to keep the immense throng back and give opportunity for carrying on the exhibition, and on the beautiful Kansas river bottom a suitable spot has been selected.

The sun is quite well up, only being about two hours from noon, when word is passed along the mass of natives that they were coming; and now commences the exercises of the day, which consists of every soldier (thirty-five), there being seventeen double-files, with the general at the head, all on foot, marching toward the grounds where they are first going to give the natives an object lesson in European military evolutions by troops on foot, so with heads and bodies erect, in true military fashion, they march, march, march, keeping perfect step, with their swords clanking, harquebuses on their shoulders, obeying the word of command in unison and with precision. Now they are in perfect alignment, facing the chief and principal men, then the various evolutions are gone through; but first of all the "present arms" was promptly given, as well as the commands corresponding with those used at the present day, and for about half an hour the small squad went through the various tactics then known to the military. There was no lack of appreciation on the part of the spectators, for there was beating of drums, blowing of buffalo horns, squeaking from reed-like fifes,

shouts, laughter, in fact, the natives applauded to the entertainers' hearts' content.

There are only twenty-four to take part in the tournament in the afternoon, so that leaves six horses and six men who have no part, so it has been arranged to have a horse race. The six men stripped of their soldier gear now come riding out toward the race course; and although the spectacle just witnessed was a wonder, yet owing to the people having only recently seen horses, they were carried away when they saw them, not that these six animals were anything extra, for notwithstanding they were above the average breed, yet the finest horses in the world will make a sorry appearance to be compelled to work on grass alone. Of course, a horse will fatten up if running loose on the plains; but if taken right off the range and compelled to make a hard ride or drive, it would soon play out. But to the Indians these six flying animals were marvelous. Our Spaniards realized that it would not do to make the distance too long on account of the condition of the animals, so the race was soon over.

But now the fun is to begin, for it has been pre-arranged with Ysopete that after the race he is to go to Chief Tatarrax and request him to select young men of his people to ride the horses in a race, the same as did the soldiers. Then the big chief harangued the people, vociferously announcing the kindness of the visitors and extolling them for their skill, but ends his speech by informing them of the offer, and requests all those who desire to undertake the ordeal to present themselves before him; but just as soon as

it was understood what was offered, there was hurrying and urgent scrambling to get to the front by hundreds of young fellows, for let it be recorded, they knew not what fear was, and such an opportunity was not often afforded them to display their willingness to participate in a hazardous undertaking, for so it looked to them, but so numerous were the volunteers that the chief was in a dilemma, so turned to the other chiefs and announced that he had a solution of the difficulty, and then informed all the people that he had concluded to designate his youngest son as a representative of his own people, but recommended that the chief men of the tribes present be permitted to appoint a rider, so the Osages, Pawnees, Missouris and Omahas each named one; but one horse still lacked a rider. At this juncture an old chief whispered to Tatarrax to let all the young men who were before him race and see who should have the opportunity, so hurriedly arrangements were made for the race of the "Six Hundred," but there was more room than there was for the charge of that many at Bala-klava, the distance being a mound pointed out by the Sachem about a mile away where they were instructed to make for, the necessary judges having been appointed to see fair play.

It was the Spaniards' turn to become interested, as they never had and never will again witness such a sight. There was no pre-arrangement who should win, as is frequently the case with modern racing, both foot and horse, so every man and boy put forth his very utmost, and there were in that company many who could have outstripped the celebrated In-

dian "Deerfoot," who made such a furor all over Europe with his wonderful endurance. But half way toward the goal the contest plainly shows that only fifty are in the race, and upon reaching the turning point fifteen are about the number who are really in the contest, and most of the others stop and look on; and now there is a battle royal, for these young bloods each know his capacity and has faith that he can win, so a fearful pace is kept up toward the homing; gradually a few draw away, and eighty rods (one-fourth mile) from the finish four only are neck and neck. They fairly fly, on, on; neither of the boys seem to be able to forge ahead, but the pride of a young Indian from the distant great city of the Twenty-four seems to fairly give him wings. The thought flashes through his brain how he can take for his "fetich or medicine" the flying animal; if he can only win the race and then have the opportunity to mount the big elk without horns! These grand Indian desires in mind, and his ambition to have the right to use such a medicine all his life, impelled him forward the necessary distance to make him the victor, amid the tumultuous applause of the Europeans in their customary manner and the Indians by stomping their feet and jumping up and down while chanting some words in unison with their feet.

But Ysopete is more elated than any present, for this eighteen-year-old boy is from his home city; he knows his father and mother; so contrary to the custom of the Indian, for like the Greeks of old, they cultivate an austerity of expression and actions, for to the Indian it is effeminate to give way to emotion,

but by Ysopete coming in contact with the Spaniards some of the webs had been removed from his brain, so he does not hesitate to hug the young victor, and scrape the beads of perspiration from his body; in fact, being a professional runner of his clan, he is an ideal trainer, and knowing from experience the strain which such an ordeal puts upon the body he uses every known means to fit the young fellow for his maiden ride on horseback. The soldiers have conceived the idea of taking off the saddles so as to make it more difficult for the novices.

And now the six horses are ready for the start. It would make a Tod Sloan, Johnny Reece or Danny Maher crack their sides with laughter to have seen the ludicrous appearance of these six jockeys; but after most of them losing their balance they finally get started. They are supposed to go toward a pole, to ride around it, then to return to the starting place. But, Lord bless you! owing to the reins being jerked and the wrong line pulled the poor animals did not know what to do; some stopped, and in doing so, came down from a gallop to a trot. Those who understand this know how easy it is to ride on a lope, but to be brought up suddenly to a trot causes one to either lose his balance and slide off, or else the next thing is to grab around the horse's neck, thus losing control of the horse's head, which usually gets an amateur into trouble. Finally one reaches the pole, and being so tickled he gives a yell of satisfaction which so scares his steed that it gathers the bit in its mouth and makes a bolt that is a race indeed. And now this rider can easily keep his seat, for just so long as a

horse goes straight ahead on a dead run it is no trick to stick on, and although the young fellow is not in the race, yet he is in heaven on horseback. And now up comes another, but in trying to guide his racer around the staff he pulls the wrong rein, thereby turning the horse away from the turning place, which gives the third horse a chance to get around the pole. And this third son of the prairie is a young Pawnee, and so far has made the best showing. The reason for this is the fact that at home he has a young buffalo calf which he has been training to ride, and although the young bull nature of the creature will come out, our young Pawnee will stick on until the animal will put its head to the ground and fairly turn a somersault, so the young acrobat is compelled to dismount, or rather cannot help being dumped; but this experience gives him an advantage over his fellows. But what of the other three? One has lost control of his horse entirely, for upon losing his balance he slid off, and in trying to save himself let go the reins, and naturally the horse could not stop owing to its being on a fast run; then the other is in a plight, having been jolted off, but still holds to the bridle but cannot get upon his feet; so he is being dragged along but hangs on like grim death, without knowing what to do until finally the horse stops when the young fellow being full of nerve tries to scramble upon the horse, which is a leggy animal, and having no experience takes some time before he succeeds in mounting. In fact, the young Pawnee is on his way to the winning post before he regains the back of his horse. The other unfortunate is the winning foot-

racers, but he happens to have one of those class of horses which is not comfortable for even a good horseman to ride, especially bareback, as the saying is: "He came down like a thousand of bricks, and the rider works his passage," which signifies that he is a hard rider, for every time his forefeet come down when on a gallop it gives his rider a jerk, which fairly shakes one's insides out of place, and when it trots—well, to ride such a horse bareback would cause the individual to lose considerable hide from an unmentionable spot in his body, taking quite a time to be free from the reminding sensation every time he took a stride with either limb. The antics of this last contestant cannot be described, but it can truthfully be stated that, although he did not win the race, yet he showed the stuff he was made of; he had caught on to the trick of catching the mane, and with the agility of an Indian he amused the people by falling off, then with a spring getting back, so it caused more eclat than anything; but our young Pawnee was about the only one that got fairly back to the starting point.

Without doubt the Coronado expedition was the direct cause of the Indians of the plains becoming the first possessors of the horse, and thus long before the more easterly tribes had any knowledge of the benefits to be derived therefrom, and the trip of the indefatigable Spaniards 367 years ago, with the great number of horses and mares, many of which the prothonotaries of the expedition admit as having gotten away and never being seen again. Authorities on horses state that it was in the reign of Henry VII. of

England that stallions were first made into geldings. Henry became king in 1485 and died 1509, so dividing the time of his reign it will be conservative to say that it was about 1500 when first the gelding came to be made in England; that is, just forty-one years before the date of our horse-race in Quivira. So it is very reasonable to suppose that nearly all the males were in their natural condition, therefore it took but a very short time for them to increase, which is known that they did from a very early period all over the plains of Texas, Indian Territory and Kansas.

Here are some things which the authorities say about the multiplying of horses: "In the thirty-second year of his reign (Henry VIII. or 1541, the very year of our story) the bill for the breed of horses was passed, the preamble of which runs thus: 'Forasmuch as the generation and breed of good and strong horses within this realm extended not only to a great help and defense of the same, but is also a great commodity and profit to the inhabitants thereof, which is now much decayed and diminished by reason that in the forests, chases, moors and waste grounds within the realm little-stoned horses or nags of small stature and little value be not only suffered to pasture thereupon, but also to cover mares feeding there, therefore cometh in manner no profit or commodity.' "

Another section of the same statute enacted: "That no entire horse being about the age of two years and not being of the height of fifteen handsfull shall be put to graze on any common or waste land." It was also enacted: "Within fifteen days of Michaelmas Day (September 29), all horses, mares and

colts found in the forests, cruses and commons shall be 'driven,' and any found not growing into serviceable animals shall be killed." Further the horse book says: "In Australia as well as America, horses imported by European settlers have escaped into the unreclaimed lands, and multiplied to a prodigious extent, roaming in vast herds over the plains where no hoofed animal trod before." Have we not ten years ago known of the range horses of Dakota, Wyoming and Nevada becoming so numerous that the stockmen were compelled to take their Winchester rifles and exterminate them? This was because they were so hard to break to ride or work that it did not pay to bother with them, especially when horses were cheap; of course, when the range horse brings a good figure, then many of them are sold, and after being conquered and broke they are the toughest class of horses, especially for riding or driving. The day is not far distant when the range pony and horse will be known no more, and that some record may be kept of the peculiar characteristics of these monarchs of the range. An incident, the truth of which can be vouched for, came about under the following circumstances:

A ranchman who handled considerable cattle and who had four strapping grown sons, averaging from eighteen to twenty-eight years of age, had one day some men bring into the neighborhood of the ranch a drove of western horses, offering them for \$15.00 to \$50.00 each. The four farmer boys bought one each for cattle ponies (they are unexcelled); they were roped; i. e., lassoed and halters gotten on them, and now the sturdy young fellows, were quite conceited

that they could break and ride any horse, and so the fun commenced, as these animals were like tigers. They resented ill treatment, a known fact, for the brutal young men beat the poor things with the view of subduing them, but the more severe the usage the more vicious became the nags, and finally they were such terrors with their kicks from behind, striking with their front feet as well as biting, that after one or two of the boys got hurt they were compelled to acknowledge being beaten; but out of the same herd a man purchased one just as vicious, but he got it home, fed it sugar and finally was able to pat it on the neck, until the animal discovered it was not going to be hurt, submitted to the saddle and harness, making an ideal cattle horse from which no cow or steer could dodge or outrun.

So the fact of our six young Indians' first horse-race being witnessed by thousands of natives, and because of the stirring experiences of the lucky six, naturally fired these children of nature to hanker for such an animal; and thus it was that the plains Indians became so notorious for their fine horsemanship and love of the useful animal. The natives of the prairies had the advantage of their eastern enemies because of their superiority in covering distances on their ponies, but the Sioux and dwellers of the Great Lakes had the advantage of coming in contact with the French-Canadian traders, from whom they procured fire-arms and steel implements of warfare, by which they were able to more than outweigh the advantages the western Indians had because of their horses. After the excitement and fun created by the

Horse-race, a number of the Spaniards displayed their marksmanship with their muskets, but there was nothing very extraordinary about it, except its being incomprehensible to the throng of spectators.

One point had been fully settled by Coronado and his officers, that they must not compete with the natives in any of the sports for fear of exciting animosity or contempt; the first might be caused by surpassing, the second by showing inferiority.

The next thing on the program is the display of the day, and now begins to assemble the horsemen preparatory to the ordeal. It might be good fiction to describe how the horses pranced with arched necks, ears pricked up, restless, impatient; how they champed their bits; but the reader of experience knows better, as they have to come onto the "Field of Cloth and Gold" in an ordinary and orderly manner, considering they had no grain for some time; yet because of their rest since reaching Quivira they are in pretty good heart. It has all been arranged as to the procedure, which is that twelve on a side shall be selected on the field of tournament, therefore the two dozen horsemen are lined up facing the principal chiefs, and Father Padilla, having been selected to act as herald, is standing in front of the troop, making a strange contrast. He is in his black clerical garb; all others in their best. It has been agreed that the selecting of sides shall be done in such a manner that no distinction shall be made as to rank, so twenty-two grains of white corn and two of red corn are placed in a helmet, and then the Father beckons to a comely Indian maiden, the herald in-

forming the first horseman to the right to make the first selection to constitute the troop on one side, then the drawing is to continue until the other red grain is reached, the contestant procuring same having the right to designate who shall make up the second company. Then the Holy Father, to make the matter comprehensive to the young girl, tells Ysopete to explain her duties, and also to announce to the spectators the equality with which every man is to be treated. The first red grain that comes out is for Private Truxillo, the other fell to the lot of Sergeant Maldonado. Now the selections are in order: Private Truxillo chooses the general, the sergeant points to Lieutenant Perez, and thus the selecting continues until the party is equally divided. Then according to the rules of the tournament (which were much more technical than the Marquis of Queensbury rules governing prize fights, or the French code of dueling) the Herald announces the manner in which the combat is to be conducted, as follows: The first thing to do is to draw lots for place, which is done by the private and sergeant. Private Truxillo selects the west, which gives his troop the advantage of having their backs to the sun; then the herald orders the company of the private, which has in it Coronado, to proceed toward the west about half a mile, where stakes are driven in the ground to designate their alignment, the others are to go towards the east, making the party about a mile distant from each other; so they will have to ride about half a mile before coming in contact, and he further instructs that when each party reaches the rendezvous they shall have their horses'

heads pointing away from their adversaries, so when the dag is fired they will have to "about face" before they can proceed on their way to attack, which they may do as they see fit, a dead line being drawn on the north and south over which neither party is allowed to pass over on penalty of expulsion from the contest in disgrace. The herald further proceeds by stating, that after the horses are headed toward the other each party must keep in a body and in line until within about 200 feet of their opponent, or where the flags are flying in the field, but from that point they may either proceed in a body or singly as they choose, and the test was to see which troop could unhorse with his improvised lance the greatest number of the opposing party, and once a contestant's feet or foot touched the ground, he was considered "hors de combat," and immediately must vacate the arena with his horse; and he further informed the men that the first attack must be done without any maneuvering, but directly in front, and when each passed the other they must ride at once to the goal from whence their opponents came; in the meantime those who by the rules should leave the field were to immediately do so.

And now comes the ordeal, says the herald, for after those who are entitled to remain in the affray are again in line, a shot will be fired as a signal for a pell-mell, go-as-you-please rush at each other, and as those who become unhorsed must desist from further participation, but the remainder to continue the tournament until there are none on the opposite side to attack. "The Father then said in a solemn, warning manner, that this was a test of friendship, and not of

blood, admonishing them to remember the necessity of being careful not to maim each other, as they were a few among thousands of strangers. After which the man as a Priest, and not as Herald, knelt down in the presence of that throng of people and prayed the Almighty to keep any from being injured; and asking for his blessing upon the men who are about to participate in the coming ordeal.

The command is now given for each troop to proceed toward their respective stations, and while en route are arranging the form of attack, and the selection of one to command. Coronado is designated to direct the one party, and on the suggestion of Alonso, Sergeant Maldonado is to command the other. Coronado's twelve decide to place the commander and Jaramillo in the center, and they are by the majority vote to endeavor to engage Alonso and Maldonado, but the other dozen decide to place Alonso and their commander three horses from the ends, and it is especially agreed that each man is to choose the most favorable opportunity to unhorse a man, regardless of who he is, the reason assigned being that it would handicap them to be compelled to select a certain opponent. The messengers, who are running backward and forward to keep the herald informed, finally give the word that each party is ready, and the sound of the pistol is heard vibrating over the prairies; but watch these men, for it is a tense moment for these twenty-four, who have all smelt powder many times, yet this kind of excitement is more trying on the nervous system than going into a real fight, but they are, and in fact must be, intensely in earnest to acquire

that peculiar sensation which impels men to heroic deeds, and although the captain of Alonso's cavaliers kept admonishing his men to not blow their horses by keeping up too fast a pace, yet it seemed the feeling of the riders was contagious, for the horses seemed to become excited and worked up to a tension unusual for them. (But then these sagacious creatures usually understand, and more than they are given credit for, as was demonstrated at the late San Francisco earthquake and fire by the horses in the stables making heart-rending cries of terror during the quake.)

On, on, nearer, nearer came the combatants toward each other; but Alonzo is cool and confident, having in mind his motto not to be too fresh at first, but to reserve his latent powers for the final ordeal, so he took the first opponent reached, and so easy did he avoid his thrust and planted his staff right in the breast of the man, that he was pushed off his horse so forcibly that the ground was struck with a thud; but Jaramillo seemed to be desirous of getting at Alonso, for in the rush he was observed trying to spur his horse toward the lieutenant, but by reason of there being several between them it was impossible to do so, but they are passed each other and so the honors are about equal, Maldonado being compelled to retire. But the other side still have their commander, as well as the redoubtable Jaramillo, who was an iron man; but Alonso is asked to take the place of the defunct sergeant, so it now devolves upon our young hero to plan the next mode of attack, and having with himself seven to the others' six, yet he feels at a disadvantage, because of the experience of the two older

men, Coronado and Jaramillo. But realizing the responsibility of his situation, he directs Private Truxillo to select another man in whom he has confidence to assist him in attacking the old warhorse, Jaramillo. Alonso announces he will see what he can do with the general. Now the test of endurance, horsemanship and dexterity with the tilt is to commence in earnest. Each man is to select his opponent, and while waiting for the signal the new champion admonishes his comrades to sit firm in their saddles and control their mounts; to keep them steady; he himself has resolved on a line of action, which is to rely upon the superior condition and speed, as well as the training of Babieca, to outstrip the other horses; and to out-general the men. So he orders every man to ride as far apart as possible, except the two who are to concentrate on the redoubtable captain, and he tells how he will make a dash for the commander, trusting to his horse to keep others from reaching him, and realizing the general will not avoid him when he recognizes who it is that seeks a personal bout. Alonso feels so confident of his ability to unhorse his superior that he informs the men the instant he does this, he will turn his faithful gelding and be on the return to assist them before they have fairly met the balance of the party.

Again the signal is given, and now for the climax of the melee. Off rushes both sides; but soon Alonso calls on his Arabian, and now like the wind he is being taken toward the object of his ambition. But Coronado divining the purpose of the young soldier, is not to be outdone, and he also having a strong, pow-

erful animal rushes pell-mell to meet his antagonist. It is soon over; but the trick of the trained animal is worth more than the power and massiveness of the other; in fact, Coronado's armor is many pounds heavier than Alonso's, so he cannot handle himself with such agility as the other. But the thing which Perez is relying upon is the care of the steed's feet, thus he can swerve so dexterously that it is impossible for the other rider to foresee such an event. On comes each for the other. Alonso's reins are not in his hands. They are fastened to the pommel of his saddle; the animal responds to the slightest pressure of the thighs and legs; the spear is held firmly in both hands by Alonso. He is in ecstasy, sitting on his beloved horse flying towards his FRIENDLY adversary, but whom he is anxious to unsaddle; and now they are within speaking distance. The moment to the spectators is thrilling, for it seems as though one or both would be killed by such a shock; now Coronado comes straight for his young subaltern, and now is the crucial moment for the sagacious mount of Alonso: When his opponent believes he is about to reach his person, by a sudden swerving of the body the horse of Alonso springs sideways, thus taking his master out of harm's way, all of which is as planned and contemplated by our young soldier, hence he is prepared to act at the right moment, for now his tilting spear comes in contact with the body of his opponent, but not with such force as it would have been by a head-end collision, as it were. But the knack acquired by Alonso was by a slight of hand to take his adversary from the side, thus compelling him to lose his balance

and be forced to the ground. It has taken quite a time to convey some comprehension of the affair, but it was over so quickly that it was like witnessing the Derby on the Downs in England. The word is soon passed around "They're off," and the horses are at the finish. But Alonso's brain just now is very active, and instantly he is on the qui vive to see how the others were progressing, and the first thing that met his eyes was the moment when two men had caused Jaramillo to lose his balance, but whose foot is caught in the stirrup, and the horse is scared, and is speeding away with the captain, dragging him along the grass. Alonso, like lightning, takes in the situation, fully realizing the danger of his companion in arms, and so, like a flash, he is putting his horse to its topmost speed; dropping his tilt and untying his lasso, he soon is close enough to the runaway horse to throw the noose over its head, and he soon brings it to a stop, but not any too soon, for the excitement of the contest, the bumping he has received, and the heat being very oppressive, and particularly the sun shining upon the iron armor, making it so hot that he can hardly breathe, has caused Jaramillo to become unconscious; Alonso releases his foot and lifts his visor. He was not injured, but overcome, by the excessive heat and exertion, and soon revived upon being loosened from his harness.

Alonso had lost all thought of the tournament in the solicitude for his comrade, but now his mind reverts to the field and inquires what the outcome is. He learns that there is only himself on the one side and only one on the other, who is still in the ring.



EAGLECHIEF.

The Pawnee's have no principal Chief. This is one of the several. Original picture taken at Pawnee, Oklahoma, in 1908.

Although Alonso dislikes to continue the bout, yet he feels in duty bound to see it out; so observing the solitary opponent sitting upon his horse, he call Babieca by his most endearing name to encourage him; and being handed his lance, which he had discarded, now rides at top speed toward the solitary and only surviving pedestrian of the other troop. But the poor fellow has stood in the melting sun with his visor up, trying to get a little fresh breeze, and owing to his blood being awful hot, and yet not the fighting kind of blood requisite to face danger, he loses his nerve and stands stock still when he observes a horseman approaching him at a furious gallop; in fact, his horse's sides are so heaving with the heat that it will not respond to the cluck or spur, and Alonso, seeing that the man was standing stock still, could not bring himself to do such an unmanly act as to attack him, so he reined in his horse and demanded of the man what he meant by such action. The poor fellow then told of his predicament, which caused Alonso to laugh; and then he thought how magnanimous it would be to dismount, thus technically make the other side the victors, and no sooner did the noble precept come to him than he responded to the brave and manly promptings of his heart. So he sprang to the ground and approached the last of the opposition, and, taking him by the hand, asked him to dismount as the victorious party. This episode was a beautiful tribute to the nobility and Odyssea-like character of the young man, and endeared him to all, both his friends and the natives, for Ysopete had conveyed to the chief and others the significance of Alonso's chivalrous conduct.

QUERY.

The authorities have been perused so as to acquire some conception of a tournament. A little history was dug up which impelled the jotting down here. The period is about seventy-five years before the celebrated passage of arms just told of, and the query arises, "Does civilization civilize?" The following is what is referred to: "Over the vice of the higher classes they (the clergy) exerted no influence whatever; the king paraded his mistress as a queen of beauty through London, the nobles blazoned their infamy in court and tournament. In these days, says a canon of the times, arose a great rumor and clamor among the people that wherever there was a tournament, there came a great concourse of ladies of the most costly and beautiful, but not of the best in the kingdom, sometimes forty or fifty in number, as if they were a part of the tournament, in diverse and wonderful male apparel, in partly-colored tunics with short caps and bands wound cord-wise around their heads, and girdles bound with gold and silver, and daggers in pouches across their body; then they proceeded on chosen coursers to the place of tourney, and so expended and wasted their goods and vexed their bodies with scurrilous wantonness, that the murmur of the people sounded everywhere; and thus they neither feared God nor blushed at the chaste voice of the people."

It was arranged to have the leaders take part in the joust with swords, or rather single sticks in lieu of foils, but the termination of the last entertainment

was such that it was concluded to have six of the men who had taken no part in the tournament to entertain with an exhibition of swordsmanship. These three pairs are pitted against each other, Coronado, Alonso and Jaramillo acting as judges. The plan of action is for the men to begin at the same time, there being a judge to keep the number of points made by either of the contestants; then at a given signal all are to cease, when the judges are to compare notes and announce the two men having the highest number of marks pitted against each other. The preliminary bout is over and our two fencers are doing their best to display their proficiency with the foils (single sticks), and both being experts, it causes considerable interest among their countrymen, if not the natives. The terms "carte," "thrust," "carte over the arm," "low carte," "flancomade or cotade," "tierce," "prime," "quinte," "half circle," "feints," etc., are some of the names for the various plays, but which might just as well be in the Indian language, for not the slightest conception is there of the meaning of these technical terms. They were taken from a book on "The Noble Art of Fencing." The soldiers knew the two men to be very proficient and were as excited as are the Philippines during a cock-fight.

At the close of the day's festivities Chief Tatarax presented Alonso with a beautiful headgear made principally from eagle feathers. This was the very highest compliment he could pay the young man, as it was the sign of their tribe, and more especially, as eagle feathers were as rare and costly as jewels are to the people at this day and age.

And thus ended the first day.

FIFTEENTH.

The Kansas, Osage and Pawnee are the kings presented to thee;
They are native children, you see, all being absolutely free.
This Eden had devils (rattlers) galore, but they had the fee;
Their God had not yet forbidden them to eat of the tree.

These natives of Quivira, and for many years their survivors,
Thus enjoyed the game as God had willed the same.
Then solicitous for their souls, but more the buffalo holes,
The superior tribe did then contrive their homes to divide.

CONFESSION is good for the soul; therefore you, kind readers, are constituted "Father Confessors," to listen to this plaint, story, yarn, "humbug," or imagination; for how is it possible to enter into a long-winded, truthful and authentic account of the various sports in vogue among the denizens of Quivira when hardly a scratch of the pen is come-at-able that is authoritative? The only record along this line is the statement of their marksmanship with the bow and arrow, and they had canoes. So the confession is heralded on the four wings of heaven, that nearly all of this chapter is a stretch of the imagination, based largely upon the known habits of later tribes as set forth in the great United States Indian work heretofore utilized. But because they left no account of themselves on Baby-

lonian or Chaldean baked tablets, nor any ponderous rock or brick structures, as did the older civilizations of the East to mark their cities or places of abode, yet your attention is directed to the fact that it wasn't till about the year 1820 that nature compelled the world to observe that great ruins were buried under the hills that were artificial, but which appeared to have been thrown up by the Creator. Even the natives of old Mesopotamia and Chaldea were not aware of the fact that the hills bordering the Tigris and the Euphrates were bricks and not nature's handiwork, and for thousands of years these infallible monuments of the dead past were awaiting the hand of man to open the earthen doors to the libraries that would speak as accurately of the dead as the phonograph will in the future. Less than 100 years ago the rain washed out a gully or ditch through a meadow, over which the camels, horses, sheep and asses roamed, and it was observed that a great amount of debris kept washing down the ravine as it got larger. This caused the natives to wonder where the carved rocks came from, and bricks were found in great plenty, as well as a wall was brought to view compelling the attention of the dumb natives; and then it was that word began to pass around until it reached some European officials, who, upon investigation, made the discovery that it was the buried city of Nineveh. Then the limelight was turned in on the brains of men interested in the history of the past, until now by the aid of the newly acquired art of reading the cuneiform characters of the peoples told of in the Bible, we have the highest, most indelible ac-

counts of their customs, laws, wars, kings, etc., and so high a class of books are contained in the libraries of this dust to dust past, that it far excels our own present system of printing on paper, for if a book was buried four or five thousand years as were the baked books of the ancients, there would be nothing to indicate its being a book.

Again in the populous vicinity of Naples, and in that country where in the year A. D. 79 was situated the most powerful country in the world (Rome), and although in that year the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried in lava and ashes, yet the awful calamity was completely forgotten and there was no record of the town, and it was not till the year 1748 that the ruins of Pompeii were accidentally discovered. The streets of the disinterred Pompeii having been traversed, naturally causes interest therein.

But last, and to the point, thirty years ago men erected houses, stables, chicken houses, water closets, smoke houses and fences all over the western part of Kansas, made by laying up the natural sod into walls, and mind you, they compared with the adobe houses of the Egyptians and Chaldeans, and as now used in Mexico, yet when the men abandoned their homesteads by reason of grasshoppers and drought the structures in a few years crumbled, and now you could not possibly tell that the mounds they have made on the prairie were once the habitation of families, and this only takes ten or fifteen years to bring about.

While on this subject, a very interesting theme along the line just discussed is the experience of the

Græcian general Xenophon, when on his ever-memorable retreat from Persia about 401 B. C. with his army of 10,000 marching from sixty miles north of Babylon back to Athens, fighting nearly all the way for the 2,000 miles, that being the distance between Cunaxa, the place where he lost the battle to Athens. Xenophon was not only a famous soldier, but a writer as well, his works being extant at this date, and although a well posted man, yet observe how he was fooled. In his own account of the retreat he tells of camping by the side of a great wall around “a vast desert city” on the Tigris. This tremendous outer wall was twenty-five feet wide and 100 feet high, being nearly seven miles in circuit. He called it Larissa, and that it was the Medes who occupied same when conquered and razed by the Persians. Whereas, in truth, only 200 years before it was the Medes, who destroyed the city after a two years’ siege, and the great error of Xenophon was the statement that the King of Persia was the conqueror, for that nation as a world power had not come into the drama of nations. Then contemplate that Nineveh, the most powerful city of the east and capital of Assyria, should lose its identity in 200 years. So it must not be taken as a foregone conclusion that Quivira did not contain quite a large population because there are no visible monuments of their presence, for when you consider the lost civilization, heretofore cited, which was a myth until research by the lovers of knowledge brought to light the remarkable evidences we now have, and for the express benefit of the historians of Kansas, how much are we indebted to the Quivira Historical Soci-

ety for its efforts in locating the numerous cities buried under the sod, as are the ancient cities of yore?

Without doubt, there were according to the Spanish and later authorities quite a number of people residing in or about the territory now known as Kansas, so there is no fiction about that fact.

Ysopete is a very busy man on this morning of the eventful day when he intends to take part in some of the contests. He was one of the runners for the chief of "The Village of the Twenty-four," when captured by the Teyas and by them sold as a slave down in Pecos or Cicuye; and by the continued exercise in walking and often running ahead to find the best course for the army to march, his muscles were like steel, and could not be in better training, so he has registered himself as a contestant for the longest race of ten miles, and some of his friends having arrived from his native village, who know him to be the swiftest Indian in their part of the country, especially the great city of the Twenty-four, he has no lack of backers and encouragers who feel honored by their acquaintance with a countryman of such remarkable experiences.

It is not stretching the fact to say there were thousands of people camped miles around the village; nearly every family brought a house with them, consisting of a few poles and buffalo skins, these being carried by their dogs, every family being the owner of a pack with which to carry their belongings when on the hunt, as well as to transport the game when killed.

A custom prevailed among the western Indians,

which we are informed was invariably insisted upon by the entertaining tribes; so the Kansans, being the host caused a circular camp to be laid out where every visiting tribe must erect their tepees while sojourning in the friendly territory, and on the present occasion the visitors were so arranged that a large mushroom town had sprung up in the suburbs of Manhattan. Of course, the Osages speak the same tongue as the Kansans, and being their kin and nearest neighbors were the strongest numerically; then came the Pawnees, next the Omahas and last a few Missouris, all of whom were at that time on friendly terms (for a wonder).

The Indian has always borne a reputation from earliest times as being of the heroic mold; that is, they love to do some act which would bring them to the favorable notice of their fellows, therefore hundreds of men on this July day 367 years ago were prepared and willing to go through any physical travail in their hope of doing some heroic deed that would bring upon them the eclat of the tribes, so there was no lack of contestants for the numerous sports.

The day's program began earlier than the day previous, so at eight o'clock the band began to play; calf-skins stretched over a section of a hollow tree, and a good many of them, were the principal instruments, the thumping of which being accompanied with the words something like Yar, Yar, Yar, Goo, Goo, Goo, Woo, Woo, Woo; others had tambourine drums, which they kept striking with a stick with some hide on the end to keep from injuring the thick parchment; then there were the fifes made by punch-

ing the pith from canes; again there were one-string bass viols. The idea was conceived by drawing a rawhide over the taut bow-string, and every Indian was able to produce time by the aid of an arrow used like a fiddle-bow and the bow for the fiddle. But like fire crackers now used, on that day of days, every boy had a home-made "hummer or bull roarer," which every youngster kept going and with it shouting:

*"Na nisa naau, na nisa naau,
Wa wa na dana dia
Wa wa na dana dia,
Nanisa na, Nanisa na."*

TRANSLATION.

"My children, my children,
I am about to hum,
I am about to hum,
My children, my children.

So the day is a veritable 4th of July celebration for racket, if for nothing else. But the first event of the day is called early, which is the ten-mile foot-race. As this was considered the most severe test of the day's sport, it has been concluded to get it over with before the sun is too far in the zenith. Therefore, the contestants are coming to the scratch preparatory to the start, which is arranged at the firing of Coronado's dag. A two and a half mile course has been carefully prepared by levelling up the buffalo holes, cutting any overgrown grass, as the time is expected to be a record-breaker. Now the thirty-three men are lined up ready for the signal: it is to be a standing start, not a "twig" start, as will be explained in another match. Off they go! some like a

shot out of a gun; but the older men have had more experience and realize the impossibility of continuing such a pace. The younger men, therefore, are quite in advance, and are foolish enough to pat themselves with the contemplation that the old fellows were not in it. But the hindmost are not old; none are over thirty years of age; Ysopete is twenty-seven. There are six who run abreast at a long swinging gait; they even waste a little breath by remarking the swift run the youngsters are keeping up; but each smile, as much as to say, they will find out.

There is not much to record until after they have reached the starting place the first time, or five miles; the six professionals are still abreast, but they even intimate to each other that after the turn is made they intend to increase the rate, for a number of those in the lead appear so far ahead that to the inexperienced it would seem impossible to overtake them, but this does not worry the six, for they have been there before. What is uppermost is how many of the hindmost party will have the best staying powers. At the turn Ysopete meets the eye of his god, Alonso, who does everything possible to encourage his dusky admirer, and not only is it our hero who wishes the guide to be the victor, but the general and every man in his troop, for he has proven himself to be truthful and faithful, so is there any wonder with such encouragement shouted to him as he passed that his very soul should be imbued with the desire to win? Again his young townsman, who was the swiftest of the 600 the day before, is not an ingrate, and from childhood having participated in foot-racing knows

many tricks which the uninitiated know nothing of; so when the six men are fairly past the judges' stand, as it would be termed now, he ran up behind his friend and spoke words of endearment and encouragement, and owing to the other five belonging to other tribes, who did not speak the Kansas dialect, they did not comprehend that the young fellow was telling Ysopete that he could run the five miles and would do so by his side, if he would dash in front of the others: so Ysopete resolves to now begin to call on his reserve force, although it seems a little early to do so, but resolves to drop dead rather than be beaten, and now without much effort he darts forward and our young racer very quickly gets past the other five and soon is even with his friend, and as you realize, he is fresh, so there is no trouble for him to keep abreast, and in a few sentences he informs his friend that he proposes never again to permit the others to overtake them, and sets the point where they were to pass the others at about the turning place. From this on it seemed easy for Ysopete, what with those behind, who he was determined should not again catch up with him, and the few in the lead, who were being reached very rapidly, made it appear easy, hence the balance of the race seemed a foregone conclusion, and it was rapid, there is no mistake, for the ten miles was finished in thirty-five minutes. It may seem incredible to make ten miles in thirty-five minutes, but this is based on the great authority, wherein it asserts that in playing a certain game the Indians, although they had to pick up a stick with their toes, yet they made twenty-five miles in two hours.

But here is the citation itself:

"The chief feature of the race is the kicking of sticks, which the leader of each side places across his foot at the base of the toes. These sticks are rounded and of the size of the middle finger; they are picked up with the toes and kicked forward, when one of the set, or partners of the one kicking, renews the feat, keeping up rapid speed. Mr. Hodge says the distance covered by one race was twenty-five miles, and the time consumed only two hours. It is well known that the Tarahumara Indians of Mexico are so named from their custom of racing while driving before them a wooden ball by means of the feet alone. It is said that frequently seventy or eighty miles are thus covered in a single race."

Do not forget that the people we are writing of were God's children; they are admitted by the men who first saw them to be magnificent physical specimens of humans, and they had nothing else to do but cultivate the body so as to make themselves strong, agile and swift, so they could battle with nature, animals and enemies; and further bear in mind that the ten miles was without obstructions, and please don't fail to note where twenty-five miles was made in two hours they were picking up a stick with their toes.

Just as soon as the chief and judges announce that Ysopete is the winner of the prize offered by Coronado, which is a sword and scabbard with belt attached, the swiftest runner is presented to the chief, who in true Indian manner presents the bright sharp awful big knife to the smiling native.

NOTE: About the time that the tale had been completed to here and Ysopete had in the story been awarded the sword, a trip was taken to the Kansas State Historical Society at Topeka, to delve among books for material to inject herein, and while examining the Indian relics in the museum a card was observed with an inscription, viz: "Sword of Captain Juan Gallego, an officer with Coronado 1541; in vault." It is so highly prized that it is kept under lock and key. As you may surmise, being intensely interested with anything that would throw light on the expedition treated of in this book, the courteous secretary George W. Martin, and his assistant George A. Root, very kindly permitted a personal examination of the sword. It has no handle, the theory being that all perishable material rotted while buried. There is a very plain inscription along the blade, as follows:

"NO ME SAQUES SIN RAZON
SO ME ENBAINES SIN HONOR"

Being translated is "Draw me not without reason; sheath me not without honor." There is no mistake about this, but the claim of those who deposited the valuable relic is, that in small script letters they deciphered to read "Juan Gallego," who is mentioned as being with Coronado. The sword was found buried in the sod in Finney county, Kansas, in 1886. Of course a minute examination of the name of Juan Gallego was not made with a glass, but gentlemen of veracity have, so that fact will have to be considered conclusive.

On returning home, the great authority was referred to for the purpose of learning what was said

of Gallego; and here is verbatim the language contained in volume I, 14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, page 484: "About the middle of October, Captain Melchior Diaz and JUAN GALLEGO came from Cibola, Juan Gallego on his way to New Spain." Also, "after Melchior Diaz and JUAN GALLEGO had arrived in the town of Sonora, it was announced that the army was to depart for Cibola; Melchior Diaz was to remain in charge of that town with eighty men; that JUAN GALLEGO was going to New Spain with messages for the viceroy, and that FRIAR MARCOS was going back with him, because he did not think it was safe for him to stay in Cibola, seeing that his report had turned out to be entirely false." The fact of Father Marcos returning back to New Spain with Gallego surely makes the date the middle of October, 1540. Of course, it was possible for Gallego to get back from New Spain so as to take part in the expedition the following spring. But did he? Was it not a strange co-incident that a sword had been awarded to Ysopete before it was known of the one on exhibition at Topeka? Another remarkable thing about the saber is its being found in Finney county, for in all probability that was the route gone over on their return home.

It is understood that the next performance is to be the principal event of the day, for by the use of the bow and arrow these people are able to exist, and when nature compels something, rest assured it will be acquired.

The targets are stuffed buffalos, there being ten; that number is necessary to accommodate the num-

erous contestants, a set of judges having been appointed for each animal, and only one shaft is allowed each man at a distance of about sixty paces, and the ten best bowmen are selected from the ten targets, and these are the ones who really are to make the test.

A new target is put at seventy paces, and each of the men whose arrow lodges in any part of the animal's body is permitted to continue to shoot, so when the last of the ten have had their opportunity it is found that six are still in the contest, so the beast is moved to seventy-five paces and only four succeed. Now it is eighty paces, and a new rule prevails, that the shaft which strikes nearest a designated spot back of the shoulder (the most vital part of the animal) is to be considered best. And now it is that the powerful Osage Indian, Long Arrow, displays his superior strength and proficiency, for his bolt strikes so near the spot that no others can beat it, but although Long Arrow is the victor he requests the target to be carried to 100 paces, and then with a mighty strong arm and sure aim one of his long arrows fly from his powerful bow, which comes very near not the "Bull's Eye" but the bull's thigh, thus entitling him to the hatchet and chain with the silver dollar hanging therefrom.

Now we are to witness a fast race over a hundred yard track; there are twenty-two starters, and instead of a standing start they resort to the customary holding on to sticks, so that there can be no jockeying. The runners recede from the mark in order to get a good and fair start. Being ready, a twig,

stick or platted grass twelve to fifteen inches in length is held between them, each grasping an end, so as to readily indicate when one or the other is gaining undue advantage in speed from the standing point to the scratch when the race is actually to begin. In starting, the racers step off briskly, at once beginning a gentle trot, which increases in speed as they approach the scratch, though they endeavor to keep abreast and glance at the stick or wisps held by the men on each side. When the true starting point is reached, the sticks are dropped and all start forward at nearly racing pace from the very first. And if they had stop-watches, it would have been recorded—"Time: 10 seconds." This race is a record-breaker, for it beats the time recorded a half second. For the sake of computation call it 100 yards in ten seconds; that would be 600 yards in a minute, and on that basis would amount to 36,000 yards per hour, or over twenty miles, so when it was stated that Ysopete made ten miles in thirty-five minutes you can readily see its possibility.

For deviation, the medical magicians now give an exhibition of their wizardness. These performers are the medicine men of the various tribes present; they occupied over an hour in the rendition of the tricks. Of course, it would take too long to give a full account, but here is one performance which merits a write-up, as the newspaper men say.

In the first place, it would be much more comprehensive were it possible to demonstrate the jugglery by the insertion of "Fig. 20" in the work so frequently quoted. The Tshesaqkan is composed of four upright

poles from six to eight feet high, securely planted in the ground so as to make the diameter of three to four feet, around this is wrapped skins to make the interior invisible from without. The medicine man then goes inside and voices some incantations, then a poor woman who has a very sick child knocks on the posts to announce her presence, and tells her tale of woe to the medicine juggler. Then more mystic words and jangling of his "juggler's rattle," which the cut shows to be like a tambourine, then there is a talk between a spirit and the magician (no doubt he is a ventriloquist). After a lot of flummery the child is brought to the medicine man, and here is where the deception comes in: The doctor keeps shaking the rattle and then applies some herbs to the part afflicted, then more chanting and gesticulations, then a tube several inches long made from bone is taken into the mouth of the medicine man which he pretends to swallow, then another tube, until several are supposed to be inside; and now comes the cure, for after going through various contortions and pretended vomiting, finally up comes the various tubes, one after the other, which are by violent motions, as if being thrown off the stomach, and ejected into a bowl, the pains (?) continue until the five or six tubes are finally extracted and lodged in the bowl of water. The notion is by this procedure: the patient has the disease abstracted from his body through that of the juggler. And while the foolishness is going on the "famous and world-wide physician" has several assistants pounding away on medicine drums, so vociferously as to nearly raise the dead or kill the living.

There were many meritorious tricks performed, such as making figures dance, but it was effected by fine thread, being hidden, attached to the dancers; also the snake trick, performed just as mysteriously as it could be now.

But let us proceed with physical instead of mental sports, and watch the canoe races which are about to take place. There are single, double and two-pair races. Both banks of the Kansas river are lined with spectators, for the course is about two miles down the stream and return, which would appear to be a short distance. But not so, as will be concluded when the account is finished. For not only must the contestant be expert in handling the craft, but also a swimmer of power and endurance; for as much will depend on the action of the racer in the water as in the canoe. The first race is the one in which the most numerous numbers are to take part, as this is the one for which Coronado gives the pocket-knife and a lot of unstrung colored beads. There are so many entries that the river is swarming with the racers, and you need not think there was no ingenuity displayed in the construction of this useful and much used means of transportation, for it was the pride of this tribe, who invariably dwelt near a navigable stream, to have a great number of canoes, as it was an easier and quicker way of going distances in pursuit of game, than by any other means. A canoe has already been described, which was made from the carcass of a buffalo, the hair being left outside. But there were many types, and were so light that they did not weigh to exceed twenty-five pounds. Of

course these were for speed and not for service. It is difficult to get a fair start, but it will not matter much in the outcome, for if a canoe was the first to get the lead, he would be the first to upset; therefore many kept back. Let us confine ourselves to one character who is in this race. It is the son of Chief Tatarrax.

He has been schooled by Ysopete how to win the race, and owing to the last named having reached the age when men realize that sometimes a little scheming mixed with physical endurance will prevail over brute power, so our Indian guide had his protege practice many times unseen by anyone the trick by which the son of the chief expected to win the race, they having gone over the course surreptitiously and are cognizant of the favorable spot where to enact the winning card. Young Tatarrax, like many others, has his canoe marked with the insignia of his father, a small bunch of eagle feathers tied to the prow of his bark; the winner is supposed to get to the winning post with his own canoe, therefore it is necessary to recognize each his own. Just one little insinuation is thrown out at this time, which is, that Ysopete has taken a piece of hide and fastened to the bottom of the young chief's canoe; it is about like a handle on a trunk.

At last, after considerable maneuvering they are off, and for a short distance all is well; then the fun begins. Now there are four canoes which forge ahead; one draws away from the other three, but just as his stern is about to pass the second man, he grabs the foremost canoe and tips it over. This canoeist is of course prepared, but it disconcerts him; then there

are three others in the lead, but one of these is about to get ahead and so his craft is toppled; and now two turn and are on the way to the winning place. But now comes twenty or more, who must stop these two sure, so these twenty are all after the two poor fellows, their canoes are even taken possession of, and back to the turning point, so they must return to get them if they wish to be in the race. About twenty are now fairly turned, and the real fun commences. Remember they now have to go up the river, which is a different proposition to coming down, and although everyone of them are like ducks in the water, yet to swim against the current is not like being in a canoe with a good paddle. The different methods of trying to get the lead were numerous; some when upset concluded to discard their paddle and swim, pushing their canoe ahead; others hung on to their paddle notwithstanding they were in the water. When the man without a paddle got an opportunity to clamber into a craft, but had nothing to propel her with, he straddled the thing and used his feet for paddles. Others who had lost their propulsion blade laid down flat and used their hands to forge ahead. But see, there are several who have succeeded in getting away. But here comes a mob of tail enders, who could not resist the temptation to undo them; so all three are left in the water. But it begins to look as though these three are the ones who are in the race, for all are passed now, and they are more than half way on the first half, and now our young Indian begins to contemplate his coup, for he is drawing near the very place where he knows his trick will succeed if he can

only get there without accident. Up to this time he has kept the paddle, for without it he knew he would not be in it; but now the time has about arrived when he must discard that and trust to the success of the Ysopete scheme. He realizes he cannot expect to win by a fair, square paddle, for both the other men are older and stronger; so if his submarine, aquatic scheme should fail he is sure of defeat. So at the proper place he drops the paddle and dives into the water, keeping his fingers on the side of his canoe so as not to lose the location while under the water, having taken the deepest breath in all his life; and now the handle is grasped with one hand and he feels his feet on the beautiful sandy bottom, which is only about four feet deep. So he has to crouch in order to keep his head from coming above the water. But he has practiced this manner of dragging his canoe enough times to convince him of his ability to succeed. This gives him confidence, and now for the effort of his life. One thing practiced and thought of was the necessity of selecting the side where the current of the river was the least, so the young savage felt sure of his ground, having traversed it many times before: so with eyes wide open, of course mouth closed, he ran dragging his canoe after him by the hand hold; by this means he was able to get ahead of the other two who were confounded by the speed of craft without seeing the motive power, and thus lost time, and when he reached the spot agreed upon by him and Ysopete, it being where it was found he could hold his breath to, the faithful guide as pre-arranged was standing in the stream, beating the same

with his hands to make a noise so as to encourage the boy, as well as for another artful purpose, for then up bobs young Tatarra's head and down goes Ysopete, who grabs the handle, keeping the craft steady and on the move, while his young friend is climbing in. The young fellow soon takes in the situation that he is a little ahead, but then both men are making for him, but Ysopete is now doing his little diving act; so away speeds the little thing to the astonishment of the two racers. The plan was well conceived, for Ysopete strained every nerve to drag the canoe, which with both his efforts and the occupant thereof with the paddle she fairly flew over the water, but the wily Indian diver knew when to desist, so with a final, last, extra-powerful pull he released his hold, but instead of coming to the surface ran back as far as he possibly could hold his breath, this being to put the people off the scent as to his conspiracy. About the time our La Subtle Indian gets to the surface, he hears the acclaim of the people, and he is happy to see the successful termination of his well laid plot.

To the credit of the young chief, just as soon as possible he told his father of the good work done by Ysopete, and the old man admonished his son to bring the guide to him, which was done, the chief in private requesting that not another soul be told of what was resorted to for the purpose of winning the race, the main thought in the astute leader's mind was the advantage which would accrue to his boy in the future to advance his being selected as the chief of the tribe. And from that day Ysopete was a marked and favored Indian, all of which was merited.

Those who have read Jules Verne's "Forty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" will allow that the race as described is not near so marvellous as Nero having to dig through the North Pole so as to get his vessel through.

We shall not take up your time with a separate recital of each canoe race, suffice it to say that there were two, four, eight and as high as sixteen paddles to a canoe. All these barks were made from buffalo skins.

At the close of the day's exercises the Spaniards are resting in the cool of the evening, which in Kansas lasts for nearly two hours after the sun goes down; no doubt this is owing to the absence of mountains. And you can rest assured they had numerous visitors, one of which was introduced to Alonso, Coronado and Monte by Ysopete. It was Long Arrow, the Osage, who won the prize. He had asked Ysopete if he would not present him to the Big Chief, so here he is standing erect in the presence of the officers. Ysopete is making them understand the wishes of Long Arrow; i. e., to be permitted to shoot the lightning bow. After speaking with the commander and procuring his permission, Alonso tells Monte to bring his harquebus, which is carefully primed in case of accident, and the party, and of course many spectators, go a short distance from camp, and a target of bones is soon thrown up with the skull of a buffalo on the apex for the thing to be aimed at. The Indian of the "Strong Men" (Osages) is given directions how to handle the weapon, being admonished not to pull the trigger until he sights along the barrel, and standing

but a short distance his shot makes the bones fly, which so tickles the fellow that he jumps and yells like an Indian! Then Ysopete requests Alonso to permit his young chief, Tatarrax, to have a go, so he is likewise accommodated, and manages to bring some splinters. While the big Osage was shooting, Alonso is examining Long Arrow's bow, and when the Indian had gotten through with the firearm Alonso asked him to explain how he was able to pull such an instrument, and the Osage being from Missouri (part of the territory roamed by this tribe was in that state) "showed" how he used same in true Missouri style. Then Alonso sent an arrow from it, as well as the young chief's bow and several others, so as to judge the various instruments.

After the last episode has been concluded, Alonso goes to his tent to rest, but it is not long before he feels a peculiar sensation in his left arm, upon which there is an abrasion of the skin, which was caused by the lariat rope when he caught Jaramillo's horse, and after each minute the pain so increased that he called Monte's attention to it; then Monte went for Ysopete who at once pronounced it poison. Then there was hurrying: for these two last named were intensely solicitous for the welfare of the young man, in fact they idolized him, and now the secret which Monte had communicated to him by the Chief in Cibola is hastily applied to the place where the skin is rubbed off, for it cannot be called a wound, and faithfully do these two friends, in deed as well as in need, care for the young Spaniard, and before the morning sun rises the swelling has gone down and the pain has

ceased, thanks to the prompt and more especially to the valuable antidote in the possession of Monte. The only solution of the cause for the poisoning was, that some of the arrows which Alonso had handled were or had been treated, and sufficient had gotten into the hurt.



SIXTEENTH.

MI CHI NKSHI NANPE.

"*Michi nkshi nanpe mayuzaye, Michi nkshi nanpe mayuzaye,*
Ate heye lo, Ate heye lo,
Inichaghe-kte, Inichaghe-kte,
Ate heye lo, Ate heye lo,
Chanonpa wan chicha-upi, Chano npa wan Chicha-upi,
Ate heye lo, Ate hehe lo,
Cha-yanipi-hta, Cha-yanipi-hta,
Ate heye lo, Ate heye lo."

TRANSLATION:

'My son, let me grasp your hand; my son, let me grasp your hand,
Says the father, says the father.
You shall live, you shall live,
Says the father, says the father.'
I bring you a pipe, I bring you a pipe,
Says the father, says the father.
By means of it you shall live, by means of it you shall live,
Says the father, says the father."

NOTE.—The above lines are Sioux Indian poetry, and are here produced to give a conception of the reverence in which the pipe of peace was held.



THE FOLLOWING morning after the close of the last chapter the commander informed his company that they must continue their journey so as to get back to Tiguex before winter set in, so Chief Tatarrax was informed that they would like to proceed on the following morning, to which the Chief made no objection, but insisted before leaving that the pipe of peace and friendship

must be smoked to seal the good will of both parties and Coronado could do nothing else but acquiesce.

At the appointed time, Coronado, Alonso, Jaramillo, Father Padilla and several officers met a goodly number of natives in a tent or hall. After the formal introduction had been gone through, (Ysopete, acting as interpreter,) there was a large circle formed, each man sitting on the ground (these people had no inlaid or mosaic floors), the natives with their legs crossed in their customary manner. Then Chief Tatarrax called upon the little Osage chief, who had arrived the day before with a large party of warriors; he was a man to be respected, for his tribe combined with the great Osages were more powerful, having a larger number of warriors than the Kansans, thus the reasons for making him the prominent figure, this man being a born leader and no ordinary character, for it was by merit alone that caused his being made chief, as these men of nature knew that a pampered, born-with-a-silver-spoon-in-his-mouth man rarely had the attributes requisite to dominate others. The talk of the Osage, on being translated by Ysopete, was in effect an invitation to visit the chief's villages, pledging his protection to the death. After inquiry by Coronado as to the direction where the chief resided, it was agreed that the country of the Osages should be honored by the presence of the Spaniards. In due time an account of same will be forthcoming, as well as a short history of this remarkable branch of the Kansas tribe.

Other chiefs of the Pawnees, Omahas and Missouri also requested the party to partake of their

hospitality, but except with the Pawnees, which had been already arranged was to be their next stopping place, it was announced that the plans of the expedition would not at that time allow of their remaining in the country long.

While these talks are going on, Chief Tatarrax is preparing the pipe of peace, which, according to the highest authority, holds an important part in the mythology and ritual of almost all our tribes, east and west, and no great ceremony is complete and no treaty was ever ratified without it. It is generally symbolic of peace and truth. As a peace emblem, it was formerly carried by every bearer of a friendly message from one tribe to another, and was smoked in solemn ratification of treaties, the act of smoking being itself in the nature of an oath. Among the prairie tribes, an individual accused of crime is offered the sacred pipe, and if he accepts it and smokes he is declared innocent, as no Indian would dare to smoke it if guilty. The ordinary ceremonial pipe of the prairie tribes is made of the red stone known as catlinite, from the famous pipe-stone quarry in Minnesota, which still retains its name by the city of Pipestone, in the county of the same name in the old country of the "Sioux." One of these catlinite pipes was unearthed near Stockdale, Riley county, Kansas. The only peculiar thing is, it has no holes bored, either for the tobacco or stem. It shows that although the Kansas tribe were many hundred miles from the quarry in Minnesota, yet they had the material for a sacred peace pipe. A cut of the pipe is shown in "Quivira;" also a common pipe made from chalk, ex-

254 TABACUM NOT TOBACCO.
humed at a place on the Big Blue river, plainly shows having been used, thus demonstrating the use of some material for smoking.

Before proceeding with the ceremony, it may be well to dissertate on tobacco and its substitutes. Is it not a fact that invariably Sir Walter Raleigh is given credit for the introduction of the weed into Europe? But the authorities name DeOvildo, a Spaniard, as being the one who first took the seeds to Spain; then Jean Nicot, a Frenchman, in 1560 taught its use to his countrymen, and the word nicotine is derived from his surname. The books give 1560 as the date of its appearance in France, at which time Raleigh was eight years of age: so considering the intercourse between England and France, and that one country is only distant from the other twenty-five miles across the British Channel, it would seem that the honor (if any) is not to be of cloak fame. There are numerous species of tobacco, but the common American plant was grown by the Indians along the Missouri, and the origin of the name is supposed to be from the Indian appellation of "tabacum," which very nearly sounds like the word as now used.

However, in the work so much referred to, it is stated: "Since the introduction of manufactured tobacco, most Indians purchase inferior grades. Plug is preferred, but this is generally mixed with the native product. In former times, leaves of the sumach were used for smoking; the mixture contained tannic acid, which produced bronchial irritation. But among the Indians the bark of the osier and red-wood were frequently used, but when tobacco was to be had, they

mixed part osier bark or red-wood bark, two parts, one of which being put with one of tobacco."

Tatarrax has filled the pipe and handed it to the Osage chief on his right, who lights it, and having taken a few whiffs hands it back; then Tatarrax, without a word, slowly and with great deliberation inhales the smoke. The ceremony is not conducted like an ordinary convivial party of smokers, puffing and blowing it as does a locomotive, but with as much reverence as Christian folks partake of the Eucharist. There is no hurry; and one thing an Indian has to acquire; is, not to moisten the stem, (as we are accustomed to doing). "On gaining a mouthful of smoke, the lips are slightly parted—at either side or toward the corner of the mouth—and air is inhaled so as to mix with and pass down the throat into and filling the lungs. The slight sound of rushing air which is heard forms an essential part of Indian etiquette, for it is indicative of satisfaction and enjoyment. After a moment's suspense the contents of the lungs and air passages are exhaled, the smoke issuing from the mouth as well as in two distinct volumes from the nostrils." After the chief has taken several draws he hands it to the next man on the left (always left), who goes through the same performance until it passes around the circle, and no conversation is permitted except on the business or compact, then in few sentences and in whispers.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Coronado presents a number of presents to the chiefs, which terminated the meeting very happily. Then business is taken up. The commander wishes to go north to fur-

ther examine the country from where Turk has hailed, (Pawnee), this being about seventy-five miles, as learned from the men who lived there; and particularly the leader of the exploration informs the natives that he very much wishes to view the big river told of by both Turk and Ysopete.

Then arrangements are perfected by which the Pawnees agree to guide the party, and Tatarrax details fifty young warriors to act as an escort, with the necessary hunters and dog teams to keep the party supplied with meat, as well as sufficient transportation for the Spaniards' baggage.



LOUIE BAHALE

Taken at Pawnee, Oklahoma in 1908. A Paw-
nee Chief of Band



SEVENTEENTH.

AS IT WAS

Kansas and Nebraska—
Synonym for disaster,
To mortgage plaster
By financial master.

BUT NOW

Her banks are not of sand,
But sound to beat the band:
So cripple her if you can,
Mr. Wall Street Man!

A GOOD JOKE!

The above: "So cripple her if you can, MR. WALL STREET MAN," was written before Thursday, November 7, 1907, on which day all banks in Kansas, and for that matter every bank and trust company in the United States shut down and refused to permit their depositors to draw out to exceed \$5.00 or \$10.00. This was necessitated by the action of the Wall street financiers and New York banks refusing to allow the currency in their vaults being paid out—thus demonstrating the power still wielded by a few men in New York city.

YOU may be sure the next morning all were busy, from the highest to the lowest. The General with orders, but mostly with friendly greetings to the many kind children of the plains with whom he had become acquainted. Chief Tatarrax did everything known to him to

demonstrate his friendship, and so did all the chiefs; it was understood by the chief of the Osage nation that the party after visiting the Pawnees and the Kansans at the city of the Twenty-four should then proceed south on their way home, sojourning for a few days at their Missouri village, one of the homes of the "Strong Men," the strangers being made to understand that they would receive such a reception as never before.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when our people got fairly started, and what with the Pawnees who were returning home, the Omahas, who lived in the same direction as the last named, and a goodly number of Kansans whose abode was in the northeast portion of Quivira, there were others who were so overpowered with curiosity, that, like a boy following soldiers marching with a band, they could not resist the desire to view the wonderful sight as long as possible; and we must not forget the fifty warriors assigned the duty of protecting and guiding the new friends. The hunters had already gone before, it being arranged that they were to have sufficient commissary at the camping place selected for the first evening, which was about three miles east of Louisville, Pottawatomie county, on the Red Vermillion. The route selected was over a country without settlement, so there was abundant game. Camp was reached rather early in the afternoon, because the horses were fresh and there was a well defined trail: so on reaching their destination the first evening, Alonso, in company with Monte and Ysopete, took in the sights as it were. It was new to Alonso to witness a

barbecue, but now he had an opportunity to examine the manner in which the Indians cooked for a large number of people. In the first place, it was amusing to watch some of the hunters bring in a young buffalo on their pole sledges drawn by dogs. To lighten the load the entrails were left behind where the animal was killed. This would reduce the weight about one-half, and with the hide on to keep clean while getting to the evening's rendezvous. Just as soon as the men could, they commenced to skin the animal, and they did it as quick as the modern butcher, (at least, so state the writers), notwithstanding they only had flint knives; but that you may yourself know what was really said along this line of the Kansas Indians when first seen 367 years ago, the following is verbatim from the original: "They cut the hide open at the back and pull it off at the joints, using a flint as large as a finger, tied to a little stick, with as much ease as if working with a good iron tool. They give it an edge with their own TEETH. The quickness with which they do this is something worth seeing and noting." After the animal was skinned, two green skewers about two inches in diameter were pushed through the meat, and it is then ready to be barbecued, which is done by making a ditch in the ground about eight feet long and three feet wide and three deep; then brush and wood is put into the excavation and burnt to red coals, then the big skewers are rested on the ends of the pit, the whole carcass being over the fire. You can rest assured no grill restaurant can make finer flavored meat than is produced by the barbecue process. In the early settlement of Kansas it was a

taking card for the enterprising towns to have a barbecue on the 4th of July, as it would bring Indians fifty miles to be reminded of old times, and after having a good blow-out were willing to entertain the crowd with a dance in true Indian fashion. The bread, or as the early white settlers called it, "corn dodger," (for mind you, the Indians when discovered in America knew nothing of flour,) was made from the flour of the corn and the acorn, instead of the flour of wheat. Although it may not be very good argument to suggest that a horse, cow, hog or chicken will not thrive nearly so well on wheat as they will on corn, yet why will not this hold good with the higher animals? The Spaniards did not take kindly to the aerated, ash-aerated buffalo,—manureated bread would better express the thought,—for the "modus operandi" was to mix the meal, then put it right on top of the hot embers. Now there would be nothing very nasty about this method if wood was used to make the hot coals, but should the surface peat be utilized in the way of chips, then, IF YOU KNEW, the thought of the manner of its being aerated would cut some figure; but if you did not know that chewed grass had been utilized, you might smack your lips and exclaim, as one does when eating a piece of ham smoked with hickory wood, "What a delicious flavor it has!"

While on this day's march numerous towns are seen, but the inhabitants were very much wilder than the Indians, and showed by their actions of having no desire for civilization, much preferring their own manner of architecture and living. These permanent residents of the prairies have some peculiar habits.

Their castles are surrounded by walls; they have sentinels with the eyes of hawks to observe the least thing that is going on, and if you have never witnessed how alert these watchers are, you may take it for granted that they excel even the Indians themselves for quickness of eyesight. These towns even at this period are still numerous, being always built on well drained, sloping land, for the natives are smarter than the whites, and don't propose to have their homes inundated as did the people of old who lived in Mesopotamia. The very name "Mesopotamia" meant "Between the Rivers," or, as the Arabs said, "Al Jesira," The Island: so is there any wonder that when the large rivers Euphrates and Tigris overflowed, that they lost their homes and their lives as well, all except a family named Noah, who had a large barge in which he put all the cattle and animals he could gather up, so as to have a start in life when the flooded district dried up?

But to compare with the province of Quivira, and within a few years previous to 1907: still our people would not pattern after the little denizens of the prairie, but, like the foolish man of old, built their homes upon the sand and mud, so when the floods came their houses washed away. Thus the capital of Quivira, Topeka, and the city of the Wyandottes, Kansas City, and many other burghs have reason to remember the parable of the Great Teacher.

But coming back to the "Lilliputian" towns of the prairie, the occupants of which have original tastes, in that they associate and fraternize with the species commonly designated rattlers, bull, garter and num-

erous other named snakes; and their most original and useful friend is the owl.

Right here you protest and exclaim, "Cease whipping the devil around these towns, and come to the point!" Well, here you are: It is a fact that the prairie dog towns are very numerous; they, like the other natives, cannot abide or live with the new people, so there are not so many of these towns as formerly; it is a fact that they make their abodes isolated from each other, and from appearances it would seem as though each family had its little home, for the mounds or roofs of their houses are very numerous. At every town there are a large number of small owls; their faces and eyes in every way resemble the screech owl, except they are smaller, being about one-half the size of an ordinary owl, and they mostly perch upon a mound, and it is reasonable to presume are on good terms with the dogs. And further, the snakes of the prairies make their dens in the holes with the prairie dogs. Citing C. A. Murray's "Travels in North America," which is a nice description: "Their number is incredible, and their cities, for they deserve no less a name, full of activity and bustle. As soon as the hand is raised to a gun they pop into their holes with amazing rapidity." They are about the size of squirrels, and somewhat resemble them. They have a kind of bark like a dog.

Not only did the party see dog towns, but game and game. There were not as many buffalo right here; the herds were small; but elk, deer, turkeys, prairie chickens, not considering the carnivorous wolves, bears, wild cats, opossums and badgers were

very numerous. How could it be otherwise when it is authoritatively stated by a gentleman who was where Manhattan stands, and says the blue stem was so tall that he could tie it over his head; so it must have been over six feet high; and where such grass grows it is certain to be a paradise for game.

From near Louisville the party next day got up to the Vermillion near Onaga, Pottawatomie county. The map will convince you what a natural route it was. The distance covered on this second day is about twenty miles. Any one who may have been on the prairies, especially in the locality where our party is camped, will say Amen! to the statement that a July evening here is as salubrious and enjoyable as any place; and while enjoying the evening's rest before retiring, Alonso and Monte stroll on top of a bluff adjoining the river and entertain each other with their thoughts. To confess the truth, Alonso seemed as though he must commune with some one about the woman who is ever uppermost in his thoughts, so while reclining on nature's carpet he, as it were, emptied his receptacle of thoughts upon Monte, and felt better for so doing. Usually it is manly and courageous to keep one's counsel and thoughts to himself when in love, but at times a man or woman will become so overbalanced with the ever-present subject that it becomes oppressive, and like a business man in financial straits it does good to unbosom one's longing or fears to a friend in whom you have confidence; so Alonso, having implicit faith in the young Motecuhoma, commences his conversation in the following manner: "Monte, you will not consider me a milk

sop for my talking with you about my dear lady, but I need not ask that question, for I know you too well for that. O Monte! I love her so much that I sometimes am afraid of becoming unbalanced because of the constant thinking of her; if I could only see her for a few minutes so as to press her sacred lips to mine! Do you know, Monte, since the tournament, after which by the rules of chivalry I was entitled to the smiles and presence of her of my choice, and yet to be so far away' My God! I thought my head would split open the night of that affair, for it seemed the list brought up to my vision the many passages of arms which I have witnessed since a boy, and when the time is reached when by custom I am entitled to at least a pressure of the hand from my beautiful queen—well, well, O God! please give me strength to stand erect like a man and not allow one thought of doubt to pass my brain, for I am sure she will be faithful to me, as You are witness to my honor and reverence for her. Keep her, protect her for both our sakes, for Father, it is Your guidance and strength that has protected my body and soul up to this time, for which accept my thanks from the bottom of my heart; and you KNOW WHETHER I deserve Your protecting hand to sustain me while going through the awful mental ordeal, and Lord, speak to her so that she may be comforted and not depressed in spirits as I have been for many days."

And then the poor fellow broke down and sobbed, but the gates of the brain had been opened by his friend on earth and the Greater One above. Without speaking a word, Monte took his friend's both hands

in his, and with a pressure that spoke louder than words raised him to his feet and directed him toward the camp; and that night for the first time in several weeks Alonso slept like a laboring man, who has some one else to do the thinking.

And now the third day's march is on, and the expedition has only five miles to go when it will be out of the county named after the emigrant tribe of Kansas Indians, which tribe formerly hunted in the neighborhood of Chicago. The name signifies "Brave Men," or Pottawatomies. They helped the French to defeat Braddock; were at the fall of Quebec, on the Plains of Abraham and allied themselves with the British in the war of 1812. They were the principals in the Fort Dearborn (Chicago) massacre in 1812, where the Americans agreed to evacuate on being allowed to leave unharmed, to which the Indian besiegers agreed, but after they were on the march the Indians attacked and killed a large number; the others were made slaves; also they were with Pontiac, the chief of the Ottawas, helping the French to whip the Iroquois nation of Indians, and still later took part with Tecumseh at the battle of Tippecanoe, it being Kehtipaquonank, or "The Great Clearing" as it was called by them, but which has been corrupted to Tippecanoe.

The name of Braddock has been mentioned above, and so unusual is the following incident that you will no doubt excuse taking up your time in its recital:

"The Virginia provincials, under Washington, by their knowledge of border warfare and cool courage alone saved the day. Braddock was himself mortally

wounded by a provincial named Fausett, A brother of the latter had disobeyed the silly orders of the General, that the troops should not take positions behind the trees, whereupon Braddock rode up and struck him down. Fausett, who saw the whole transaction, immediately drew up his rifle and shot him (Braddock) through the lungs."

Formerly the Pottawatomie reservation took in part of the county of that name, but now their diminished reservation is a square block of land eleven miles square in Jackson county, the north line being only about three miles south of the city of Holton; the number given as residing thereon being 462.

Again, before leaving the Pottawatomie history let it be cited: "From the time of the arrival of the Pottawatomies at their new home in Kansas they lived at peace with the government, and had no difficulty with the neighboring tribes, except in 1850, when, on account of frequent depredations committed by the Pawnee tribe, the Pottawatomies declared war against them. • The first engagement between the warriors of the two tribes was on the east side of the Blue river, near the Rocky Ford, and on territory now included within the limits of Pottawatomie county. In this engagement the Pottawatomies were victorious, and compelled the Pawnees to retreat west to Chapman creek; here the Pawnees rallied, and here was fought a fierce and bloody battle. Some of the Pottawatomie braves displayed great valor and won for themselves great fame as warriors among the members of their tribe; one of the braves, Now-quah-ge-zhick, particularly distinguished himself by daring

feats of bravery and the number of scalps of the enemy which he took in battle. The Pottawatomies came off victorious, and forever after lived in peace.

Although the north line of the county just traversed is passed, yet history states that Nemaha was formerly a part of the Pottawatomie and Fox reservation. The hunters have arranged to camp on the Nemaha river near the present town of Kelly. Looking at the large local map it is discovered that the creeks run nearly north and south, and it is frequently discussed that the Nemaha heads near Corning, Nemaha county, and runs north for twenty-four miles before it turns east to get into the Missouri, whereas the Red Vermillion heads within a mile of the Nemaha and runs south. Again, the Nemaha runs directly north for twenty-four miles, and at the point where it reaches the Nebraska line it is only a few hundred feet from the same range line where it heads, so it must have been the natural trail, and those who traversed this country fully comprehend what a fine way it makes. The party passed today an interesting elevation, which is reached very gradually from the north or south; i. e., where the city of Corning is located, nearly due west of Atchison about fifty-six miles, and is the highest point between the Missouri river and the city of Waterville, which is 100 miles west of the great river named: so while the party were going up the Red Vermillion to its head, it only took a few minutes for them to reach the head of the Nemaha, when they would go down stream. Not a thing occurs to mar the progress of the expedition, so they are again wending their way north, and

now the Pawnees begin to meet them; for runners have carried the news of the approach of the party. It is quite early in the morning of the fourth day out of Manhattan when they reach the present location of Seneca, Nemaha county, and where the great overland route is crossed. Speaking of this great highway brings many incidents to mind; for instance, it was in the year 1842, it is claimed, that the first authorized Government expedition passed through the county. It was Fremont, who was south of Sabetha, thence west to Baker's Ford nine miles north of Seneca, then northwest to the northwest corner of the county. Two years after Fremont passed through, the Mormon pioneers took the same route on their way from Nauvoo, Hancock county, Illinois, which city the Mormons founded in the year 1838. This city now has about 2,000 population. The cause of the Mormons desiring to get away from everybody was the fact of the bad treatment of the "roughs," who hung Joseph Smith in 1844. It was in February, 1846, when a large party crossed the ice-bound Mississippi in Iowa, but in July, 1847, Brigham Young himself reached Salt Lake City, and the next year the exodus of the balance of the people took place.

In 1854, men now living settled near Seneca, and it has been handed down as perfectly authentic that a numerous party of Mormons camped on the largest lake in Nemaha county, or for that matter anywhere else near, it containing thirty to forty acres, and owing to there being an epidemic among them they drained the Murphy Lake to get the fish, and to this day the ditch where they dug can be plainly traced.

Also for many years the graves showed where the dead were buried on the sloping ground. It is conceded that the '49ers came this way to reach California, and in April, 1850, Major Ogden, quartermaster at Fort Leavenworth, with an escort of some Kickapoo guides, laid out a road northwesterly to a point behind Seneca to intersect the road from St. Joseph, Missouri, at the crossing of Big Blue river, now Marysville.

From 1849 until the building of the Union Pacific and other railroads, the overland route to the west was via Nemaha county, and for fifteen years this road was traveled to such an extent that it is no trouble to follow same through the cultivated farms because of the deep ruts left, and at some places the road is visible for several hundreds of feet in width. This was the mail route used by the Government. Along this road it was that Mark Twain rode with Monks and Bob Ridley (Bob Sewell), the renowned drivers, and a few boys, who are now old men, rode Pony Express through the towns of Hiawatha in Brown county, and Granada and Seneca in Nemaha county, thence on west to Marysville. When the trains of wagons were proceeding over this road there would be miles and miles of wagons and oxen, taking hours in going through the place where the city of Seneca now stands. Occasionally there would be a mule team, but nearly all the wagons were drawn by oxen. There was a road which came from Leavenworth, but it struck the government highway at the Seven Mile house; i. e., seven miles from Atchison, and the road from St. Joseph switched onto the main route at

last night's camping ground, and although our party knew just where they were making for, yet now it would be admitted there is doubt, for the Quivira Historical Society have not explored this region, but after careful examination of Marquette's and DuTis-senet's maps, and from what can be dug up from the records, our party will continue due north until the main branch of the Nemaha river is reached near Table Rock, Pawnee county, Nebraska. So our party will be compelled to stop for the night, as they have come a strong twenty miles and it is still about eight miles to the village where they are about to stop. There are plenty of sight-seers, for has not the news spread more than it would by telegraph? Not a soul in the country but knew of the approach of the wonderful strangers. It is no trouble for Alonso to procure corn for his horse, or rather for Monte and Ysopete to bargain for it. Before leaving Manhattan, Alonso made up his mind that Babieca should be fed right up to the handle, as he resolved to use him for some stiff work if an opportunity is afforded, as well as to fit him to stand the long trip home, for Coronado has privately intimated to his lieutenant that he is going to make as fast time as possible on their return.

Bright and early the next morning, the host, for it had reached numbers which entitled it to such a term, began its short journey, and here is what took place: "When we arrived within about three miles of the village, we were requested to remain, as the ceremony of receiving the Kansas warriors as well as the other Indians into the towns was to be performed there. There was a small circular spot, clear of

grass, before which the visiting tribes set down. We were a small distance in advance of the Indians. The Pawnees then advanced within a mile of us, then halted, divided into two troops and came on each flank at full charge, making all the gestures and performing the maneuvers of a real war charge. They then encircled us around, and the chief advanced to the center and gave us his hand. His name was Characterick. He was accompanied by his two sons and a chief by the name of Iskatappe. The Indians were still seated; but the "Belle Oisean" (orator) then arose and came forward with a pipe and presented it to the chief, who took a whiff or two from it. We then proceeded on, the chief, Coronado, Alonso, Jaramillo and Father Padilla; the troop, baggage and servants followed in the rear with the Pawnees each side, running races, etc. When we arrived on the hill above the town we were again halted, and the Indian visitors seated themselves in a row, when each Pawnee who intended so to do presented whatever desired to the members of the other tribes, and when a present was made a pipe was also given, the recipient smoking same."

The foregoing is changed a little, for it is the language of Lieutenants Pike and Wilkinson, September 25, 1806, when they visited the Pawnees, and the Osages were the tribe that escorted Pike and Wilkinson. The Pawnees gave eight horses to the visiting Osages at that time. All the authorities say the Pawnees had a different dialect from any other of the trans-Missouri Indians, so Ysopete could only use the sign language common to all Indians. Do you note

the similarity in the names of the Chief Iskatappe and our guide?

Poor Ysopete! how anxious he is getting to see his people, and he is only sixty-five miles from home. Alonso has procured his freedom from the general, and the faithful fellow is no longer a slave, and can leave when he sees fit; but he tells his kind friends that he prefers to remain with them until the City of the Twenty-four is reached, and this is appreciated, as he can act as interpreter when the Kansas tribe is visited at the City of the Twenty-four.

The map made by Father Marquette 132 years after Coronado was in Kansas shows four villages within thirty miles (estimated) of each other. The westernmost is named "Pahatet." (Although a powerful magnifying glass was used to decipher the name on the map, yet there is doubt; the "Pah," or first three letters are plain, but the "a" may be something else; the next letter, "i," is all right; but the last, which is called "t," may perhaps be "i." This explanation is given for educational purposes.) The next town east of the last named is "Maha," then "Pana," and nearest the Missouri "Tontanta." The four towns range nearly in a line east and west. The map made by Du Pratzs, eighty-four years after the reverend father's, only gives "Panis, Mahas or White Panis," in about the same locality as the first four named. This is further west; this same map also designates the district around where these two towns are situated as the "Country of the Panis." From a reliable source it is found that the Kansas Indians' name for the Republican river was "Pa-ne-ne-

tañ," or Pawnee river, but whether the "tañ" means river, it cannot be stated; but it can plainly be seen where the word "Pana" or "Panis" came from. "White Panis," as marked on the map, is about equidistant between the Arkansas and Kansas rivers; but the Republican being a continuation of the Kansas explains this. The last named town is located due north of the bend in the Arkansas. This would make it at the forks of the North and South Solomon rivers, near the west line of Mitchell county. Also, the French priest's map shows a village of "Paniassa" at about the same place.

But considering what Pike and Wilkinson have in their official report to the Government, wherein they say on September 29, 1806, they were at the Pawnee village on the Republican, and held a council with this tribe, and the location is given as being near the present site of Scandia, in Republic county; this would only be about forty miles northwest of the forks of the Solomon river, so in all probability it was in this locality where a branch of the tribe flourished; and mind you, those early maps, taking all things into consideration, were fairly accurate. Turk, whom we have mentioned before, was a Pawnee according to the book. It was so conjectured, to use the language as given: "Thinks this was due to the manner in which he wore his hair, characteristic of certain branches of the Pawnees." There can be no controversy relative to the significance of the word "Pani," for numerous authorities state that in Indian it means "Horn," and refers to the peculiar manner in which the Pawnees dressed their hair, making the

hair by the aid of pigments to resemble a horn on the crown of their head. What that style of hair-dressing was is not stated. This naturally brings up the custom of many tribes having their hair clipped so as to leave a tuft at the top for the fellow who got an opportunity to grasp the same, thus making a good hand-hole while running the knife around the man's crown who is to lose his scalp. After careful research there cannot be found anything which throws light upon the origin of scalping. It would seem that if it was resorted to in 1540-1541, the Spaniards would have mentioned, because there were frequent opportunities for Indians to take scalps. With all due respect for our own race, it looks a little as though they themselves originated the brutal practice. This conclusion is arrived at after reading the following, which no doubt is reliable:

"Scalping, the act peculiar to North American Indian warfare of partly cutting, partly tearing off a piece of the skin of the head, with the hair attached; whether the victim is alive or dead at the time does not effect the operation. The Indians, with whom scalps are the trophies of victory, have always left a long lock or tuft on the scalp as a challenge. Bounties have in American history more than once been offered for scalps. In 1724, £100 (about \$500) was offered by Massachusetts for Indian scalps; in 1754, during the French and Indian War, a bounty was offered by the French for British scalps, and by the colonies for Indian scalps; in 1755, Massachusetts offered £40 for every scalp of a male Indian over twelve years of age and £20 for scalps of women and children."

What do you think of that? Is there any wonder there were a lot of thugs, yes thugs, real Indian ones, not the "red" Indians however, but the type which flourished until recently in the East Indies, and who for many years, it is said, were licensed or winked at by the East Indian Company and the British Government to kill any stranger passing through their district! But even these East Indian thugs spared females, which seems more than what the great State of Massachusetts did.

Suppose our Government should offer a prize of \$500 for every Filipino scalp which could be procured, why there are yet a class of men who would rush over to the Philippines and go to man-hunting, and then they would be heroes! One more thought: Out west here, it is very common now for counties to pay a bounty for wolf scalps. One dollar is about the average price, and it has been known for men to watch the wolves and protect them in their lairs until they had their three to six cubs, and when they were old enough so as the scalp would unmistakably show wolf, the hunter would then kill the young ones, but permit the mother to escape so as to raise another litter. Again, why is it that the head of the Indian was not demanded for the \$500? Just because it would take too much labor for a man-hunter to pack a few heads, whereas the hair of the Indian was so pronounced, that there could be no possible mistake, for it is always a deep black color, and so unlike a white man's.

But returning to our expedition. It was comfortably situated, and arrangements with the chief of the

Pawnees were made for the morrow's entertainment, for he having heard of the doings in Chief Tatarrax's villages could not permit the strangers to be slighted; but Coronado had informed the chief that he could only remain two days, as he must hurry the men homeward, and begged to be excused from partaking in any of the sports. But the chief thought it unfriendly: so the commander was compelled as a matter of policy and courtesy to do something: so it was agreed the second day should be when they were to entertain the natives. But Coronado felt he had no more struts other than already given, hence had to counsel with the whole of the troop so as to arrange a program.



EIGHTEENTH.

We are now over the fortieth parallel,
Which divides Nebraska from hell,
Where black Abolitionists did dwell,
Watched over by Brown so well;
While Missourians did cuss and swell,
When overrunning the territory pell-mell,
Waiting for the liberty bell to tell
War is ended and slavery as well.

NEBRASKA is called in Indian "Water Valley or Shallow Water." And how appropriate it is, as will be seen from the nature of the Platte river, which nearly cuts the State in two, and of most of the streams emptying into it. The Platte must be over 500 miles long. It runs from the west line until it empties into the Missouri on the east; the State being 420 miles in length. The name "Nebraska" is a beautiful one and is musical besides being very applicable, for the Platte river is very wide and shallow to a certain extent; and still, since it is a waterway which drains over one-half of the State, at times it is mighty deep instead of shallow. During the overland travel it was always dreaded by the freighters, owing to its treacherous quicksand, and many a wagon was lost while trying to ford it.

In 1854, the Kansas and Nebraska Bill was in everyone's mouth, as the saying goes, and was the forerunner of the Pro- and Anti-Slavery party, Know-nothing-ism, etc., all ending in war. Kansas was carved out of Nebraska in this bill.

Now on this fine July morning the Pawnees and visiting Indians are astir early, getting ready for the day's celebration. The Spaniards are taking it easy, as they are to be entertained. It has been discovered that the horses gave most satisfaction to the natives, and on that account it has been arranged for twenty-five to be ridden by Indians in a race, and the general offering as a reward an iron kettle which he concludes to discard in order to lighten the baggage, since he is beginning to make calculations for a flying trip homeward; and another thing, he discovers that presents are getting scarce, and he has yet two of the principal cities to visit, and he knows for practical use this stew pan will be quite an acquisition. It has been suggested to the chief to have the horse race first, in the cool of the morning. The chief had requested Coronado to arrange how the racing shall be conducted. It is young chief Tatarrax who has command of his father's fifty warriors, and as you know, he and Ysopete are great chums, so Ysopete on the road has secured permission of Alonso to let the young Indian ride the pack mule in order that he may acquire the art; and many times Alonso has invited the young fellow to take a ride on Babieca. So he is the best, in fact the only rider, among the natives.

Acting upon a suggestion run across in an old

work treating of Indians, wherein it is stated it was common for them to run down a deer, averring the method being to follow as close in their wake as possible, but taking advantage of the circling of the animal, which saved the man many miles of travel, for all wild game have their home and will not run away from it, those who have hunted wolves on the prairie with hounds can tell you about ten miles is a good average, although it has been known for a wolf to run nearly forty miles away from his lair, about sun-up in the morning there were let loose four young deer, each having a collar around its neck with a private mark put thereon, in fact the commander has scratched on the leather "His Majesty, the King of Spain." The arrangement is a go-as-you-please affair, but owing to the endurance it took there were not many who cared to undertake it.

It has been before suggested that Ysopete was, like his white tutors, getting to be quite a schemer, and wishing his young townsman to be again honored exercises his brain in the interest of his protege. He has got the young fellow to agree to make the trial, and Ysopete has arranged with an acquaintance of his, whom he knows to be a man for the task, to assist the young resident of the city of the Twenty-four in capturing the fawn, it being agreed that Ysopete is to remunerate the assistant runner, and the young fellow is to have the prize of a large butcher knife.

And now the plan is all arranged, which is about as follows: Ysopete has learned that one of the fawns has only been snared about two days back, and ascertains the locality where captured; he reasons

that the young thing would run for its old pasture and would not leave it very far. Of course, they could not foretell which direction any of the animals would take, so a code of signals was agreed upon between the young man and his assistant, Ysopete furnishing the brains. One signal was, that no matter how far away, if seen with their two arms raised over their heads, they would know each other, it being understood that just as soon as the run was discovered, they should take turn about so as to keep up a racing pace.

Now the four deer are free. The one spotted by the two runners, who we are to follow, took a contrary direction to the other three and seemed to know where it was going; the others ran together and were followed by the chasers, but our two men who will be followed made straight after the one. Of course, the young thing went like the wind, but our brace of Indians are running together, keeping their eagle eyes on the wild thing. Finally it reaches the locality of its capture, but cannot find the herd; now it begins to circle, and the older Indian instructs the other to make a cut-off to meet the bounding deer: so off goes our young fellow, the other reducing his pace to a walk, but making calculations where he can nearest strike the circle. Now the animal is about to pass at least three miles away, but now is his time to run, so he begins a swinging trot until he reaches rising ground, then he falls prostrate to the ground; this means for the other to stop running, and finally observing the young man has seen the signal, then off he goes; but mind you, not directly in a line toward the now bewil-

dered creature, but making allowance for the circling. This is kept up for several hours; all the time the poor thing is losing courage and strength, until about one hour after high noon our two men get together and conclude it is time to make the final dash, which is done, and they have the deer at bay. The next thing is to kill it, for it is no easy task to catch a two-thirds matured deer, yet more a strong, vigorous one, for their front feet strike like sharp-pointed steel, and so powerful are they that if a man does not use care or is not exceptionally strong he will surely get the worst of it. So it is arranged that one shall pretend to be trying to catch it by the horns, which also are bad things to contend with; but while the one is getting the attention in front, the other is to grab the hind legs and pull them off the ground; the plan succeeds, and they have the collar or trophy. They are about eight miles from home, but the two men are fresh and game as if only just started out, and they must hasten so as to be first and thus get the prize.

While they are running toward home, a few lines will be devoted to a known incident in Jackson county, Kansas, twenty-five years ago. There was about four inches of snow on the ground; a farmer going toward home in his lumber wagon observed a deer coming across a field toward him. He got out of his wagon, having in mind he might succeed in getting hold of the animal; the deer jumped one fence and then crossed the road, and in jumping a wide ditch failed to light on the opposite bank, which being slippery caused it to slide to the bottom of the washout. Our farmer then jumped on the deer, and the struggle

commenced; but after a good deal of wallowing over the snow, and having his clothes rift like ribbons, he finally succeeded in cutting the animal's throat with his pocket knife. This man who accomplished the feat was no "green" man, but a sturdy, bull dog of a fellow, otherwise he would not have succeeded.

You may be sure the crowd is watching the deer runners whenever an opportunity is offered, so when our two are observed approaching, waving the collar, there goes up a shout rarely heard on the prairie in those days; and soon our two men arrive, the older man giving the younger one the credit for the capture.

While the deer chasing was progressing, the horse racing and other sports are going on.

To spin out the program, it is arranged to have three races, with eight horses in two and nine in the third; then the three winners are to see which gets the pot. It has been agreed that the Pawnee chief should select the twenty-five riders, and of course he cannot slight young Tatarrax, and racing like, he gets a winning horse, for Ysopete has procured the assent of his young master to let his young chief have the fastest horse in the herd. These three races will not be described, as it is about the same as before; but the ceremonial dance would like to be given in full as described in the government work. It requires more space than such a story as this would justify, but our flying expedition were regaled with a display which caused many of the party who were members of secret orders in Spain to wonder. Readers may doubt the truth of there being a secret order in Quivira at the date of our narrative, but in 1720 to 1769, the great

chief of the Ottawas was the High Priest of a secret order, and to bear this out the book is cited: "To Pontiac must be ascribed the highest position among the leaders of the Algonquin race. Born the son of a chief, he became in turn the chief of his own people, the Ottawas, whom it is said commanded on the occasion of Braddock's defeat. For this or other services in behalf of the French he had received marks of distinguished consideration from Montcalm himself. By reason of his natural ability, his influence was felt and respected wherever the name of his tribe was spoken, while to his dignity of chief he added the sacred character of high priest of the powerful secret order of the Mide." The dance of the secret order which took place in the year 1541 was made up of eight divisions, each division doing its strut as required in battle. "Those who were not enrolled in some one of the eight orders were held in but little respect."

The first degree were the young entered apprentices, like the Masons, or perhaps pages in the Knights of Pythias would be a better term, comprising the young men. The second is passed, but the third order was important. They were the "Club Men." Their dance was called "Hichaaqawee," and were all men in the prime of life. They carried notched clubs; their province was to mimic an attack; these club men dash at the enemy, and although they hold the most dangerous position, yet there were always more applicants than could be accommodated, and the work says there were deaths in the third degree, but none ever resigned. Then there was the sixth degree, or "Dog Men." They had rattles, which no doubt an-

swered for the drums, fifes and bugles as now used in battle. There were other sports, such as wrestling, jumping, etc., enough to make up a long celebration, but the day's pleasure must be ended. The officers and men of the troop are getting tired of exerting themselves in the warm, enervating July sun, and because there has ceased to be any fear of attack, and no likelihood of reward, for there is no metal of any description among the natives, except once in a while a trinket is seen from copper, which no doubt came from the lake country, but they must not appear to neglect the Pawnee chief, as he might take offense.

The time has again arrived for the Europeans to entertain nature's children, so the party has racked their brains for a change of program; but the first thing done is to march in a body, the footmen bringing up the rear, the whole being led by Father Padilla, who leads on foot, carrying a large cross (he always walked), which he made from some deer leg bones. The troop made the best appearance possible, and drew up before the chiefs in regular military style. The priest knelt down and asked a blessing, then Coronado advanced toward the chief and presented him with some articles, it being hard for the commander to procure appropriate presents, for they were getting scarce, so he concludes to begin to part with some of the personal equipment, and upon making requisition upon all his men he has found many articles could be spared without injury to the enterprise; some have a ring, others an extra dagger, others flint and steel; then there are clothes that are not needed because of the extreme heat, so the chief is given two

rings, which are really valuable, having settings in them! These are placed on the fingers of the chief, then a cloak with a red lining, and several other important men are given clothing, all of which pleases the Indians, but a dagger is what gives the Pawnee the greatest satisfaction. In turn the Spaniards are presented with several beautiful robes, some colored feathers, as well as a gaudy head-gear; this the chief insists putting on the head of Coronado, standing back to admire the showy thing. Of course, the aristocratic soldier felt as though he was a popinjay, and got an excuse as soon as possible to remove the gewgaw.

For the amusement of the natives, about the same things were gone through as at Manhattan, but just a little change to make up for the tournament that was not given. The Spaniards were among the finest horsemen in the world at that time, as now their descendants are, for the Mexican at present is the peer, if not excelling any other people, not excepting the Arabs. The reason for the Spaniards being such proficient horsemen was owing to the Moors and Arabs having control of affairs of Hispaniola from 711 till the fall of Grenada in 1492, or over 700 years.

One thing done to make up the day's program was for ten horsemen, all experts with the rope, to enter a large ring formed by the spectators, and each try to lasso the other, it being understood that care should be taken to avoid accidents. Each man was on the alert, but owing to all of the horses having been unbroke, except Alonso's, who was one of the ten, when the expedition started, our hero had such an

advantage that the other nine were not "in the game," for Alonso with his well-trained horse could do about as he liked; and being of a kindly and jovial mould he caused considerable laughter, in which the contestants themselves joined, for they plainly saw the superiority of the young lieutenant. A certain trick was resorted to by Alonso as a ruse to outwit the others, and Babieca had been drilled and drilled in the following trick more than any other, for the young knight expected to be obliged to utilize it in battle some time: He would pretend to retreat from an enemy, but at the right moment a word and a grip of the thighs and a motion of the body, the horse would swerve aside so suddenly as to surprise the pursuer, and Alonso would bring his horse so as to be really chasing the chaser. By this method Alonso could invariably inflict punishment without much danger to himself, and further, his horse was so trained that just as soon as the purpose of his master was accomplished he would proceed on the same course originally being taken before the swerve. Thus, with this movement several of the men were fooled, getting the noose over their body before they knew it. This rope-throwing is no modern invention, for history tells that in India a sect known as "thugs," or "people who use the noose," has flourished from time immemorial, and should a devotee succeed in throwing a noose over the head of a horseman and in strangling his victim, he was claimed as a hero; but the usual method was for three to tackle a mounted man.

Another sport of the day was the running on a fast gallop, the rider reaching down while going on a

dead run and picking up some article; the most important thing is to be sure and have the cinches tight, for otherwise when the reach is made for the object, the saddle may turn and then the best rider in the world would lose his balance.

But let us desist from further recital along the line of sports, and conclude this chapter with a brief account of the Pawnees: Is it not a remarkable thing that these people speak a different language from any other known tribe? Does it not cause the query: Where did they come from? Were they or the Kansas or Osages first to occupy Quivira? None of the interrogatories can be answered. The first mention of the Pawnees was by Coronado; then after 132 years Father Marquette tells of them, but very little of their history is known. Quoting from the work much used in the preparation of this book, the 14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, the following will demonstrate the fact that they took part in things: "In the early part of 1800, during the constant wars of the Indians, several of the Wisconsin tribes were in the habit of making captives of the Pawnees, Osages and Missouris, and these were consigned to servitude. The Menomonees had Pawnee slaves. Although called Pawnees, there were to my knowledge three Osages, two Missouris, who were slaves but called Pawnees." It should also be mentioned that Mas-caw, a Pawnee, was not treated or regarded as a slave, for he married a chief's daughter. In the 18th century in Canada, the term "Pani" meant slave, and was like the use of the word "nigger." As you may know, "Pani" means Pawnee. There is no doubt but

that the Sioux were the ones who captured them, as from all accounts these two tribes were eternally at war; in fact it appears that the hand of every tribe was raised against them, but they held their own as long, if not longer than any other tribe. In 1719 a French lieutenant named Dutione was among this people and says: "I was well received among the Osages. Having explained my intention of going to the Paneoussas (Pawnees), they answered me well in everything that regarded themselves, but opposed my going among the Panis; so I proposed that they let me take three guns for myself and interpreter, to which they consented. In four days I was among the Panis, where I was badly received, owing to the fact that the Osages had made them believe that our intention was to entrap them and make them slaves. On that account they twice raised the tomahawk above me, but when they learned the falsehoods of the Osages, and saw the bravery which I showed them when they threatened me, brutal as these men are, they consented to make an alliance, and treated me very well. I traded them my three guns, some powder, pick axes and a few knives for two horses and a mule, marked with a Spanish brand. I proposed to them to let me pass through to the Padoucahs. To this they were much opposed, as they are deadly enemies."

Government Surveyor McCoy tells some of his experiences with the early Indians of Kansas. He was running lines in 1829. The paper from which the following is copied is in the archives of the Kansas State Historical Society at Topeka: "On our way

to Cantonment, Leavenworth, to procure our escort and supplies, we passed the Shawnee council-house, which was a few miles out from the Missouri State line, south of the Kansas river. There we found a company of thirty-five Kaw Indians engaged in a council with the Shawnees. The latter invited my father to attend the council. This he was glad to do, as our work would lead us near the Kaw villages, and it was necessary that my father should give some explanation of his design in surveying in order to avoid exciting their jealousy and exposing us to danger. There was ground for precautionary measures. The Kaws and Pawnees were hereditary enemies, and at this time were at war, or more correctly speaking, in their never-ending contest to ascertain which could steal the most horses and scalps from the other. A party of Kaws had recently stolen nine horses from the Pawnees, and two other parties were at this very time out on like expeditions. As much of our work lay between these two tribes, we were liable to find ourselves between two fires as it were. We had reason to fear that if the Kaws should not succeed to their satisfaction, in their descent upon the Pawnees, they might endeavor to make up for their lack of plunder from our party; and if they should succeed in their incursion upon the Pawnees, the latter might follow them, and be led on to us with a like disposition to make up for their losses. In view of our possible danger from the Pawnees, at the request of my father, Major John Dougherty, their agent, had the goodness to send an express to invite their chiefs into a council at Fort Leavenworth. This precaution

was the more necessary, as our surveying expedition would take us far out upon that portion of the buffalo plains frequented by the Pawnees in their hunting excursions. Indeed, we were to pass through a portion of the Republican valley not very far from where the Pawnees long had a permanent village, the seat of the Pawnee republic, and which they had but a few years previous to the time of which I am speaking abandoned, removing to the Platte valley in Nebraska. Major Dougherty appointed a council with the Pawnee chiefs, to be held at Fort Leavenworth on the 24th of September, 1830.

“The Pawnees ranged west of the Big Blue to what is now Norton county, south along the Republican, and north to and beyond the Platte. Their villages were on the Platte and Loup fork. Their war parties took wide range. They were at war with all the wild tribes in the plains: the Comanches and Kiowas on the south; the Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux on the west and northwest. Though not numbering near so many as their opponents, except the Arapahoes, they defended themselves so successfully that the enemy rarely got away without leaving some scalps. They were also the worst Indians the whites had to contend with on the northern overland trail. Though they would not attack well-armed parties, they were dangerous stock thieves, and the guards always doubled when the Big Blue was crossed. After having passed the Pawnees some forty miles west of Fort Kearney, traveling was quite safe. Though they were numerous and powerful, the overland emigration with their immense flocks and herds were not

molested by the Sioux and Cheyennes for the five hundred miles through their country from the years '49 to '54.

"During the summer of 1850 and the year following, immigration to California and Oregon was immense. In 1850 the cholera swept away many men, women and children, and hundreds of bodies were torn from their shallow graves by the wolves. The Pawnees were untiring in their depredations, and a few people were killed. Dragoons patrolled the road from thirty miles west of Fort Kearney to one hundred miles east, and rendered every assistance possible, at one time following a large war party through what is now Washington, Republic, Jewell, Smith, Phillips and Norton counties. The action of Major Chilton in command of his troop and of Fort Kearney in '49 and '50 was so vigorous that the Pawnees gave very little trouble afterwards."

Missionary Dunbar, who for many years was with the Pawnees, is the authority for the following awful episode:

"In 1837 it was about seed time, and they had thus sought to obtain a plentiful harvest. (I shall here give the substance of the most detailed account of the cruel torture of a young Sioux maiden.) The young girl who had been captured was only aged fifteen; after having been well treated and fed for six months, under pretense that a feast would be prepared for her at the opening of the summer season, she felt rejoiced when she saw the last days of winter roll by. The day fixed upon for the feast having dawned, she passed through all the preparatory cere-

monies, and was then arrayed in her finest attire; after which she was placed in a circle of warriors, who seemed to escort her for the purpose of showing her deference. Besides their wonted arms, each one of these warriors had two pieces of wood which he had received at the hands of the maiden. The latter had on the previous day carried three posts, which she had helped to fell in the neighboring forest; but supposing that she was walking to a triumph, and her mind being filled with the most pleasing idea, the victim advanced toward the place of her sacrifice with those mingled feelings of joy and timidity which, under similar circumstances, would naturally be excited in the bosom of a girl of her age.

“Their march was rather long, the silence was interrupted only by religious songs and invocations to their Master of Life, so that whatever effected the senses tended to keep up the deceitful delusion, which began to vanish and her eyes were opened to the fate that awaited her. How great must have been her surprise when she found it was no longer possible to doubt of their intentions? Who could describe her poignant anguish? She burst into tears; she raised loud cries to heaven—she begged, entreated, conjured her executioners to have pity on her youth, her innocence, her parents, but all in vain. Neither tears, nor cries, nor the promises of a trader who happened to be present, softened the hearts of the monsters. She was tied with ropes to the trunk and branches of two trees, and the most sensitive parts of her body were burned with torches made of the wood which she had with her own hands distrib-

uted to the warriors. When her suffering lasted long enough to weary the fanatical fury of her ferocious tormentors, the great chief shot an arrow into her heart, and in an instant this arrow was followed by a thousand others, which after having been violently turned and twisted in the wounds, were torn from them in such a manner that her whole body presented but one shapeless mass of mangled flesh, from which the blood streamed on all sides. When the blood had ceased to flow, the greater sacrificator approached the expiring victim, and to crown so many atrocious acts tore out her heart with his own hands, and after uttering the most frightful imprecations against the Sioux nation, devoured the bleeding flesh amid the acclamations of his whole tribe. The mangled remains were then left to be preyed upon by wild beasts, and when the blood had been sprinkled on the seed, to render it fertile, all repaired to their cabins, cheered with the hope of obtaining a copious harvest.

“As soon as the report of the sacrifice reached the Sioux, they burned with a desire to avenge their honor, and swore to a man that they would not rest satisfied till they should have killed as many Pawnees as the young victim had bones in her fingers and joints of her body. More than a hundred Pawnees have at length fallen beneath their tomahawks.”

NINETEENTH.

The Missouri river is mighty indeed,
But it's treacherous and will deceive;
It robs a man of his land and fee,
Wrenches from its roots the largest tree.

Today a man may be rich,
Tomorrow his land be a ditch;
His riparian rights be switched
Down the stream others to enrich.

CORONADO was only a frail man, and as such must be excused from becoming impatient to get back to New Spain; and is there any wonder when you know that he had only a year before married Beatrice de Estranda, "a cousin by blood" (if gossip was true) of Emperor Charles V.? Her father, Alonso de As-trada, had been Royal Treasurer of New Spain. From his mother-in-law, Coronado received as a marriage gift a considerable estate, "The Half of Tlapa," which was confirmed to him by a royal grant. Cortes complained that the income from this estate was worth more than 3,000 ducados (about \$3,000), and that it had been unduly and inconsiderately alienated from the crown. Coronado obtained also the estate of one

Juan de Burgas, apparently one of those who forfeited their land because he persisted in the unmarried state. This likewise received the royal approval. It is stated that the number of Indians held to service on these estates was very excessive. Then do you blame the man for being anxious to return to his beautiful young wife? So everything is pushed to get started to the city of the Twenty-four, a distance of about sixty-five miles, and about noon the third day they are off.

Now we are under the head of Coronado, it is well to ask, Will his name go down to posterity? There is not a county in Quivira named after him, and the gazeteers of Kansas give no city, town or village, and there are only three towns given in the United States directory: Coronado, San Diego county, California, about 2,000 inhabitants; a village in Volusia county, Florida, and a railroad town in Graham county, Arizona. While looking through "C," it was observed that the number of towns named after the discoverer of America were 102.

General J. H. Simpson, U. S. A., who is the authority for conducting the party to the Pawnees in Nebraska, also states that they must have gone through Brown and Doniphan counties, so on the strength of such an authority our party is now meandering down the Nemaha river in Nebraska, keeping southeast along the stream for about thirty miles until they reached the mouth of Walnut creek, a few miles east of where Falls City is built, thence up Walnut creek until near Hiawatha, where they left the creek and crossed the divide to Wolf river. Here

they had a fine stretch of valley to traverse for about eight miles until they reached Doniphan county.

But before leaving Brown, may not a word be said about that county? John Brown's body will march on forever, and his name will be perpetuated by the best county in Kansas; but it is a shame to dispel the happy illusion that this county is named after the man "whose body lies mouldering in the grave," for it is not. By rights the county should have an e at the end, after A. G. Browne. Until 1857, the Iowa Indians owned a strip of land two by ten miles in the northeast corner of the county, but the whites were not content until they had the Government put same up for sale. This county is a body of land twenty-four by twenty-four miles square, and there is no real estate boomer interested; but now, as many times before, the bold assertion is made that it is the finest all-round 576 square miles of agricultural land in the world; and further than that, its farm houses, barns, granaries, grades of horses, hogs and cattle will hold its own with any people; but more important than anything else, its farmers and their wives are the most up-to-date people, and few if any can surpass. This may be considered strong, but it is well weighed, having been so asserted viva voce many times.

Now fancy yourself at about Severance, on Wolf river in Doniphan county, where this stream is left, but it is only a few miles across the prairie to Independence creek, and now down the creek at the mouth of which the "Great City of the Twenty-four" is situated.

'Just one little incident of this county: In 1837 an Indian mission was built near Highland. This mission grew until a magnificent structure was erected 37x170 feet, three stories and basement. But here is what is desired to record: The lumber to build the mission came from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and made an exact steamer load. Starting from Pittsburgh, it came down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to Alton, and thence up the Missouri to the river bank opposite the mission, where it was discharged. This county originally was occupied by the Indians as a reservation, and in 1842 at this mission an Indian grammar for the Ioway, Otoe and Missouri Indians was printed, the work containing 152 pages.

Is it not marvelously strange that in 1837 a boat-load of building material was transported so long a distance, and now there is nothing of the kind! The query naturally arises, Why not? Just because the railroads of our country have throttled every enterprise which attempted to use our waterways in competition: for such natural highways can be used for heavy freight at one-half the cost that the iron roads charge. Take a look at the map and convince yourself what a trip it was. It cannot be conceived unless the route is traced from Pittsburgh down the Ohio river to its mouth, where it empties into the Mississippi at Cairo about 1,200 miles; then up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Missouri, which is about twenty miles north of St. Louis, is another 200 miles: then up the Missouri to Highland, Doniphan county, Kansas, is another 700, or a total of about 2,000 miles, traversing the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas.

While meandering along Independence creek in Atchison county, Kansas, let us review authoritative and reliable history. On July 4th, 1803, the Lewis and Clark expedition moored their three boats at the mouth of Independence creek and celebrated. Hence its name, and here is what the party records: "They (Kansas) once lived twenty-four leagues higher up from the mouth of the Kansas river, and were then more numerous, but they have been reduced and banished by the Sacs, Fox and Iowas, who being better supplied with arms had an advantage over the Kansas, though the latter are not less fierce or unlike themselves."

The daily records of the Lewis and Clark expedition written 105 years ago say that twenty-four leagues up the Missouri from the mouth of the Kansas river, or where Kansas City is now located, there was formerly a large Kansas Indian village. This would bring it near Atchison; and in fact, it is located on Independence creek, which is about three miles north of Atchison. As early as 1724, the Frenchman, M. De Bourgmont, visited the "Canzas" Indians near Atchison, and not only that, but history has it that he went from there to the Padouca Indians, who lived in the western part of Kansas. When this Frenchman traveled at that time he had a little army of 300 warriors, composed of many chiefs of the Missouri, Kansas and Osage tribes; also 300 dogs hauling baggage, as well as numerous women and children.

Again, the map drawn by Du Pratez in 1757 has the spot marked "Canzes Great Village," so there is

no doubt of a large town or village being there located. Now the question comes up, When did the Kansas Indians abandon this town, and for what reason?

Recollect that the Iowa and Sacs and Fox Indians were Sioux, and by reason of their living nearer the white settlements procured better fire-arms than the Kansas or Osages could, and they from time immemorial had been at war with the Kansas and Osage tribes.

The history of Atchison county having been examined to procure pointers of interest in regard to Indian history, but finding nothing of importance along that line, here is an incident which makes good reading just fifty years after it has happened. The history of Atchison county asserts the first settler to have been a Frenchman named Pensinau, who in 1837 married a Kickapoo squaw; and in 1854 the first colony of immigrants settled near Oak Mills about twelve miles south of Atchison. The Rev. Pardee Butler settled about twelve miles west of Atchison, and it was in 1855 and 1856 that the following took place: At that date, Atchison was controlled by men who were very bitterly opposed to the abolition of slavery, and it was so hot that the average man did not dare to say he was an Abolitionist; but the Rev. Butler preached and talked against it, and one day in 1855, when in Atchison, a party of thirty or forty men painted an "R" on Butler's face with black paint; then the men took three cottonwood saw logs and nailed them together with plank, put the reverend gentleman thereon and towed the raft into the middle

of the Missouri river and set him adrift. There was a flagstaff on the raft with a banner which had written on it: "Eastern Aid Express;" "The Rev. Pardee Butler Again for the Underground Railroad;" "The way they are served in Kansas;" "For Boston;" "Cargo Insured, Unavoidable Danger of the Missourians and the Missouri River Excepted;" "Let future emissaries from the North beware;" "Our hemp crop is sufficient to reward all such scoundrels." The raft landed about six miles down the river.

It is generally understood that Mr. Butler was tarred and feathered before being put on the raft; but it was the following year. On April 30th, 1856, Mr. Butler had driven from his farm, and upon arriving in Atchison a lot of men gathered around, stripped him, tarred him all over, and for lack of feathers used cotton wool; then he was placed in his vehicle and ordered to leave town. It hardly seems possible that fifty years ago men should have permitted themselves to get so worked up over a question upon which men differed. And to think that fifty years ago there was not a railroad or telegraph wire in Kansas, and now—well, you must see to understand!

In closing this chapter, and being so near the city of Atchison, it seems meet to quote from Frank A. Root's "The Overland Stage:" "In the early '60s he saw a yoke of buffalo in Atchison; they were driven by a ranchman from the Republican Valley. They were domesticated and very tame and worked well." This may seem like a fish story, but Mr. Root is a reliable gentleman; and why should they not be broke?

The wonder is that the Indians did not hitch up some calves and learn them to work. The buffalos of the Philippine Islands are the principal beasts of burden, and are very handy for draught and agricultural purposes. The zebra can be worked, and they are being; and not only that, it is found that they will cross and make very hardy and swift domesticated animals. But of all the things, if ostriches can be harnessed up and made to draw a vehicle, why not the buffalo? "Buffalo Jones" of Kansas is now demonstrating what can be accomplished with the nearly extinct bison, which are being crossed with good, dear old common cows.



TWENTIETH.

And now the faithful Indian guide
Has arrived where his friends reside;
In parting with Alonso he did confide
His adoration, gratitude and pride.

YOU MAY be sure that the inhabitants of the City of the Twenty-four had looked forward to the coming of the Spaniards as does a boy to the circus train, and there was no peace or rest for our company, for long before reaching the town they were met by a large concourse of natives, who followed alongside the cavalcade. Nearly all those who met Coronado were Kansans; of course there were some Missouris, as well as quite a number of Osages, who could not resist the temptation to see the marvelous sight, not caring to take the chances of missing the flying animals; the God-like men with their arrows of thunder and lightning, and clothes which shone so they could not be looked upon; and if a poor ignorant soul of an Indian did get close enough to the shining armor that an Indian would be seen watching him (himself, of course), it worked upon the imagination of the simple fellow, believing there was a spirit watching him. From what the explorers wrote, there is no doubt but that the city was more permanent than the average Indian village, so our soldiers were quartered in quite com-

modious round buildings thatched with straw or reeds, which made comfortable dwellings. It is recorded that the people of this part of Quivira did more farming (and that is not saying much) than any others we have met; that is, they raised more patches of corn, pumpkins, beans and potatoes than the tribes farther west. Although the buffalo came near there, yet they were not numerous in that locality. In describing these people, you are given the language of the various authors as found in the oldest books come-at-able:

"The people here are large. I had several Indians measured, and found they were ten palms in height (over 6 1-2 feet); the women are well proportioned, and their features are more like Moorish women than Indians."

Coronado, in a letter to the King of Spain, 1541, writes: "The Kanza Indians, with regard to the qualities which distinguish men from the brutes, are far from being deficient."

Another writer says: "To bodily strength and courage they unite a shrewdness and address superior to other savages, and in their wars or chases, they make a dexterous use of fire-arms, which gives them a decided advantage over their enemies."

Father De Smet, 1840: "The Kansas spent a part of their time in hunting, a part in idleness, and a part in planting and cultivating small crops at home. They use ardent spirits less than any other tribes, yet they are degraded and improvident to some extent by this poison; some few of them have reformed; they are more ready to receive instruction

than they were formerly; but most of them are strongly inclined to hold on to their savage habits and superstitious worship. The main difficulties in teaching these Indians are their wandering habits, and their fondness for war with other tribes. They are at home about four months in the year. The Osages are a stately race; their men are exceedingly large and tall."

John D. Long and Samuel Taylor, 1842: "The Osages are the tallest Indians in America; few less than six feet, and very many six and one-half and some seven feet."

There are numerous other authorities, but there can be no controversy regarding the physique of the two Kansas Indian tribes. The chief of the Great Village was exceedingly anxious to outdo the tribes who had already entertained the visitors, so the fattest and finest dogs were killed in honor of the visitors, and all description of game were cooked, and especially skunks (polecats) were sought, they being to the Indian what the opossum is to a colored man. Of all the nasty looking animals, it is the opossum. A skunk at least looks more edible than it.

It was in 1840 when Father De Smet visited the Flathead Indians, after passing through the Kansas tribe. The chief of the Flatheads, then located on the Green river, a tributary of the Colorado, when he met the holy father, said: "Blackgown, my heart was filled with joy when I learned who you were. My lodge never received a visitor for whom I felt greater esteem. As soon as I was apprised of your coming, I ordered kettles to be filled, and in your honor I

commanded that my three fattest dogs should be served up." This quotation is from the work written by the priest himself.

It was a by-word in the early seventies all around the Pottawatomie and Kickapoo reservations in Jackson and Brown counties, whenever a fat dog was seen, for the settlers to remark: "What a picnic for the Indians," meaning what a feast the Indians would have if they could steal the dog. Now, you don't believe polecats make good eating, do you? But as you know, in 1820, the Long expedition was at the Kansas villages, and Dr. James, who was with Major Long's party, wrote: "The polecat is a favorite food among the Indians. The flesh of the skunk we sometimes had dressed for dinner, and found it to be remarkably rich and delicate food."

In Kansas, July is the month when almost all vegetables and grain mature; so at the date of the visit there was ample good things to eat without the dogs and polecats. The old Spanish chroniclers did not record the name of the chief of the City of the Twenty-four, so it cannot be given here; but he was a noble Red Man. Here is what the reverend Father De Smet says of the Kansas Indians: "Though the Pawnees were six times more numerous than the Kansas, they have on almost every occasion been conquered by the latter, because they are far inferior to them in the use of arms, and in strength and courage."

Please bear in mind that these intrepid Spaniards are now sojourning on the mighty Missouri, the longest river in the world, 4125 miles in length; and

don't forget, at the old Kansas City of the Twenty four, water flowed past which came from hundreds of thousands of square miles of land; the snow of the Rocky Mountains melts and runs past this point, and only those who have viewed the Old Muddy stream can conceive its magnitude. How beautiful are these lines:

'To the West, to the West, to the Land of the Free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where a man is a man if he is willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.'

Is it not a fact that people who are located on the sea-coast invariably become proficient sailors? And so with these children of the prairies, who lived on a mighty water course; they were compelled to protect themselves from their enemies by cultivating the art of managing canoes. It is authoritatively stated that the Sioux Indians were expert canoeists, and so it was absolutely necessary for the denizens of the City of the Twenty-four to be prepared to counteract the river-marauding parties of the Sioux.

But you are becoming impatient to hear from the characters of our story. Well, first, Ysopete has reached home, after being absent several years, and worse than anything else to an Indian, he had been a slave, but thanks to the magnanimity of the Spaniards he was now a free man.

And poor Alonso! He is still in the bondage of the mind, which is very much more straining upon the nervous system than is physical slavery. SHE is ever uppermost in his thoughts. He is to be pitied, for without doubt when a man becomes so far gone

in his adoration and love for a woman that is eternally mirrored upon the looking glass of his brain, he is in a bad way; but it is one of those inexplicable, mysterious ways of the Almighty which finite man cannot comprehend, but he is permitted to endeavor to fathom such an ordeal. It would be presumptuous to attempt to commune with the Great All-wise, but may not a few interrogatories be put to you, dear reader? What do you think of the proposition that a male of the human family is compelled to go through the period of longing for her he loves to such an extent that the wish becomes a mania? Again, may not the Giver of All Thoughts have brought about this state of things so that when the being upon whom the man's thoughts are eternally concentrated comes into his presence, she will appear as an angel, and the brute in the man will be so subdued by her presence that his conduct will be such that his Maker will record in the great book of deeds and thoughts: "Well done, you weak and frail man?" Or, is this order of things brought about so that the great longing for her company and presence will cause him to be more considerate of the frail creature when the time arrives that he is given the moral and legal right to the sole possession of that one creature whom he has selected out of the millions from which he has chosen his one love? Perhaps the reason for putting a man through such experiences is to try him by fire, as it were: for does it not demonstrate the constancy of the lover? So should the last idea be correct, then if ever there was a man true to his sweetheart it was Alonso.

It has already been noted what Coronado wrote

the King in regard to the females of Quivira. He said they resembled Moorish women. Ah, that word "Moorish" set the blood of Alonso boiling, for it more than ever brought thoughts of his Moorish loved one in Salamanca; but there was a little solace for the man, as he knew they were now turned toward New Spain, which he was longing to reach so as to get word from her, and this kept him brave and manly in resisting temptations, which were many. One thing which helped Alonso to shake off his frequent "blue spells" was his resolve to outdo himself in displaying his proficiency in horsemanship, if called upon for any demonstration, and he felt sure that the natives will not be content until they witness the wonderful things reported of the strangers.

The chief has already been notified that only three days can be spared for the stay, and everything is in a bustle preparing for the entertainment; in fact, all kinds of game have been snared, and many buffalo caught alive to help make up the show; several extra large wooden canoes have been made by scooping out from the largest cottonwood trees a solid boat without a seam or crack.

The officers had frequently conversed about how they were to entertain the citizens of the City of the Twenty-four, and not desiring to repeat the program were somewhat handicapped in trying to originate something new, so each was requested to make suggestions. Alonso volunteered to make one, to give an exhibition of skill in horsemanship; this he agreed to do, because he knew that his beloved horse had been receiving a good measure of nice new corn, and

was in prime condition for a test of endurance, so it was arranged that this should be one of the features.

It would be tedious to reiterate everything done by the Spaniards to amuse the natives, for much of it was the same as heretofore rendered. But one change in the program may be interesting. The reader is admonished not to attribute the incident to fiction, for the history of Mohammed, written by a Christian clergyman, recites that the great cavalry general, Kahled, unhorsed thirteen cavaliers in the presence of the opposing armies. The account as given by the author goes on to say that Mahomet himself was with his army, and instructed his renowned general, Kahled, to personally reconnoiter the enemy, but Mahomet, knowing the reckless bravery of his emissary, admonished him to not get too close to the enemy's lines, and not to be rash or take any chances of being captured. In view of both armies, the reconnoiterer rode his magnificent Arabian steed toward the opposing army, all eyes being upon him. Of course, the enemy was on the qui vive, and wondered at the audacity of the man: so hastily, twenty of their fleetest mounted knights waited until the solitary horseman came to a standstill, and was making a minute examination of the number and arrangement of the lines, when simultaneously the twenty brave and chivalric cavalrymen rushed pell-mell at the apparently foolhardy individual. The arrangement of the twenty was to cut-off his retreat, the procedure having been hurriedly conceived while waiting the approach of the horseman; but owing to the plan of the twenty necessitating their acting individually, gave the brave Arab

an excellent opportunity to display his superb horsemanship and superiority in the use of the lance and sword.

The authority heretofore cited then graphically describes how Kahled so arranged his speed that he would only permit one of the twenty to come at him singly, he governing the speed of his steed so as to select his man, while retreating toward his own army, and out of the twenty thirteen were unhorsed, all in plain view of the thousands who witnessed the glorious feat of valor.

Alonso knew he had as fine a horse as was ever possible for man to back, and since his eighteenth year had practiced the necessary quick turns and abrupt stops in imitation of the great Kahled, who had been frequently spoken of to him by her. In fact, he had many times been in the arena of the Arabs at home, and had every confidence in his ability to undertake the task of unhorsing ten of the troop. Not only were the natives excited about the contest, but the Spaniards were more so, for it was an unusual thing to them, and there was a good deal of speculation as to the outcome, few if any thinking it possible for one man to put ten men hors de combat. At the request of Alonso, the officers were to take no part; he did this because, at the bottom of his heart, he had no doubt of his ability to even unhorse the hardy old war veteran, Jaramillo, yet more Coronado, who had not had the experience which the redoubtable captain had. So ten of the rank and file volunteered to be the attacking party. It was arranged that the exhibiting should be about as was enacted at the memorable real

tilt, where the renowned Kahled covered himself with universal and everlasting glory. Of course, you understand that all the spears were made harmless, as it was a friendly bout, and there was no desire to injure any; but whenever one was de horsed, he was out of the game.

The one important point which Alonso figured on was the fact that none of the horses had ever been trained to this line of riding; all they knew was to go straight ahead, not having been schooled to answer to the pressure of the thighs and peculiar swaying of the body, and more particularly Alonso had found out that not one of the party had acquired the knack of having his horse take the shock of pushing the antagonist from off his steed. This is what made it so easy for our young hero.

At the appointed signal, the ten men rushed from their station for the purpose of surrounding him, but Alonso then made straight for the man who was coming toward him, he being the nearest the starting point, and when the first victim saw he was selected, and his blood not being very warm from excitement, as is necessary to perform heroic deeds, was so dazed that he was not himself, and was an easy mark; but there are still nine left, and our champion had resolved to act with all the speed there was in Babieca, for the animal responded alaciously, like he did in Spain when he had the best of feed: so quicker than it takes to put the words on paper, the instant the first man was put out of business the horse's direction was so quickly changed that the next poor fellow was taken by surprise, and worse still, his horse

would not face the long pole when he saw it coming toward his head, so took the bit in his mouth and turned away, being afraid of getting a thump, but the equine's timidity was fatal to its rider. Alonso was in the height of his glory.

It was the most pleasurable experience of his life, sitting on that noble steed with all the confidence possible for any human to have in his breast. It was a rapid gait which Alonso took, and as his horse got warmed up it seemed as though it was made of springs, so nicely did he respond to the slightest pressure. Within ten minutes, seven of the men were walking from the arena, if the prairie can be so called. Now the other three remaining men plainly saw what the result would be, so riding up to each other concluded they would double up on their redoubtable opponent, and all three rushed abreast toward Alonso, but he instantly took in the situation and pretended to come toward them at full speed; but just a few yards before reaching the three he caused his horse to swerve to the right, so that he passed all three out of reach; of course, the three went rushing past at break-neck speed, but as soon as they found their plans were thwarted they pulled up their horses to bring them to a stop so as to turn toward their antagonist; but Alonso knew his plan, which was, that no sooner had he got from in front of the trio than his horse was brought around and was following the three before they had time to observe what had happened, and just as the nearest man to our champion was about to turn his horse, he found a spear coming in contact with his body, which came so sudden that

he was pushed from his saddle very scientifically, and now there was only two left, and these two could plainly see the outcome, but concluded to make one rush at the impregnable, indefatigable, single horseman. But Alonso just played with them for several minutes, as the entertainment was too short, having lasted about fifteen minutes, and when our young lieutenant had permitted the two men to make several rushes at him, once or twice he actually stopped his horse, but just before they reached him, caused his barb to spring aside and let the two horses pass without any damage to either party. But all of a hurry the last of the ten is on the grass instead of the horse's back, and then it is that all the Spaniards, including the ten, surround the young man, for they spontaneously felt an admiration for their young countryman which they could not restrain. Coronado hugged the young fellow, and in fact every man of the thirty-six did something to convey their approval and appreciation of the wonderful demonstration. But Ysopete and Monte had to abide their time to show their adulation of their master, but to Alonso their approval and pleasure affected him even more than the soldiers; he had tested their friendship by acts, for had not these two natives ministered to his physical wants, not for days, but for weeks and months, studying every possible contingency for his comfort? Had not Monte saved his life by use of the antidote when his hand got accidentally poisoned? The good Father Padilla, reverently placing his hand upon Alonso's head, blessed him with a fervor and with such beautiful words, that it really affected

the rough soldiers, and particularly the lieutenant himself.

The day's entertainment was made up of drill, sword contests, and for a change the men sang a Spanish hymn, and Father Padilla spoke, which was in part repeated by Ysopete. The substance of the holy man's discourse was to convey his great desire to bring them to the true God, and closing his address with the suggestion that he might return to their midst and make his home with them, if they would permit; and to the last suggestion the chiefs and the people gave cheerful assent.

Coronado has not been idle, for he is becoming very anxious about the army that is wending its way toward Cibola, and so has made diligent inquiries relative to the best route to take on his return, and has concluded that he can investigate the country of the Osages on his way home; and further, he has, since reaching the City of the Twenty-four, been reliably informed that white metal can be taken from the earth in the Osage country; this information spurs him on, as so far Quivira has given no evidence of having minerals of any description. Of course, the natives knew nothing of the commercial value of smelter, lead and zinc compared with silver; they knew that it was white, and the wily Spaniards naturally thought it was silver, and this was the article most coveted. It may be history to know that in 1718 miners were sent from France by the Company of the West, or Mississippi Company, which made John Law famous, and these men actually did mine lead and some silver on the Osage river.

Asking your kind indulgence for digression, but is it not reasonable that one thing which made the Osages such shrewd business Indians may have been the fact that, as early as 1719, M. De Brenville visited the lead mines of the Osages, and from that date caravans were constantly coming and going, and as early as 1723 a fort was built by the French called Fort Orleans, which was located above the mouth of the Osage river on an island in the Missouri river? Hence by reason of coming in contact with civilization at so early a period, is there any wonder that the Osage Indians of Oklahoma are the richest people in the world? Again, if you trace history you will find how keen they were to acquire the very cream of the land in the Indian Territory.

But coming back to the commander of the flying expedition. He resolved to reduce his baggage to the least possible weight, so was able to offer several useful articles as prizes to induce the natives to take part in the sports. It is unnecessary to go through the same horse races by the Indians, and the ludicrous appearance made by them; also the running races, except to state that Ysopete took one of the principal prizes for running, and had also entered into the great swimming contest across the swift, opaque Missouri and return. As before recorded, Ysopete was in the pink of condition, and since his return home to his own loved ones, and to be a free man, it gave a buoyancy of spirit to the fellow that he felt as though he could fly. The men who dwelt with the Indians of Kansas have stated that all the men, women and children were expert swimmers, and they must

of necessity have been so, for frequently when hunting they would have to retreat toward home; often wide and swollen streams would have to be crossed to avoid a superior enemy, and they always had a large number of dogs that were trained to swim. But when it came to crossing the Big Muddy and then returning, it was a task that only bold spirits would undertake, and then they had to start quite a ways up the stream, as the current would carry the most expert swimmer down stream. By reason of the prizes won by our Indian guide, and the prestige of having learned many things new to the natives, it made him a prominent character among his own people. But there is one thing which should be mentioned here, because it seems incredible; but the authorities bear out the statement hereafter to be made. At the bow and arrow contest heretofore described, it was stuffed buffalo which was used for targets; but here the real live animals are to be let loose, and a powerful Indian brought down one with the arrow, and the force of the missile was so tremendous that not only did the arrow go through the grown buffalo but came out and lodged in the ground. Again, in another contest, a fine animal was let loose, and one man was so swift that he actually outran the bull and killed it with his flint knife. One more incident must be mentioned, for in after years it was resorted to more frequently both in hunting and war, and the white settlers when killing buffalo for the hide only resorted to the same tactics as were used by the plains Indians many years before; i. e., the use of decoy buffaloes: It was one of the most laughable things seen among the Quivirans

by the Spaniards. Buffaloes had been skinned, leaving the head and horns in their natural shape by stuffing same with grass; then the Indian would, as it were, get inside of the skin and mimic the animal to such perfection that it appeared to be the real thing; and to cap the climax, several had calves by their side, a boy being used to represent the calf. It is said that in warfare one tribe often fooled their opponents by this method, until it became too common to work.

In a former chapter, the matter of scalping has been touched upon. The assertion was there made that doubts were entertained as to the practice being original with the Indians, and now that we are among the tribes after which the Hub State is named (Kansas), it might be well to discourse on this theme for a little. It is remarkable, all things considered, when it is realized that the numerous tribes of aborigines scattered all over North America, differ to an extraordinary degree in the treatment of their heads. It has been intimated how the Osages flattened the back of the babies' heads by strapping them to a board but whether the Kansans did likewise cannot authoritatively be stated, but analogous reasoning would compel the belief that both the native tribes of Kansas shaved off their hair, or rather pulled out, burnt or shaved their pates, leaving only a tuft on the top, to which was braided a feather, or tail of a deer. Does it occur to you what a peculiar sight it must have been to have several hundred warriors with not a single visible hair upon their bodies, except the tuft heretofore described? And right here it is desired to emphasize the fact these two peoples were the only ones

recorded who treated their heads in such manner. That the reader may have no doubt of this peculiar assertion, a few citations from the extant writing of men who saw them in their native villages in Kansas.

Catlin says: "The Osages shave their heads." In the official account of the Long Expedition, this sentence is found: "They pluck all their hair, even the eye brows, and aulla (under the arms), and pube." Father De Smet says: "They have their heads shaved contrary to the customs of other tribes." Hubert Howe Bancroft, in his "Native Races," writes: "The Comanches take a few scalps for the purpose of being used at the war dance when victorious." The same author says: "The practice of scalping among the California Indians was not universal, but was practiced in some localities; they cut off hands and feet." Here is what is found in the Smithsonian 14th Annual Report of Ethnology: "It is to be noted that the Osages beheaded the Kiowas without scalping them. This the Kiowa says was a general Kiowa practice; in fact, according to Kiowa, the Osage NEVER scalped his enemies, but cut off the heads, and left them unscalped upon the field. They kept tally of the number killed, however, and when an Osage warrior had killed four, he painted a blue half circle curved downward upon his breast." Also the same work states: "The Dakota at an early period used to do likewise and not scalp."

The 14th Smithsonian Ethnology recites that in 1775 the British called all the Indians from the Lakes to the Gulf, distributed all kinds of articles, and offered rewards for American scalps; ib. further re-

cords that in King Philip's war in 1676, the English soldiers got thirty shillings for every Indian scalp, and Philip's head was cut off and went at the same price; ib. also says in substance, that in 1725 one Lovewell, having recruited a company of forty men, found ten Indians asleep, scalped them and took same to Boston and received £1,000 (about \$5,000), and further intimated that Lovewell was in the business of scalping, but he got himself killed. How would the average man feel toward an outfit whose business was to tear the skin off another's head in cold blood? Can you blame the Indian for retaliating? And does it not appear a little as though the civilized nation first inaugurated the atrocious custom? Can you not see that to bring to the authorities hands, foot or any small member of an Indian's body might lead to fraud? But without a single exception, every Indian has straight black hair, which would not even require an expert to detect; and again how necessary to have a crown, otherwise how easy it might be to manufacture several scalps from one flayed head!

But the time is reached when our party must proceed on their journey home, but before they leave the Kansas people it is desired to say a few words relative to their origin. It must be admitted that the place from whence they came is only conjecture. It is recorded by Du Pratz, who wrote of these people about 1750: "The tradition of their emigration from their old home to the northward of the great lakes, the journey southward, their separation into bands and settlement on the Missouri and its tributaries, was familiar to many of the tribes when they first be-

came known to the French. In the great migration, the Kansas and Osage formed themselves into distinct bands, and located their villages on the banks of the Missouri, the Kansas and the Osage rivers. How long this vast territory has been peopled by these tribes there is no certain knowledge; whether they were the first settlers no one can tell." The Kansas branch is now located upon their small reservation adjoining Kansas in the Indian Territory, and by a remarkable coincidence, they are situated in the same direction from the Osages as they were originally in Kansas; i. e., north and west. From a casual view of the map showing the Kansas, Pawnee and Osage reservations, it would seem that the last named has many times more territory than has the first two; but upon this we shall further touch when our expedition arrives in the Osage territory.

This chapter must not be closed until an important incident has been mentioned. Jaramillo, in his record of the expedition, has left for future ages to think over this statement: "We turned back, it may have been two or three days, where we provided ourselves with picked fruit and dried corn for our return." It is assumed that it took the party two or three days to travel from the Pawnee villages to the City of the Twenty-four, which is distant sixty or sixty-five miles, at which place they prepared new corn by drying same; (this is done by thrifty farmers' wives at the present time); and also dried fruit, which in the early settlements was also done: so it looks plausible it was near Atchison where the Spaniards made preparation for their return home. Fur-

ther, he says, the General raised a cross at this place, at the foot of which he made letters with a chisel, which said that "Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, general of that army, had arrived here." The history of Kansas gives the inscription to be: "Thus far came Francisco de Coronado, general of an expedition."

In the reports to headquarters, Coronado reported that he went as far north as the 40th degree, where he erected a cross: so considering the fact that the matter of calculating the distance traversed was by a man or men counting their steps, and taking the mouth of Independence creek as being the location of the erection of the cross, it only lacked twenty-four miles of being on the true 40th parallel as now designated, which surely was a remarkably accurate reckoning, all things considered. Again, here is what Jaramillo wrote of Ysopete: "The Indian, 'Isopete,' was left here where the cross was erected, and we took five or six of the Indians from these villages to lead and guide us to the flat-roofed houses." Since arriving at the City of the Twenty-four, Coronado has learned that it will be out of his way to visit the Little Osage Chief, as promised, so he has hired some Indian messenger to transmit to the chief the regrets of the general at not keeping his promise, but informed the Little Osage Chief that the party is to visit the Great Osage village, and requests the chief to meet him there, and to temper the disappointment, Coronado sent the chief nice presents.

So we must forever leave the noble, true, brave Indian guide, Ysopete, at his home located about

where the city of Doniphan, Atchison county, is now built. To say the least, it is a coincidence that Ysopete has been given his liberty and the stream running past his home should years afterwards be called Independence. We thus consign this Indian's recorded faithfulness as indicative of the character of the FIRST settlers of the great and glorious state, which will forever and ever bear the name of Kansas.



TWENTY-FIRST.

Merrily down the stream they glide,
Thousands of miles above the tide,
Where the river is a mile wide,
Escorted by Indians, true and tried.



IT WAS mentioned in the last chapter that several extra large canoes and pirogues had been constructed, and now they are to be put to practical use. The chief of the City of the Twenty-four, being apprised by Yso-

pete at the request of Coronado, has come to understand the wishes of the party to proceed home by the nearest route after visiting the Osages, and the chief has arranged to allow six of his best men to accompany the party so as to guide them. These men having had considerable experience, and with the information which Ysopete was able to give them, they were sure of being ready to conduct them over a route which even in those days was considerably traveled; and to make the journey as comfortable as possible, it was arranged that the baggage, prepared meat, corn, fruit, and especially the dried and ground buffalo meat, should be transported down the Missouri to the mouth of the Kansas river. By this course it

would be a rest for the party, thus giving them an opportunity to recuperate before making the final dash for home. This plan of river transportation was assented to by the Spaniards, after secret consultation by every man of the expedition, for the officers were fearful that when divided some accident or advantage might be taken of them, so it was arranged that each man should carefully care for his arms, and never part with them; and a code of signals was agreed upon in case of any suspicious circumstance, great care being taken to send out an advance guard to report danger ahead, it being agreed that the scouts, under no provocation, were to fire unless they saw people to the number of over twenty ahead, and the boat and land-party were each to keep watch of the other, and both to camp for the night at the same place.

The chief had sent messengers to the villages along the Kansas river and to the Osages, so while our party is going down the Missouri, there are numerous water and land groups making toward the Kaw (Kansas) mouth to take a last look at the wonderful men and their horses.

The distance from the City of the Twenty-four to the mouth of the Kansas river is about fifty miles, and it is arranged that the trip can easily be made in two days. Of course the canoes have to travel nearly twice as far on account of the crookedness of the river. But the current of the Missouri is easily four miles an hour, and our canoes are well manned by Indians, who dexterously propel the craft with their paddles, so that it is easy to keep up with the horses and men going along the bank. Usually at noon the

two parties met for dinner and changed off, those riding in the canoes taking the places of those who have conducted the horses in the forenoon. thus breaking the monotony.

The first day out from the village of the Twenty-four, our party passed the "Isle Au Vache," so named by the French before 1804, when Lewis and Clark stopped on their trip up the Missouri. This island has quite a history. Its location is directly opposite Oak Mills, ten miles south of Atchison. Up till the great flood of 1881, it contained more than a thousand acres, but in that year the channel of the ever-changing river took a direction which left the isle high and dry, as it were, on the Missouri side, but is still in Kansas by the judgment of the courts. Various are the legends relative to the origin of the name. The French word "Vache" means cow, and the popular belief is that in some mysterious way a solitary cow was found there. One explanation is that the Indians in early times stole a milk cow from near St. Charles, Missouri, and in order to hide her from the whites secretly hid her on the isle awaiting developments. Others assert it was a buffalo cow. The latter seems the most reasonable, for a captain of a steamboat in early Missouri river navigation, wrote to a gentleman that when he had command of a steamer plying the Missouri, that his craft was frequently held back a few days because the buffaloes crossing the river were so thick he could not run his steamer through them, so in all probability the old cow, while crossing, got hurt, or, being old, concluded to remain in the "Garden of Kansas," where she

could eat of everything except the food of knowledge, which was not there to lead her astray. In 1804, the Lewis and Clark Expedition noted the isle, and in October, 1818, Captain Martin, with three companies of soldiers camped on the island waiting supplies which did not arrive until the following July, and the official record says the hunters brought into camp during the nine months nearly 3,000 deer besides many bears, turkeys and all kinds of game; in fact, the party lived from off that which was procured by the chase. In 1819 Major Long came along and furnished Captain Martin with necessary supplies to continue his march. It was here in 1819 that a council was held between representatives of the United States Government to arrange with the Kansas Indians the discontinuance of the depredations against the white settlers, Major O'Fallon giving them to understand that if they did not quit such practices the Government would wipe them out. History says the chiefs acknowledged the justice of the complaint and promised that there should be no more raids. There were 161 Kansans and thirteen Osages present at the council.

It has taken rather a long time for the expedition to go thirteen miles down the river, but the canoes and land party are continuing their journey, nevertheless, and camp for the night a little below the present location of Leavenworth. And this brings to mind the joys of camping out.

Did you ever camp out? If you have not, you have missed the treat of a life time. There is something peculiar and yet fascinating about this mode of

living. No wonder gypsies continue generation after generation to follow their nomadic lives, and just think how long it has taken to break the Indian of his love of roughing it outdoors! It is said that frequently it happens that a young Indian will go through the Carlisle University, in Pennsylvania, or the Haskell Institute, at Lawrence, Kansas, and notwithstanding he has acquired considerable learning, and for several years worn boiled shirts, with collars and cuffs, yet upon returning to the place of his nativity, he will develop into a blanket Indian; that is, will leave off all surplus clothing and just wear a red blanket which can be dropped off at a moment's notice, thus leaving the balmy summer zephyrs to cool his body. Those who have never experienced the strange sensation the freedom such a life gives have no possible conception of the satisfaction it causes; even the rough food tastes good; and if you are ill or under the weather, this outdoor life is the finest tonic that can possibly be procured. Many, yea numerous, are the individuals who will vociferously exclaim, Amen! to this statement. But these we cannot quote, since they are unknown to you, but when a character like President Roosevelt is appealed to for a substantiation of this assertion, then you may know there is some force in the statement, and should these few lines ever be seen by him, he will surely smile and perhaps would be "de-lighted," and at least think, if not audibly exclaim: "Right you are!" Everyone knows how he loves to go into the wilds and commune with nature and rough it. And, Mr. President, after you have been harassed to death by a lot of fool polit-

ical stuff and your brain seems as though the wheels needed oil and there are hot boxes which appear to burn the cranium, how soothing and restful do you not find the tin cup of coffee with some bacon and bread on a tin plate, with the beautiful green sward for a table cloth; and better still, when you have shot yourself a brace of quail or even a young rabbit, yet more a deer, and are able to have some venison! Ah! the stupid epicure knows not what heaven is, and without fear of being successfully refuted, the assertion is made that a few weeks of such living will do the average overworked business man more good than all the medicine he can swallow.

And so our party who are camping on the banks of the Missouri are surely roughing it, but are happy and know nothing of business worries.

But we ought not to pass by Leavenworth in pursuing our course without saying hello! For this place is one of our dear old Uncle Sam's proteges, and is worthy of a few moments. Near here are located two prisons, the United States Federal Prison and the Kansas State Penitentiary; also a very large Soldiers' Home and other public institutions. But Fort Leavenworth is the desired place to notice. In 1827 Cantonment Leavenworth was occupied, the name being derived from General Henry Leavenworth, but the Frenchified "Cantonment" was dropped and "Fort" was substituted. It would require a book to properly treat of this place, but you may be assured that the Government has expended a vast sum of money in making it an ideal place for storing military supplies and for quartering soldiers. The grounds

comprise nine square miles running for over five miles along the banks of the Missouri.

Early next morning our party is again on their journey, for it is yet twenty-five miles to the mouth of the Kansas river, and it is desired to reach that point early in the afternoon. So merrily speed the canoes, and cheerfully travel the stock and their keepers, as the animals have fine pasture and enough new corn to make them "feel their oats," as horsemen say, and the men have reached the apex of the hill and are over the other side going down the Cordilleras toward the country from whence they came, and they like the animals have been receiving a good measure of provender, so they feel like kicking up their heels. But the greatest stimulus is that little word "home," and now our boats are speeding through the "filum" (middle of the stream), where the county of Wyandotte is now carved out. (By the by, this county is the smallest of the 105 in Kansas, yet Kansas City is the largest in the Sunflower State, so no doubt, this is "paradoxicalness," or going by the contrary.)

The mouth of that stream (Kansas), which drains over half of the 82,080 square miles contained in the borders of "Bleeding Kansas," is now reached, the boats are unloaded and all is activity, for Coronado is determined to make for home with all the speed possible. So the Osage warriors and guides are consulted and arrangements made to continue the journey early next morning for the Osage village, which was at the date of our story located near the forks of the Osage river in the southeast corner of Bates county, Missouri.

Dear Reader, one of the aims of this narration of the expedition attempted to describe is to keep true to history the names of the characters, dates, rivers, countries and location of places visited, in order that it would not be time and effort uselessly expended. But although everything has been searched which the humble position of the compiler permitted, which were meagre, it must be frankly acknowledged that on reaching the confluence of the Kansas river, there is doubt as to which direction the party took. Major Henry Inman, an authority on the route of Coronado, has thirty-six Spaniards take the following course from the City of the Twenty-four: "Following the Missouri south to the mouth of the Kansas; thence westerly along the northern bank of the north fork of the Smoky Hill, where it crossed the Kansas, and continued along the north bank of the Smoky Hill to Big Creek, and thence turned directly south to the Arkansas river." Quite considerable time was devoted in looking over the various old and new maps of Kansas to endeavor to trace the way taken, but the words "The North Fork of the Smoky Hill," was a kind of a puzzle, as no map shows the North Fork of the Smoky Hill until after the mouth of Big Creek is passed; but if a continuation of the Smoky Hill is kept up, it reaches Big Creek which empties into the Smoky Hill about eight miles southwest of the city of Russell, in Russell county, Kansas; and nearly due south from there would bring the party to the great bend in the Arkansas river.

But coming back to the mouth of the Kansas from whence our party are to be conducted to Bates county, Missouri, to the village of the Grand or Great

Osages. It is presumptuous to deviate from the route as mapped out by Major Inman; but then it is very much of a guess with him, and common sense would seem to bear out the theory that owing to having found no mines among the Kansas and Pawnees, the Spaniards would be sufficiently interested to travel seventy-five miles to make personal examination of the locality; and when it is considered how beautiful the country was at this time of the year, it would appear at this late day as though the party had not used the proper energy if it did not explore the country of the Osages. Again, bear in mind that Ysopete was a Kansas Indian, but he spoke the same dialect as the Osages, and was able to impart the necessary information relative to the customs and locations of that tribe; and lastly, if Coronado did not visit the Grand Osages in Bates county, Missouri, it will do no harm for the purpose of this book to mention such facts, but may give some light as to the history of that tribe of Indians, who now have the honor to be the wealthiest people on the face of the globe.

A good deal of thinking and many doubts were entertained as to which of the Osage villages our party should be taken. The idea was first conceived to continue down the Missouri to the town of Malta Bend, Saline county, Missouri, for without doubt in very early times the Little Osages were there located. This conclusion is reached from what Lewis and Clark say in 1803, that "On the south side of the Missouri, they passed (near Malta Bend) an old village of the Little Osages, which had been abandoned; it was some distance from the river at the foot of a small

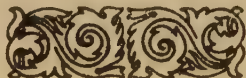
hill. It was the Sacs who compelled the Missouris and Osages to go further west and the Little Osages were compelled to locate near the Great Osages." In a note under the last statement recites: "The site of these Indian tribes (Little Osages and Missouris) are plainly marked on D'Auville's map of 1752 and also on Perrin de Lac's 1805. The location is very near Malta Bend in Saline county, Missouri." But what impelled taking the party to the Grand Osages, was the fact that Marquette's map, drawn in 1673, locates the Osages quite a distance from the Missouri river, and Du Pratz's map of Louisiana, compiled in 1757, marks the "Missouris and Osages southwest of the Missouri river," and in 1719 M. De Bienville visited the Osage nation at their village near the Osage river at "80 leagues" above its mouth, or in round numbers 220 miles, so by right angle lines starting at the mouth of the Osage river, in Osage county, Missouri, would make about 170 miles to reach the forks of the Osage, Bates county, Missouri, but as the crow flies it is only 135 miles; and again, taking the river measurement and allowing for the crooks and bends, would make it located in Bates county, Missouri.

Because of the trouble had in locating this village of the Osages in Bates county, Missouri, it will be well to make sure of this, for the first thought of those interested will naturally place the location at Harmony, Bates county, but that was where the Osage mission was established in 1820, and was not at the Great Osage village. Another reason for locating the town in the southwest corner of Bates county, is the fact that in 1808 the Osages claim pret-

ty much of the territory south of the Missouri in the State of Missouri, which, of course, was unreasonable for a few hundred people. So Uncle Sam agreed to give the Great Osage Indians cash down \$800 and \$1,000 every year in goods, not money, and the Little Osages received \$400 cash and were to be given \$500 worth of merchandise annually, and by this treaty the east line of the Osage nation was fixed twenty-four miles east of the west line of Missouri, so they still retained the eight counties, extending from the Missouri river due south to the south line of the State of Missouri and continuing south till it struck the Arkansas river. Before signing the treaty relinquishing the territory south of the Missouri river, the Government had built a fort or block house at the point on the Missouri river where the village of Sibley is now located in Jackson county, Missouri. This fort was variously named "Fort Osage," "Fort Clark," "Fort Sibley," this last being the name of the Government agent for several years, and in an official report to the United States by Mr. Sibley, he states that the location of the Great Osages was seventy-eight measured miles due south of Fort Osage. So if a map of Missouri is examined, it will be found that it is exactly that distance from Sibley to the forks of the Osage river in the southeast corner of Bates county and about ninety miles from the mouth of the Kansas.

It has taken three days for our party to make the trip to the Osages. This was accomplished while you were being informed of its location, and by reason of the Indian escort sent by the chief to help carry the now small amount of baggage, the journey was

made easy in three days, and after going through the usual ceremony of smoking the pipe of peace, before the strangers were allowed to enter the town, they were triumphantly escorted to their quarters, where they are left while you are made acquainted with the people of the Osage nation, who, with few exceptions, received the praises of those who came in contact with them in early times, before they became contaminated by association with vicious white men, who went among them and taught them evil ways.



TWENTY-SECOND.

The Chaneers, Little, Great and Grand,
Are appellations the Osages understand:
And now that you are in their land,
An introduction is given to the band.

They are true and will stick to you;
But the Sioux outnumbered the few,
Driving the Osages to a country new,
Where they reside and wealthy grew.

Now compare the Osages with the Sioux.
The former ought not to get the blues;
To locate the latter would be news,
Here's wishing both their blankets will lose!



ALTHOUGH the State of Kansas is named after the Indians of that name, yet the conclusion is reached after considerable research, that of the two original people that claimed the territory, the Osage Indians were the nobler of the two. All through history they have more said about their character and traits than the Kansas. No reason can be assigned for this, as it is conceded they spoke the same language and were of the same stock originally.

NOTE: The Department of the Interior, through the office of Indian Affairs, in January, 1908, kindly furnished the figures, showing number of Indians belonging to the following tribes: Kansas (or Kaw) 207, Osages 1,994, Pawnees 694, Comanches 1,408. The United States Government Report states that there are twenty-two Sioux divisions, but there is no Sioux reservation; and although there are numerous Sioux-speaking tribes, if there are any known by that name they have not been run across.

Before proceeding let it be recorded that although only thirty-six men comprised the expedition which traversed their territory, yet no word of complaint is recorded by the Spaniards of their receiving other than the most courteous and considerate treatment, and the translations so far published make no mention of losing a single article by theft; and when it is considered what a temptation it must have been to the children of the prairie, it compels the presumption that they were honest, and more than that, were not bloodthirsty; for how easy it would have been for any of the tribes to have annihilated the party! Again, it is a fact that Father Padilla with several others did return, which undoubtedly demonstrates the friendship prevailing.

Many citations could be here given wherein the Osages received the encomiums of those who were familiar with them. A missionary in a report made to the Government in 1820, said: "The men are generally of a lofty stature, of a fine form, and of a frank and open countenance. In council they are dignified, and their speeches eloquent." Missionaries Chapman and Vinall said of them in December, 1821: "Saw White Hair again today. He says that the meddling traders who are among them will be a great hindrance to our success in obtaining their children, as they are scattering the people. It appears that there are some traders among them that contrive every plan and adopt every kind of artifice and intrigue to lead or drive the Indians away from the trading houses established by the Government in order to gain the trade themselves. White Hair says he thinks

we shall obtain some children; but until these things can be regulated by government we cannot expect very great success." Mr. Sibley, in his report, commends the Osages for the uniform and constant faithfulness to the French and Americans. They offered their services to him when he was in command of Fort Clark (Fort Osage), when British emissaries attempted to engage them in their service, and declared their determination "never to desert their American Father as long as he was faithful to them." There is no doubt but at the time of our story, there were two separate bands, viz.: the Great or Grand, and Little; but in 1796 a French trader seeing he had lost his prestige and monopoly in buying peltries of the Osages at their locations, concluded to work up an emigration scheme so he could establish a trading post. This man's name was Pierre Choteau, a St. Louis fur trader. It was quite cute of Mr. Frenchman, who offered the young men of the bands every inducement to go southwest. The scheme succeeded and a third nation was located on the Verdigris river in the southeastern part of Kansas; this third branch was called "Chaneers" or "Arkansas band" and became the most prominent.

A perusal of the history of the Osages will convince anyone of the shrewdness which they usually displayed in releasing territory to the Government and acquiring new lands; and at last, all the three bands joined together and they occupy the princely domain now owned by them in the Indian Territory, or rather the State of Oklahoma, (Oklahoma and Indian Territories having come into the Union under

the name of the State of Oklahoma within the last year). At this writing, the fall of 1907, the United States Government owes the 1,994 members of the tribe the immense sum of nine millions of dollars, and their income from grazing lands and oil leases amounts annually to \$707 to each soul in the nation. At the time this is written, one of the leading magazines contained an article on the Indians of Oklahoma, and there was a late photo of a young Osage Indian. He has no covering on his body from the waist up, except some trinkets hanging over different parts of his chest, so they cannot be yet classed among the civilized tribes. The five civilized tribes of the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma State) are, the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickashas and Seminoles. The Osages are still considered by the settlers of Oklahoma as blanket Indians; but from all accounts they are doing well, and are on the road to future civilization, already having that most coveted by the human family—wealth.

Before bringing your mind back to the year 1541, will you allow further digression so as to give a proper conception of the enterprise of this tribe? All are familiar with the defeat of the British general, Braddock, who was such a smart alec that he would not take the advice of Washington, but allowed himself to be ambushed by the Indians, who were helping the French. • While a gentleman in the latter part of the 18th century was sojourning with the Osages, one of the chiefs informed him that he, with other Osages, helped the French, and that he was present near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1775, at the

battle when the French and Indians defeated Braddock. Just contemplate the nerve of a native Kansan to travel all that way. Again, at the breaking out of the last Civil War in 1861, a regiment of Osages assisted the United States faithfully to the end. And finally, here is an incident which is not usually printed in histories, and is taken from an address delivered before the Kansas State Historical Society by W. L. Bartles, who was a member of the 9th Kansas Cavalry, who vouches for the truth of the following narrative:

“Scouting was the main duty devolving upon the garrison at Humboldt, Allen county, Kansas. One afternoon just after dinner, two Indians rode up to the camp in the public square and reported to Captain Doudna that their band had had a fight with some white men and that the white men were all dead. The captain hastened to the Osage camp. It must be borne in mind that at this time the identity of the dead men were unknown. They might be a strong scouting party of our own or the enemy, etc. On a rise near the bivouac were the bodies of two warriors slain in the fight; painted and bedecked for the long journey to the happy hunting ground, they had been placed in a sitting posture, with their backs to a tree. In front of each warrior was a squaw sitting flat upon the ground, her hair hanging over her face, and at intervals her low mournful cries were soul rending. The Indians were exceedingly anxious as to the outcome of the investigation. Next morning, escorted by 100 mounted Indians, we rode out to the scene of the first encounter. Here it is best to tell the story

as gathered from the Indians: Two days before the messengers arrived at Humboldt, a small party of Indians, numbering eight or ten, had started out from Big Hill village to the Mission. When not far from their camp they discovered the traces of a recently abandoned camp, and at once took up the trail, soon overtaking a mounted force of white men. This party numbered twenty or twenty-two men and had no wagons. Riding up to this party the Indians inquired who they were, and received the reply that the party was a detachment of Union troops, and were a part of the command stationed at Humboldt. To this the Indians replied that they knew the troops then at Humboldt, and failed to recognize any familiar faces in the party. The Indians stated that the Government held them responsible for what occurred in their country, and asked the party to accompany them to Humboldt to be identified by the commander of the post. To this the white men would not consent. The Indians then sought to restrain them, whereupon one of the Indians was shot and killed. The Osages being outnumbered, dropped over on their ponies and were soon out of range, and racing for their villages they aroused the camp with the news of the killing of one of their number.

"This village must have numbered over 200 fighting men, and the entire force turned out in pursuit; the little party of whites were hemmed in on all sides by the circle of death. In the running fight of five miles, the Confederates (for so the whites proved to be) had two killed and left where they fell. Being well armed and in the open they were able to keep

the Osages at some distance, and killed at least one. Not being acquainted with the country, they fought valiantly until they reached the timber, but which was their undoing, and the Indians killed every man."

It was afterwards discovered that this twenty or twenty-two men were all officers of the Confederate army, who had come into the Indian Territory to induce the Indians to rise against the settlers of Kansas. This was learned from the papers found upon them.

It cannot be stated that our party was now visiting the most numerous tribes, for the Pawnees and the Confederates were more numerous, but the lodges of the Osages were more permanent than either of the other two tribes visited, as the early authorities say that some of their lodges were 100 feet long and had an upper story; and the fact of their being so long permanently located at the place where they were first seen, would indicate the stability of the village.

The Spaniards miss Ysopete, for they are unable to properly converse with these natives, and had it not been for Alonso and Monte, hardly a word could have been understood, but owing to the close friendship and many months companionship of the three, both Alonso and Monte had acquired quite a smattering of the dialect, and between the two both sides were able to comprehend the principal desires of each other.

As you know, our party is now visiting the Grand or Great Osages, the Little Osages in 1541 being situated along the Missouri river; and so the term or der-

ivation of these two opposite names may be understood. It is said that one came about under the following circumstances:

When the Spanish and French traders first came among these people, they did not understand the language of the Osages, and when the Indians tried to name the different bands it had to be done by signs, and the tribe which lived quite a way up the Osage river was designated by pointing toward the location and holding up the hand above the head to indicate high up the river, or on high ground or "Campers on the Mountain," whereas on the other hand, those situated along the Missouri river were indicated as located in the lowlands, or "Campers on the Lowland," by the hand being raised a short distance above the ground, and the traders conceived the idea that it meant that the tribe up the Osage were great or tall, and the others low or little in stature. Another version is that the branch on the Osage were more numerous than these along the Missouri, and were called "Great" or "Grand" to express their superiority numerically.

While it may not be as intertaining to the reader, yet surely it is more profitable to learn of the manners, customs and government of these Indians, than it would be to have a lot of imaginary things told you. So while our party is encamped with these Indians, our discussion of them will be diversified by omitting the sports, but which, however, is unadulterated fiction; and, again, since after the description of the three Buffalo Bill exhibitions, given the Kansas at Manhattan, the Pawnees in Nebraska, then the Kan-

sas again near Atchison, it is presumed you are surfeited with the show business, and are willing to peruse a few pages of solid stuff. But although the following is extant history culled from the books as the "tid-bits" of facts, yet it is fervently hoped that it will be pleasing to the reader, and better still, profitable. The authorities for the various assertions will not in all cases be given, nor will quotation marks be used, but you may rest assured the sentiments can be found in the books.

The tribal government of the Osages was composed of one principal chief and several lesser ones; the head chief was the one indeed, as long as he held that position; the lesser chiefs were his advisers, but had very little authority except as leaders of war parties, for they were selected from those who displayed the qualities of leaders. When a matter in which the tribe was interested came up, a council of all the warriors was held and decided by majority vote. There were no laws, but if an Indian did a wrong deed there was a code of honor among them, which in many regards was more effective than are the courts at the present day. God's natural law prevailed very strongly among them, for a warrior knew absolutely that if he was fearless and brave in battle, he would be rewarded by promotion, and noble acts of generosity and self abstinence for the benefit of others was lauded and rewarded just as much as they are now.

The members of the tribe were sticklers as to classes; in fact, the line was drawn quite closely; of course not so much as is done in India, but along the same line. You will be rewarded for ten minutes'

time devoted to reading the subject "Caste" in any encyclopedia, for it demonstrates even as early as 900 B. C. how the ruling classes so manipulated the law, "Servants, obey your masters;" for at that early day, a book called the "Laws of Manu" was compiled, ostensibly for the purpose of teaching the Brahma religion, but it would seem largely to have been compiled in the interest of three classes of persons: 1st, the Clergy; 2nd, the Military; 3rd, the Merchants, and the fourth caste was designated the "Servile" class, and had no rights whatever which the three others were bound to respect. To those who are disposed to skepticism: Just reason for a moment and compare what Christ said of God's children, and how He championed the cause of the lowly and humble, then ask yourself if His Religion is not a great improvement over that of Brahma? But beware of permitting any religious sect to dominate OUR Government, for just as surely as that happens, history will repeat itself and bring about a subtle influence which would squelch that feeling now in the breast of every American, that he is the equal of the President of our country. And why not? If you have had the experience of brushing up against men who are supposed to be great because of money, or position, you will in many instances discover that they lack considerable of being great in the true sense of the word. So let there be no caste promulgated in our free country, and whenever you find men or women arrogating to themselves the foolish opinion that they are superior and that others should bow down to them, just ignore such people, and never choose them for places of

honor. Such a course would teach the lesson practically, that it is MANHOOD and WOMANHOOD which count.

Among our Indians, there were three classes: the warriors, hunters and cooks, and the medicine men or priests. The doctors combined with their profession religion, so as to awe the Indian, and were composed of the men who had snap enough to study, which means to work, for knowledge is acquired only by persistent industry. The medicine men of the average tribe were just as keen for wealth as are the professional men of today, and when they treated persons who had any personal property, they were made to pay well. So these priests or medicine men were usually the wealthy citizens of the tribe.

It can be more truthfully said of the Osage Indians than the average tribe, that war and hunting was their employment and pleasure. The male did no manual labor so long as he was considered a warrior, but the women were the slaves and drudges. To an Indian it was considered the height of heroism to kill an enemy at close quarters with a tomahawk, and although in early times the Osages may not have scalped, yet it became their habit and craze, for by it they were able to give an ocular demonstration to a "doubting Thomas." All the books agree that when an Indian believed himself to have been wronged, it was heaven upon earth for him to revenge the act. It may seem disgraceful (and it is), but to the Indian it was not considered cowardly to kill the women, children and old men during the absence of the warriors from the village, so no doubt this is the excuse

for the Kansas and Osages going to a Pawnee village early in 1840 and killing about ninety women and children and taking a lot of prisoners; and this was done while the men were absent from home.

These Indians had many strange customs. For instance, James Adair, who was a trader for forty years, and as early as 1744, says that for three days before going to war, and while on the war path, the warriors would not cohabit; and among the Osages and Kansas it was the custom to fast before going to battle, but to feast to gluttonous success if victorious. The Osages and Kansas both put holes in their ears, and a photograph of a young Osage taken recently shows large ear rings; and a group of Kansans taken many years ago also shows the same. So no doubt it was the custom to pierce the ears from early times, although nothing of this is spoken of by the Coronado party. George Catlin says that it was the custom of the Indians to eat horse flesh when the buffalo was scarce. The diary kept by the Long Expedition recites another custom: "The chastity of the young females among the Kansas and Osages is guarded by the mother with the most scrupulous watchfulness, and the violation is of rare occurrence."

But our stay with the Great Osages must be drawn to a close, but the story of the chief of this branch of the Osages and the stirring events of his elevation has to be told. When Wasbashes was first seen in 1541, he was in the very prime of life, being about forty-five years of age; he had been chief for about ten years, and was easily the finest looking specimen of native manhood that the Spaniards had

seen; they had frequently come across larger men, but for grace of bearing, intelligence beaming from his countenance, and more than anything there was something about his manner which seemed without words to convey the conviction of his nobility; and so it was, for from birth it seemed as though there was a spirit of innate inborn knowledge of what was by the natural laws proper and just, so as the baby grew into boyhood and advanced to youth, the best men of the tribe could not help but notice him, and this notice was compelled by reason of other children going home and reciting what young Wasbashas had done. These little incidents of childhood play were invariably of such a character as to stamp the boy with exalted conception of right from wrong. He would take the part of the weak boy against the bully. (They had them then as now.) Several times in his young boyhood days, he had demonstrated the activity of his brain, and how resourceful he was, by saving the lives of other boys who had ventured on the Osage river before the ice was sufficiently thick to bear their weight, and had it not been for his extraordinary quickness of thought, several would have been drowned, but just as quickly as he saw what had occurred, like a flash he ran to a climbing grape vine, trailing up a tree in the timber, and jerking it loose, quickly had an appliance equal to a rope, by which means he was able to rescue the lads, for which he received their lasting gratitude, as well as their parents'. At one time, when about fifteen years old, he and other boys were out hunting with their bows and arrows; it was in the fall of the year, and they were

many miles from home, when all at once it was observed that the wind had changed. A prairie fire was next observed, which caused the game to come toward them and away from the fire; but in a twinkling the wind veered (it does so on the prairie) and blew a hurricane, the speed of the wind being at least fifty miles an hour. The boys were of course in the low-lying land as that is the place where game almost always stay, but the grass was often higher than the boys themselves, and had they been caught by the fire in such a place, it would have burned their naked bodies to a crisp turn. But young Wasbashes was equal to the occasion, and was the first to call his companions' attention to their peril, and at his suggestion, he running ahead, they made for a high point at least three miles distant, and by reason of his pluck and staying qualities, he kept admonishing the boys to hang on to their game, which however made it rather hard to continue the pace, but finding some of the boys not equal to the strain, he ran back and took the most backward by the hand and helped him along, and thus encouraged the stronger of the party to do likewise with other weaker ones. But the fire is gaining on them, and finding they cannot reach the point for which he is making, all at once, observing that they are passing over a spot where the grass is shorter, he concludes to stop, which no sooner done, than by example he starts pulling with his hands the long grass. This is enough speech for the taciturn young Indians, who are completely fagged, but who desperately pull bunches of grass and toss it in the direction indicated by their boy leader. But the

awful flames are leaping with fearful rapidity toward them; although he has not succeeded in pulling as much grass as he would like, yet he now, desperately in earnest, takes up the little ten-year old boy and lays him in the cleared space and orders the others to lay as close as possible by his side until all are in a heap with their feet toward the fire, and they are lying on their faces three thick; and to cap the climax, this young leader, after all are down, takes the rabbits, quail and prairie chicken which they have killed and puts them at the feet of the prostrate forms, and their quiver holders are also used to protect them; but now he is compelled to take care of himself, and like a hero he throws his body at right angles across the legs of the prostrate heap; and just then, with a mighty leap the fire passes the boys. Our young Indian's hair was on fire and his body singed, but the other boys soon smothered the fire in his hair and rubbed him all over with rabbit fat to counteract the burns.

This episode of saving about twenty boys caused quite a flurry, and he being the only one injured, which showed the plight the boys were in. Of course to a plainsman this yarn will be laughed at, and if the boys could have started a fire there would have been no fuss. But the party had no matches those days and it was not as easy to get a light then as now. A resident of the prairie knows how easy it is to protect one's self when a prairie fire is coming toward you, which is, to set fire to the grass and let the wind take it from you; then the burnt space can be gotten into so as to keep from being burned by the on-coming flames.

It was when Wasbashas had passed his eighteenth year that he had the following experience: He and three other boys had constructed a nice canoe, with the idea of going down the Osage river to its mouth, then up the Missouri to visit the Little Osages then located on that stream. This was not considered much of a journey, and so was easily accomplished. But on their return home, soon after entering the mouth of the Osage river, while hugging the bank as closely as possible to keep out of the swift current, all at once a flight of arrows came at them, and so sudden and unexpected is the attack that the boys are taken completely by surprise, and two of them drop their paddles and sink down in the canoe. But our young brave hero has escaped injury as well as the other young man, who is at least two years older. And again young Wasbashas' quick perceptive faculties stand him in hand, for like a flash he instinctively realizes that it is a sneaking party of Padoucas, who are in hiding to kill some of his people, and before the assailants had time to rush into the water and seize hold of his canoe he called to his companion to kneel down and paddle for dear life. Several missiles again pierced the skin of the frail craft, which has several arrows sticking through and four below the water line, thus causing quite a leak. But the boat is now in the current, and getting out of range; but by intuition the Padoucas realize that if they could follow, it would only be a question of time when the canoe would fill with water; so four Indians strike out to follow the craft, which is now fairly in the middle of the stream. The situation is critical, not on account

of the pursuers, but the bark or "skin," (for instead of being made of birch bark it is covered with buffalo skin, so why not say the "skin" is taking water); but again the mother-wit of our young Indian serves him, as he has observed that three of the punctures where the water is oozing through can be stopped by placing their feet over them, one of the prostrate forms covers the fourth hole, and observing one is conscious, his hand is taken and placed over a leak, which he comprehends fully, and unnecessarily hard does the wounded man press the place as if he fully realized the danger, and more than that, for without a word he reaches for the bows and quivers, which belong to Wasbashas and his friend, and thus keeps them from getting wet, for he, although dazed, in his plight had confidence that the young men were the most likely to do the proper thing. And while this was taking place, the situation was sized up and the young leader made up his mind as to the course to pursue, so he whispered to his fellow paddler to ease up so the swimmers could get closer, but not to stop propelling the boat. When the two foremost pursuers get pretty close, at a given signal the bows and arrows are taken up, having been handed to them by the wounded youth, our leader telling his companion to aim at the nearer ones and he would the next; so like a flash the arrows sped, to both lodge in the bodies of the foremost, then as swift as a breach-loading rifle flew arrows at the other two, in fact all of them, and one or two of the pursuers hardly had power enough to give their death yell, so it was plain to be seen that they were done for. And now there were six

Indians running along the bank afraid to shout as it might bring help, but they were in the open; so our little pleasure party (that was, but now a war party) know what they have to contend with. One thought was uppermost in young Wasbasha's mind, and that was the necessity of procuring a trophy to display to his people, so he conceives the idea of trying to grab the drowning men as they come up in the last throes of death. This he does, but only succeeds in clutching from one's neck a something, from another he tears a handful of hair, and his partner succeeds in grasping the third man and cutting off an ear; the fourth man is lost forever.

By this time it is discovered that one of the party is dead, the other is so badly wounded in the thigh and arm that it is impossible for him to walk; and knowing that the Padoucas sometimes used poisoned arrows, it is now resolved to get to shore on the opposite side and care for the wounds of their comrade, and this is soon done; the first thing is to get some clean mud from the river and plaster the wounds and bind them with the clout of the dead man, who is hid in some bushes until such time as they can return and bury him according to Indian custom.

The two young men hurriedly hold a council as to the best thing to do, and without hesitancy they agree that they had better plug up the canoe the best possible way with something and proceed to return to the Little Osage village in order that their wounded companion could have care, and to get a party to run down the six remaining Indians. So the canoe is repaired, and the wounded young Indian is carefully

laid at the bottom of it, and they again embark, all of which is observed by the six Padoucas.

From the mouth of the Osage river to the village of the Little Osages, which was located where Malta Bend, Saline county, Missouri, now stands, was at least 100 miles by land and 150 by river, and owing to having to go against the stream it would require at least three days to make the journey. But nothing else could be done as there were no settlements where the injured young fellow could be left, so the hope of the voyagers was that they might meet a hunting party from the Little Osage village.

The Padoucas followed the canoe, they being on the south side of the river, and after the loss of four men by drowning, were not inclined to resort to a like procedure, and in fact, it would be foolish to do so. But while paddling up the stream, young Wasbashas could not help getting into the Indian way of thinking of his exploit in killing an enemy of his tribe, and he now felt that it would be proper to act like a man, so his brain was in a whirl how he could do something to compel his being permitted to rank as a warrior, and he formulated a plan: So coming to the mouth of a creek on the north side of the river, he takes the boat up the creek to get out of sight, and the sick youth is comfortably located, then the plan is divulged to the prostrate Indian, to which he assents; the canoe is then emptied of everything and carried by the two Indians up the stream, but back in the timber so the watchful enemy could not observe, and when around a bend in the river out of sight the canoe is launched and Wasbashas is taken to the south shore

of the Missouri river, and after arranging for the return of the canoe and signals, in case it is necessary, the young brave is left alone, the other returning to care for the sick, hiding the canoe in the bushes.

The great longing of our young man was to be able to say he had killed a Padouca; not with an arrow, but in close combat. That would brand him as a brave in every sense of the Indian meaning. Presuming on the fact that the enemy will not have the slightest thought of his coming across the wide river, he hopes to meet one far enough away from the others so he can make a personal attack and procure a trophy. But he takes no chances in leaving tracks, for he knows how keen are all Indians in finding traces of the enemy by trails left, thus when he got out of the canoe, it was several feet from the shore, so no mark would be left of his feet; and instead of springing ashore as would seem natural, he knelt down and crawled on his knees, being careful to keep his toes from touching the sand and mud of the bank. And now he feels his responsibility, realizing the necessity of resorting to every method he has been schooled in to keep from being seen; he glides stealthily from tree to tree, down the river toward the place where he is sure the party is located, as they naturally think the canoe has entered the creek only to care for the sick Indian. Now he observes that the game appear restless, and the birds act in a manner which he knows means something, but to the uninitiated would be meaningless; then a wolf barks, and an owl hoots, so he is more than sure he is near the enemy, as from

observation he knows these animals and birds are more keen of sight or sense of hearing than are human beings. But now every ear is strained to listen to the approach of the enemy and he is sure of their direction by the course the animals are taking; his body is carefully concealed behind the large cottonwoods, elms and sycamores which grew along the river, and now in the far distance he catches a glimpse of the party, and with the agility of an Indian, he hides himself in a fork in the dense foliage, watching the party, but after careful counting he finds there are only five, and the question then is, what has become of the other? But it does not take him long to figure out the probability of the one being left to watch the movements of the canoe in case it should emerge from the creek, so his heart throbs with excitement, for here perhaps is the opportunity sought. As soon as the party is far enough away he descends and has no difficulty in following the trail left by a passing enemy, but he now realizes the danger, therefore he resorts to every conceivable art to guard against giving the one man warning of his approach. All is still and the young fellow begins to doubt his senses of seeing six along the bank; but he does not become discouraged or less on the alert, but concludes to climb a tree and await developments; soon he hears the bark of a wolf, or what resembles the same, but to the trained ear of the prairie it lacked an inexplicable something, which set him on the qui vive, and soon he was certain of his suspicion for it was answered by the hoot of an owl; and now he resorted to real prairie tactics, for he

noiselessly got to the ground and then began a remarkable exhibition of Indian subtlety, for it seemed that the slightest point was considered before proceeding. But all at once a gentle breeze brought to his sensitive and acute nostrils a slight odor which at once assured him of his being in the locality where the party had eaten game, for he could discern the smell of the offal. Right here it might be well to comment upon Indian traits, especially the faculty they had of observing things which others would pass unnoticed.

‣ You have frequently been entertained by writers relative to the astuteness of the Red Men in tracking by foot-prints, broken twigs, a thread or fluff left on a bush, but let it here be remarked that on the open prairie this class of work would not answer, for the shoe or foot prints upon the parched prairies would give no clue, so the plains Indians had to cultivate the eyesight which is admitted were much quicker and could discern objects a greater distance than the whites. But their sense of smell was exceedingly acute; the reason assigned is the fact that nature's pure and unadulterated breezes swept over the face of the country without coming in contact with trees of all description which would emit their aroma, denaturing God's pure wind. But this is how the plains Indian would trail:

By reason of their being constantly outdoors, nature transmitted to them certain traits unknown to the dwellers in tenements. It has been said the roamers of the plains knew without seeing that a herd of buffalo were in the neighborhood, provided

the location, was so the wind could waft the odor arising from the herd toward the Indian. Hunters are compelled to first study the direction of the wind when trying to get within range of most all game, for nature has endowed animals with such sensitive faculties for their protection that a human being will be sniffed at quite a distance; and to the person who has had the thrilling experience in viewing a pointer or setter work on the prairie, it would seem that the dog has more sense than a human being, for when the blooded canine stuck his tail out or lifted his front foot, the hunter knew for sure that a covey or flock would surely raise; and to follow the trail, hounds will scent a cold track of a wolf twelve or fifteen hours after the animal had gone over the ground. It seems marvelous, but this is of frequent occurrence; but more remarkable still is the bloodhound, which when allowed to smell the spot where a person last stood a few hours before; of course, if a garment worn by the person desired to track can be submitted to the dog to smell, it will more surely give the beast the necessary silent information which enables it to follow the person sought. But from observation it is opined that the province of the bloodhound is not as effective in following a white man as it was the negro during slavery times; and the reason is obvious because of the demonstrable difference in the perspiring qualities of the two races. To bear out the proposition hereafter advocated, attention is directed to the supposed foolish ass: those who have watched these animals are cognizant of how they will sniff a brewing storm in the winter long before the "noblest work of

God" has any thought thereof; and an old sow will be observed carrying bedding, preparing for a change in the weather, long before its owner is aware of a coming storm. But begging pardon for putting into print the following veritable fact, it would be omitted otherwise, but it seems to fit the theme in hand, and because of its rarity, and for its educational feature are the reasons for its recital: A man at the age of forty-five with a family had received an injury which necessitated his becoming a eunuch, and after regaining his health asserted that he could not remain in the company of males, for the reason that the odor from them smelt so bad. Thus demonstrating the possibilities of the sense of smell by a white man under certain conditions.

Surely the following has come under the observation of the average reader: Have you not followed in the wake of a man smoking a cigar, and when half a block away, plainly perceive the odor of the same? And frequently perfume emitted from the person of some lady, who has gone before but who is unseen and unknown, will be so plainly perceptible that the very brand of the scent could be named? You may not care a cent to be informed farther of the stuff called scent, but so few are aware of what lead to its use that it is contemplated allowances will be made for bothering about mentioning it. It was observed by the hunters of the musk-deer, musk-ox, musk-rat and musk-duck many centuries ago that they emitted a pleasant, fragrant smell, and it was discovered that the three first named by nature carried a smelling bottle filled with a substance which gave the air a

pleasant savor, and because of the fact that only the males have the article attached to their bodies, the theory is that the same is utilized to fascinate the opposite sex. The query arises: If nature has brought about such a condition of things, can you blame the type of humane animals (species Dude) for swobbing themselves with the modern chemicals to attract attention to their august (?) presence?

Are you convinced that dogs and other animals are endowed with certain traits that it is not possible for a human being with his supposed superior intelligence to cultivate his sense of smell? And the fact is here set forth that the Middle States Indians were capable of discerning objects by the smell emitted therefrom to so fine a degree that conclusion would be reached by circumstantial evidence which would invariably result in actual knowledge. For example: suppose a party of plains Indians was seeking to discover their enemy; now all men must eat and these people existed exclusively by the chase, and it is proverbial that they were great eaters, and principally meat, so they killed game; the average Indian could smell decaying flesh several miles, and would know at once that the hand of man had been the cause of the death, so for several miles around they were able to discover the presence of the hunters; of course they would frequently be on the wrong scent, but they were proficient in the manner of discovering the death of an animal by other causes than that of the hand of man. But of all the things which the plains Indians were astute at, was their sense of hearing, for they were able to discern sound three

times the distance of the average white man.

But returning to the story of Wasbashas. He has at last located his man, and now the question is how to take his life and not get killed himself. And again, he wishes to size up, as it were, his opponent, who he soon discovers to be a strapping big fellow, and concludes he must not take chances of getting the worst of it. His mind is now fully decided how to proceed; he silently creeps to a tree where he resolves to act the moment an opportunity affords, and it is not long before the Indian who has been reclining on the ground gets up. But the instant his face is in the proper position, whiz! goes the arrow from behind the tree, passing through both cheeks which was so planned that he could not cry out and alarm the others; then the Osage custom of cutting the jugular vein was quickly accomplished, and in a moment the tattooed rattlesnake on the dying man's breast was taken off with the small flint knife; and away went the young man carrying everything with him found with the enemy, and especially his bow and arrows, which were to be kept as souvenirs. He had thought out beforehand what course he would pursue, so hiding every article except the trophy of trophies, which was the skin with the picture of the coiled rattler tattooed thereon and which he concluded to only part with at death, he runs down the bank of the river and in he plunges with the human skin between his teeth; and after being carried down the stream for over a mile, he succeeded in reaching the other side and was soon with his two friends.

Like a sensible man (for he is now entitled to

that appellation by the rules of warfare), he has made his plans while making toward his friends after getting to the north side of the Missouri river. It takes but a short time to find some dead limbs in the timber from which a bier is constructed, and with grass put on the same it made a comfortable pallet upon which the stricken man could lay while being carried to the point on the river where the boat was hid. This was done to keep the enemy from knowing of their removal so as to have them remain as long as possible in that neighborhood for the reason it was hoped they would not leave till a party could be brought from the Little Osage village. Soon after starting Wasbashes put to his companions the advisability of having either himself or the other young fellow to leave the boat and go overland on foot to the village; the other two acquiesced, and it was magnanimously proposed by our young brave that his friend could have the choice of making the journey or staying in the canoe, and he chose the former, so it was agreed that the canoe should leisurely make its way up stream until a party was brought down the river to relieve them.

It is ninety miles overland and the young fellow makes a forfeit with his remaining friend that he will have a party in canoes meet them before the evening of the next day, which means he contemplates doing the ninety miles by the morning, thus running by night; but the one thing in his favor is the fact of there being a well defined trail all the way.

It was slow work, one man paddling against the stream, but our young Indian concluded to take it

moderately but persistently keeping on all night and by the morning was a good many miles up the river. But it seemed a long time because of the suffering of the wounded man, who, like the Greeks of old, considered it cowardly to complain; so with Spartan fortitude he suffered with pain and fever, but his face denoted the awful ordeal he was going through, and all that could be done was to keep it cool with muddy Missouri river water, which, notwithstanding its color, yet by reason of its constant movement, every particle of animal matter was annihilated, so it contained less bacteria than other waters which were clearer; in fact the mud and sand were nature's salve, keeping the wound from starting blood poisoning.

You ought to have witnessed the bustle early next morning when the young man told his story, as all four boys had endeared themselves to the people of the village during their recent visit, and to think of the audacity of the Padoucas coming within one hundred miles of their home! There were at least 400 warriors ready for the chase. It was a little excitement which gave felicitous enjoyment to every son of an Indian mother; so not only were canoe parties gotten ready, but squads of ten men were directed to take different directions toward the most likely places to overtake the five nerry enemies; a half-dozen of the swifted runners are directed to take a short cut across country to avoid the bends and to relieve the solitary paddler and continue up stream until the boats are met; so about noon our canoe man is very much surprised to hear his name called by the runners who soon relieved him by putting two of their

number at the paddles, and a few hours afterward the canoes are met, and transferring the sick man to a craft, propelled by a dozen paddles, he arrives that evening at the village of the Little Osages near Malta Bend.

On and on, swiftly sped the canoes with our two young men resting in the bottom, and in a few hours the point where the affray was enacted being reached, all was verified regarding the enemy. But the question next arose as to the best direction to take, and after considerable discussion Wasbashes insisted that he would like to go down the river, as a surmise was that the party would take a circuitous route to get back home; so he and his friends are allowed to make a party of a dozen in a fine large canoe, they first hiding their own so as to have it on their return. It transpired that our young braves had guessed right, for the reckless five had no idea it was possible for a party to reach them in so short a time and had left unmistakable signs; so the craft is moored and hot pursuit is inaugurated, for the five Padoucas can only be a few hours in the lead; and at last they are overtaken to their horror and surprise, for they had been taking it quite leisurely, and upon seeing the advancing party the leader ordered every man to take care for himself. So now a race for dear life took place. Wasbashes and his friend concluded to keep together, and happened to select one of the runners who shot away from the others at a fearful rate, but owing to the great strain of the night before in running ninety miles in about twelve hours, he soon was left behind; but our young Osage brave has

his blood up, and he resolves to continue the race until he drops, and settled down to a determined gait, being content so long as he kept the retreating foe in view; soon he observes the runner cast off his quiver of arrows from his back to lighten himself, so his pursuer determined to do likewise, then the leader casts away his bow, and likewise did his pursuer; now both men have nothing to hamper them, but the hindermost can plainly see it is only a question of time until he will overtake his enemy; so he begins to formulate his line of attack, which is to reserve sufficient power to rush up to his foe and push him over while running; but as he nears, he finds the runner to be a slim, tall, undeveloped boy, so at once that glorious pleasure-giving feeling mounted into his breast, which denotes nobility of soul, causing grand thoughts of magnanimity unusual with his race; but he resolves to carry out the program; which succeeds, but when the boy is suddenly pushed over, his face has a smile of bravery which appeals to the Osage, for it plainly says: "You can kill me, but I am no coward," so that he forgoes the act of cutting the vein, and meets smile with smile. The boy, for such he is, being only sixteen, is so exhausted he could not have resisted whatever was done to him. These young men cannot comprehend each other by words, but by signs the boy informs the other that his father was killed while following the boat and that he was one of the chiefs, and also signifying that he wore around his neck the insignia of his chieftainship; then the Osage felt a joyous sensation that he had saved the son of the man he killed or helped to destroy.

Both of them were very much exhausted, and the young Padouca was made to understand he must go to the village of the Great Osages, and his life would be in the hands of the chief.

The two young men now leisurely returned to the mouth of the Osage to await the coming back of the balance of the party, who upon coming up were much surprised to see a live enemy, and particularly a hated Padouca, but our young Osage brave assured them that it was his wish and also insisted that the boy must be protected from injury. After gathering up the secreted articles, the three young men make their way up the Osage river to the village of the Grand Osages in Bates county, Missouri, and because of the fame he had acquired, the chief and all the warriors unanimously assented that Wasbashes use his own pleasure regarding the fate of the young Padouca chief; but he had already formulated his plan, which was to get permission of his chief to personally conduct the young man to his home and to request the release of some of his own tribe in exchange. The Padoucas were so impressed with the unusual act that they feted their enemy and allowed ten prisoners to return home, and loaded Wasbashes with many presents. This act did more for the fame of our young brave than the number of men he slew, for it was passed around and magnified to such an extent that he was selected by all the prairie tribes as their ideal, as were the heroes in Homer's Odyssey by the Greeks. Many pages could be devoted to the wonderful rise of the humble boy to chief of the Great or Grand Osages, but he merited

the distinction. For he was as brave yet magnanimous, as was the redoubtable General U. S. Grant, who at Appamatox treated the surrendered Confederates with every consideration, and allowed the poor half-starved troops to take their horses and tackle back to their dear old Sunny South and go to raising sweet potatoes and corn for their babies, which act on the part of the great commander will forever endear his memory, notwithstanding he whipped them fair and square.

Before closing this chapter, a little *tete-a-tete* is desired with you. There is a desire to confide to you the pleasurable sensation experienced while compiling this little visionary episode attributed to the young Osage; and if you, my dear reader, only receive one-half the satisfaction, even that will be gratifying. Again, it was so easy: for there was no data to be sure of, and like the Arabian Nights' story, could be spun out "*ad libitum*," but what is most wished to confess, is the fear that a point is now reached when the words are being counted so as not to spin the story out that it will surfeit you, and last but uppermost in mind, like Banquo's ghost, is the query, WILL YOU BE PLEASED?

There is an adage to "make haste slowly," but Coronado has forgotten this, or probably it was not in vogue at this time, for he is on nettles to turn his face homeward; so no time is consumed in preparation, for by experience he knows it to be easy to sustain his army even when cut loose from his base of supply, for he can forage off the inhabitants of the plains (the buffalo).

THE LAST.

You've reached the last,
The die is cast.

Should you be mad
He will be sad.

If you are pleased,
Ecstasy he sees.

If you are enlightened,
Or your life brightened,

Hallelulah to his name!
It might mean fame.

So bless you and yours;
May you own all outdoors.

VARIOUS are the routes given by which Coronado is conducted home, but the Spaniards themselves have left this record: "They (the Indian guides) brought us back by the same road as far as where I said; before that we came to a river called St. Peter and Paul's, and here we left that by which we had come, and taking the right hand they led us along by watering places and among cows and by a good road, although there were none either one way or the other except those of the cows, as I have said." But it is certain their objective point was Tiguex, now Bernalillo, New Mexico, where the main army was waiting for their return; so they passed through the present States of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico Territory, part of which domain being the hunting ground of the Querechos, as the Spaniards named them, but in modern parlance they are known as the Comanche Indians, so by that name you will recognize them.

The gentlemen of the memorable "thirty-six" have made a discovery by their trip to Quivira: they have learned by experience how little can be gotten along with when necessity compels; they were like Corporal Cy Klegg, who, when a boy joined the Union Army, and his good old mother outfitted him with several suits of underclothing, tooth and shoe brushes, extra suit of clothes, a Bible, etc., but poor Cy soon discovered how heavy his knapsack was, and reluctantly the very last thing he discarded was the Good Book; thus limiting his wardrobe to that on his back but not in a knapsack. And so with our cavaliers: they have given as presents a great number of articles to the Indians, thus relieving themselves and their horses of a large amount of fool dead weight, which makes it possible to travel often forty miles a day, when no other obstructions occur until reaching the Indian country and plains of Texas, when the Comanches began to show a disposition to harass them, not so much on account of a desire to slay, but they had for several years come in contact with that new animal, which to them appears like the mythological Pegasus or winged horse; in fact they already had procured a few plugs; and now every Red Skin is crazy to secure one, and racked their brains with all manner of schemes how to obtain a steed. Talk about the mania for bicycles and automobiles when first invented, there was no comparison, for all those who got their heads set on a wheel would part with their all; but the Indian would do that and risk his life in the bargain.

And now the vicissitudes of the party com-

mence; they had picnic up in Quivira, but the scene shifts, typifying that "life is real, life is earnest," for the strain became unbearable with the eternal vigilance to keep the wily Comanches from stealing their stock. The country is so open that they cannot accomplish anything during daylight, but just as soon as darkness sets in, then the horse thieves begin their work, and owing to the imperative necessity of allowing the horses to pasture during the night so as to stand the next day's ride, for there is no grain in sight (except what Monte had secreted), and every day the chargers are losing their flesh, and with it their spirit, for whenever a riding horse becomes razor-backed, the saddle begins to rub and chafe until the hide is worn through, causing a saddle sore, which knocks out even a good nag and makes it lose heart and become moppy, dropping its head and flopping its ears instead of arched neck and pricked up ears. Even Monte's mule began to show the wear and tear, and the only one that could be relied upon for any speed is Babieca, which is accounted for by the secreted shelled corn, and also the persistent industry of Alonso and Monte, for Alonso makes it a rule in the morning before starting to gather a sheaf of blue stem grass and ties it to the back of the mule, and after a few hours' ride takes the bit from the horse's mouth and feeds the grass as they travel. It is remarkable how knowing a horse is. In the early pioneer days of Kansas a riding pony was used to go five miles to work returning in the evening; frequently a biscuit or a piece of corn dodger or fat bacon would be left from dinner, and while riding home

over the prairie in the evening the pony looked for its bread and meat as does a youngster for its candy.

Lieutenant Perez was so attached to his sagacious gelding that it worried him to contemplate its loss, and realizing the fact of its being the best looking one in the bunch, he knew the natives would do their best to secure it, so he and Monte would try to sleep near their horse and mule, and several times the neighing and restlessness of the Arabian would wake up both Monte and Alonso, which thwarted the midnight prowlers. But one dark night when too late it is discovered that two horses are being led away; the thieves are not yet mounted, so the sentinel, who discovered them, fired his harquebus and shouted, thinking to scare the two men, who he thought would run, but instead, they must have learned how to back a horse, for they mounted and rode away in the darkness. Surely the camp was in great commotion; the commander was giving orders, but Alonso had foreseen that such a thing might happen, therefore he had schooled Monte what to do in case of such an occurrence; so while Alonso is buckling on his sword and getting ready his firearms, Monte is putting the saddle on the only horse which is likely to overtake the marauders, so several minutes before any other of the party are ready, Alonso is off with instructions for the men to follow. The sound of the galloping horses can be plainly heard, and there is no trouble to follow the direction; but our young soldier is fully aware that in all probability there is a large party secreted in the neighborhood, so he not only listens to the clickety-click of the horses' feet but gives an ear

to catch other sounds so as to apprise him of the presence of Indians. One thing the pursuer is sure of, which is from the sound that although the two horses are galloping yet it is a very slow one, for by reason of their condition they cannot be made to take a fast gait; the sound becomes more distinct, and now the two riders are seen, and Alonso resolves to use his gun to bring down one of the men; but for some cause it misses fire, and the distance is so little until he can come up with the two thieves, he resolves to give them a little cold steel: so drawing his good Toledo, or Granada or Damascus saber, he calls on Babieca, and soon it is over, for as quick as you can count one, two, the horses are riderless, and after going a short distance they permitted Alonso to lead them back to camp. Alonso did not investigate relative to the would-be thieves, but some of the men told the commander they had discovered two dead men fearfully hacked with a sword.

The killing of the two Indians now gave the Comanches an excuse to not only steal but kill, and for many days and nights the party is continually harassed; but so afraid are the Indians of the bolt of lightning which they think the white man can hurl at them from their guns that they rarely come close enough to reach the party with their arrows, and the members of the troop are careful to never scatter so as to give the vigilant Indians an opportunity to injure them.

The party is nearing the end of their destination, when during a noon hour, while they are refreshing themselves and allowing their horses to browse, and

because of never before having trouble daring day light, the stock was some distance from camp on extra good grass, and every man was reclining on the ground eating; the country now being traversed was just beginning to change from plains to rolling or mountainous, otherwise the incident about to be related would in all probability never have transpired. The majority of the Indians had ceased to follow, but a few were determined to endeavor to procure the coveted prize. The location of the camp was very favorable for the contemplated raid; it was the watchful old Jaramillo who first observed something unusual with the stock, and called attention to the fact that four of the horses had their heads turned directly from the camp and were farther away, but not a man could observe the cause, but instinctively all realized that something was wrong, and every man's brain was in a whirl, for they were never more surprised; but Coronado ordered half the men only to hasten toward the tethered horses and learn the cause of the strange incident, but kept half his command to be on the alert for a surprise, and it was well as events proved. Alonso was to command the party sent to investigate the strange action of the horses, while his chief cared for the camp. One thing Alonso was sure of was that his horse was quite a distance from the spot where he had left him, but still he could only observe that four of the horses were getting to be quite a distance off; then the well-known whistle of his master was heard by Babieca, whereupon was seen the cause of the mysterious action of the horses, for no sooner did the sound reach Alon-

so's well-trained animal than he turned toward the place from whence the signal came and started to come toward its master; and now for the first time it is observed that a naked Indian has arisen to his feet, for he can no longer keep up his crawling in the grass, that being how the four horses had been led from the place where they had been picketed, and Alonso, when realizing the cause of his horse's action, whistled his loudest, which made the animal jerk loose from the thieving Indian, who, seeing that the Spaniards were apprised of the raid, ran to the three other Indians who were still snaking their bodies through the tall grass, and advised their mounting and making off.

About this time a more thrilling and serious condition of affairs was transpiring at the camp, which for the first time was much more important than the loss of a few horses, as from the unearthly yell raised by a party of Indians it sounded as though there were a thousand of them about to make an attack, so instead of Alonso following the three horses, he countermanded the orders of the generals to pursue the horse thieves and instructed the men to fall back to camp so as to aid those already there. The faithful horse was soon by its master's side, and no time was lost in getting back to the position selected by the commander, and by the time the two parties had combined quite a few arrows were dropping about, and for a while there was earnest work on the part of the Spaniards, for they felt sure there was going to be an attack; but every man was ready for the assault, but none came, so a skirmishing or deploying party was

ordered to the front to feel of the enemy, and then for the first time it was discovered that there were only about fifty Indians who were making all the racket; so word was soon forwarded back to camp relative to the number of the enemy, and without further delay the troop were ordered to charge. Of course the Indians soon observed the oncoming cavalry, and concluded to make a run for it, but the fighting blood of the Spaniards was up, and woe to the red man who was not able to outrun the fastest horses; and for the first time it will have to be admitted that Alonso felt that awful brutal sensation which impelled him to put more pressure upon the rowels than ever before in his life, and it was so unusual that poor Babieca nearly went wild, for the sharp things rowling up his flanks, cutting through the skin, brought the blood and with it a fierceness and recklessness that made the goaded animal spring forward like a tiger, and so there were a pair of them, both the horse and the rider. What made Alonso lose his equilibrium was the attempt to steal his horse, and when he considered how careful the troop had been in its treatment of the natives while going and returning from Quivira, it made his Irish-Spanish blood (a bad mixture) boil to murderous heat: so on rushes the second-in-command without judgment or discretion, for his horse was crazy and ran at racing speed, coming up with the horde of retreating Indians so that Alonso was slashing at them right and left, and he was all alone for the other horses could not make the speed as did Babieca; so our young man had become fool-hardy, in fact had lost his usual balance and judg-

ment; but before the foremost of the party caught up, a not unusual accident happened to the insane lieutenant, which in all probability saved his life, and brought him down a peg or two, for all at once he was thrown over his horse's head so suddenly that the thud on the ground fractured his arm, and in the bargain his horse was lame, both of which were caused by Babieca stepping into a badger hole on the prairie. None of the other horsemen were able to overtake the now panic-stricken Indians, but several of the hindermost were treated with some pellets from the harquebuses, so they left a number scattered over the ground.

When our party had cooled off they began to take stock of matters, and concluded it was impossible to overtake the three horses which had been spirited away, and the worst of all the best horse had gone lame, so it was concluded to remain at this camp for a few days to allow Alonso's horse to rest and for treatment.

It is a trying time for all parties, for every man is getting tired of the constant travel, and anxious to get back to civilization. Most of the party have not heard from their folks for two years, and those who are situated like Coronado, constantly are wishing how they would like to take wings, and Alonso is sure of there being letters from home, and particularly from his loved one, but although these men are so anxious yet they are philosophical, and make the best of their situation. The only thing that deters the troop from moving on is the lameness of Alonso's horse, so you may rest assured that it receives the

closest attention, and if rubbing the strained leg would assist in bringing about a cure, surely there was no lack of that, for Alonso and Monte were exceedingly painstaking and attentive, but all others had very little to do except to take their turn night and day to keep watch; and one thing that worried the officers was the thought that a large body of Indians might be brought against them in retaliation for killing the Indian horse thieves, and so orders were given that no man should go out of view of the camp in case of a surprise.

While loafing around camp, there are naturally various topics conversed upon, but one day Coronado entertained quite a number of the troop with an account of the exploits of Spain's national hero, Cid, or Roderigo Ruy Diaz, his proper name:

"Comrades, you are all Spaniards, therefore it would be a travesty on our great Cid to introduce him to you. We know there never was such another brave, chivalrous and noble soldier in all the world's history, but gentlemen, his fame and renown as a commander are worthy of emulation, and when we know of his magnanimity to those whom he defeated, it ought and must stamp him everlastingly as one of the noblest of the world's heroes.

"Although the Cid had always been faithful to his king, yet because of the great commander being given to noble acts toward the vanquished Moors, the King got angry and confiscated all of his general's property, and ordered him from the kingdom of Castile, and he was compelled to go, and no person dared to extend the hospitality he deserved for fear of los-

ing their eyes and property, that being the penalty set by the King; but sixty of his faithful knights accompanied him in his banishment, and although his Majesty and master had rewarded his faithfulness with such treatment, yet instead of returning evil for evil, which he could have done by allaying himself with the Moors against his lord, he borrowed of a Jew 500 marks with which to sustain his soldiers, pledging two heavy cases supposed to be filled with treasures; but it was only sand, it being the only deception practiced by him, but was justifiable; the Jew was not to open the cases for a year; but by that time the pledger felt certain of redeeming. And now the Cid resolves to appease the King by demonstrating by acts his faithfulness, so he attacks and captures many castles and cities, always treating the vanquished with consideration, but insisting they must become vassals of the King, and they invariably exclaimed after having paid ransom and acceded to vassalship, 'Go, my Cid! and our prayers go with you.' At last, several of the Moorish rulers becoming alarmed at the victorious progress of Roderigo allied their forces which were also defeated, and Count Raymond, being taken prisoner, refused to eat because of his chagrin, and here is one of the incidents which affected me; but I had better give you the lines, for they are sublime, what the Cid says:

“ ‘Eat, Count, this bread and drink this wine,
And do as I command,
And speedily from prison free, believe me,
You shall stand,
Or elsewhere you shall never more behold
The Christian land.’ ”

Don Raymond answered him:
'Eat yourself, Cid, and rejoice,
But as for me, I will not eat;
So leave me to my choice.'
'Eat, Count, or ne'er again
Christian visage shalt thou see
But if you will consent to eat,
And give content to me,
You and your children twain
Shall presently be free.'

"How could any human, more particularly a king, resist such devotion? So the Cid was restored to his former station."

Upon the conclusion of the foregoing, Father Padilla, who was the best educated man in the party, spoke up and asked the company its opinion of the origin of the natives who they were among; and now began a series of discussions, all based on the hypothesis that they were in India instead of a new continent nowheres near the Indies. At the time these men are rolling on the grass, the Polo Brothers and Marco Polo were dead, and their wonderful account of their sojourn in China and Japan had been given Europe for 250 years, which was so extraordinary that at the time it was not believed.

But let us see what is said of these Red Men of North America. Do you think they are the Lost Tribe of Israel? For, as you are aware, some noted people make that claim. For a number of years a converted foolish Jew was in the United States and here labored for the purpose of proving his theory; this was in 18—. About 1775 James Adair published a book in London in which he endeavored to prove the Indians were descendants of the Lost Tribe.

But to get down to what is known. There can be no disputing the fact that the Philippine Islands are about 600 miles from the coast of China, and mind you, there are numerous islands scattered all the way; we know that these islands have been known to the Chinese and Japs for a long time; then there are many small islands scattered over the Pacific, notably the Ladrone and Hawaiian Islands. But please stop for a few minutes and look at the map of the Pacific Ocean and you will be astonished at the hundreds if not thousands of islands scattered all the way from China to the coast of America. On the map it seems as though you could step from one to the other. Who knows but long before Robinson Crusoe (Alexander Selkirk) was left on the island of Juan Fernandez that Chinamen or Japs put in there; for it is a continuation of these numerous islands, and is only 400 miles from the Chile coast near Valparaiso. And we know that the Japs are great water people; and may not in early times these people have made trips over the smooth Pacific water and left colonies here? and does not Chinese and Nippon literature claim to have known of the American continent? and have not some of our own scientists claimed to have found evidences of their being along the Pacific coast? But more particularly, take the face and hair of the average Indian, if it does not plainly show Chinese or Japanese, then there is something wrong with one's optics; and there is reason to suppose that the natives are descended from the Japs because of the possibility of Japanese reaching North America by way of Behring Strait.

Perhaps our party is not as restless as you are, dear reader, to get to the end, therefore they will be hurried up for your sake. So on the morning of the second day, which is a day sooner than expected, Alonso informs his principal that he believes his horse can make at least ten miles by leading him, and

it is found that the exercise is good for the animal and every day it is able to proceed a longer distance, and at last they reach Tiguex, where the main army is encamped according to the orders of the commanding officer.

The next thing for the general to accomplish is to arrange to hold the new-found country of Cibola, and disband the expedition, so as to curtail the expense, for it has cost the government a lot of money, and many of the expedition are given grants of land in lieu of cash, thus making them interested in retaining the country for the king; but still there is a large number who must be conducted back to the starting place, Compostella, but Alonso procures leave to proceed at once for the capital.

Alonso and Monte are not only honored by Governor Mendoza, but all the people of the city fete the two young men, for has not Monte sung the praises of Alonso to his own people so that they idolize him? and so affable, cheerful and handsome is our young hero that none can help but like him, and the young fellow is walking upon air instead of riding horseback over monotonous plains, for upon reaching the capital he receives a large budget of letters from dear old Spain; but what gives such elasticity to his gait and cheery expression on his countenance is the interesting diary of doings and important events. She has recorded in his native city of Salamanca, and above all the lid-lifting words which cause the covering of his heart to burst open with a flood of beautiful sensations of pleasure and happiness that causes him to realize the exquisite satisfaction of the stereotyped question often debated in country school houses: "That there is more pleasure in anticipation than in participation," which, if correct, necessarily means that a good Christian person will experience more pleasure in thinking of heaven than being there.

It has become axiomatic that everything must

have an ending, which of course carries with it the necessary conclusion that it had a beginning, but is the Great Unknowable to be included in the axiom? For if He, It, or They ever had a beginning or will have an ending, then it could not be the Infinite Almighty power which humans delight to contemplate; but because of this incomprehensible "In the Beginning," being as inexplicable as "World without End," poor finite mortals need not rack their insignificant brains to comprehend the *finis* of the Universe. But when it comes to the "longest lane must have a turning," then it is meet to exercise the thinking faculties for the purpose of calling attention to the "ifs" and "buts" of human experiences, hence to reassert that every tale must have an ending is worn out; but to say the longest tale is often very stale, or the longest story doesn't bring glory, or a volume's size may not be despised, or a short tale may have a big sale, or the largest book may merit the darkest nook, or a few pages may go down to future ages, or the public might gobble the latest novel; refrain says, "Amen, so might it be!" but following the amen, you audibly exclaim, "Darn, cease your yarn, and quit whipping him around Robin's barn!" Very well, just be calm and you shall have the palm; but the personages of the plot must be disposed of.

Upon reaching Tiguex, Father Juan de Padilla procured the consent of Coronado to return to Quivira. He was accompanied by a Spanish-Portuguese, and a Negro and a half-blood and some Indians, but because the good father wished to leave the tribe where he was located to go and preach the Gospel to the Padoucas, their deadly enemy, and the holy man insisting on carrying the good news, it caused them to kill him. It cannot be truthfully recorded which of the Quivirian tribes took his life, but no doubt the good priest's last prayer was: "Forgive them,

Father, for they know not what they do."

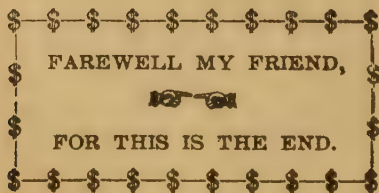
General Coronado did not leave the country or Tiguex and territory tributary thereto, until April, 1542, when he left for New Spain, where he resided the remainder of his life.

Jaramillo for a time was in command of part of the Cibola district, but being a soldier of fortune, his final resting place is unknown.

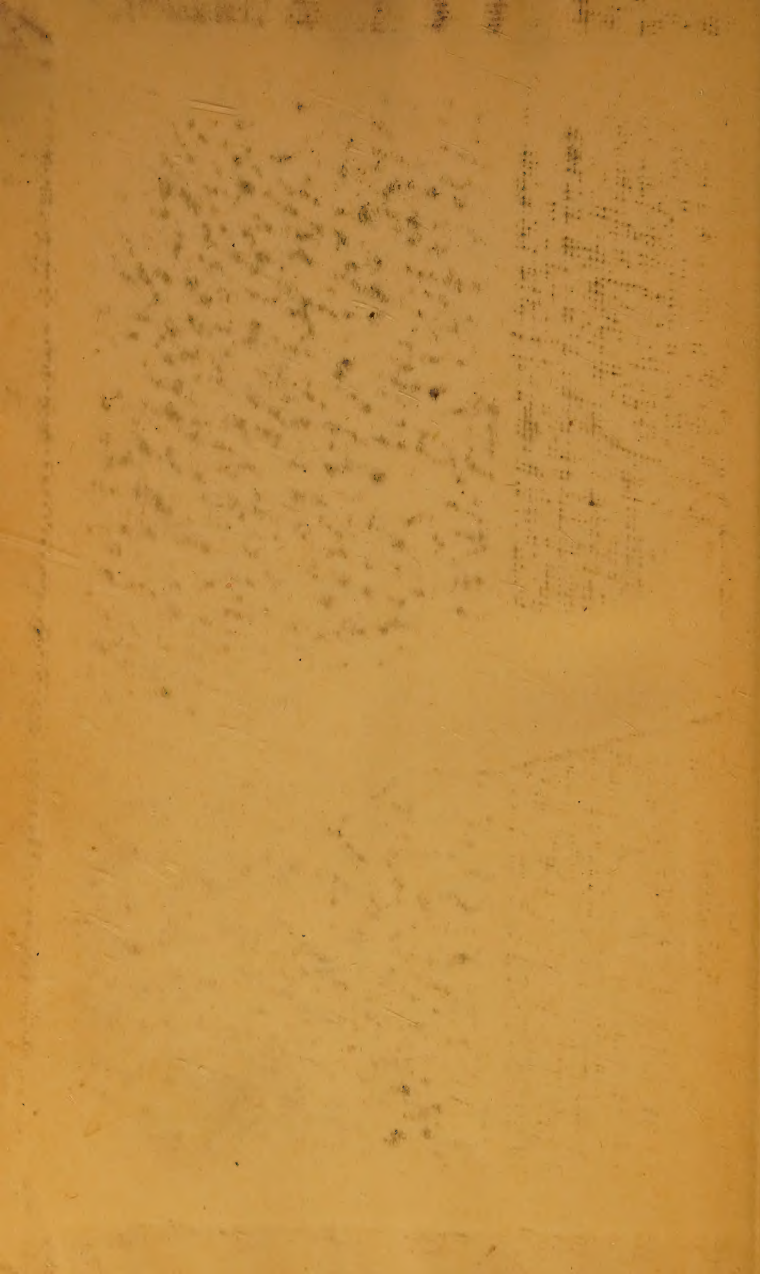
If you please, fancy being at the extensive plantation of Monte's mother, who has the pleasure of seeing her son now grown into manhood, being developed so much that the lady is pleasantly surprised.

And at this place also is our hero, Alonso, where he receives as much attention as if he were of a royal family. Monte and his parent are very desirous of having Lieutenant Perez make his home near them, so with the influence of Monte's family with Governor Mendoza, Alonso procures quite an extensive grant of land from the Spanish Government to compensate him for his services in the expedition of 1540-41.

Of course, Alonso is happily located upon his fine tract of land with HER, and although her religion was different from his own, he never regretted his choice; and when he was an honored man in his adopted country and had boys around his own fireside, they were never more happy than when listening to their father recite his experiences while with "Don Coronado Through Kansas."







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